TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE.

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Poetry.

SEPTEMBER.

The golden rod is yellow;
The corn is turning brown;
The trees in apple orchards
With fruit are bending down.

The gentian's bluest fringes
Are curling in the sun;
In dusty pods the milkweed
Its hidden silk has spun.

The sedges flaunt their harvest,
In every meadow nook;
And asters by the brook-side
Make asters in the brook.

From dewy lanes at morning
The grapes' sweet odors rise;
At noon the roads all flutter
With yellow butterflies.

By all these lovely tokens
September days are here,
With Summer's best of weather,
And Autumn's best of cheer.

But none of all this beauty
Which floods the earth and air,
Is unto me the secret
Which makes September fair.

'Tis a thing which I remember;
To name it thrills me yet:
One day of one September
I never can forget.

—*H. H., in Scribner for September.*

Our Story Teller.

RISEN FROM THE GRAVE;

—OR—

The Dead Alive,

A Startling Story of the Franco Prussian War.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CPAPTER XXIX.

THE LAST TRIAL.

The servant left them together. Mercy spoke first.

"Mr. Gray!" she exclaimed, "why have you delayed my message? If you knew all, you would know that it is far from being a kindness to me to keep me in this house."

He advanced closer to her—surprised by her words, alarmed by her looks.

"Has any one been here in my absence?" he asked.

"Lady Janet has been here in your absence. I can't speak of it—my heart feels crushed—I can bear no more. Let me go!"

Briefly as she had replied, she had said enough. Julian's knowledge of Lady Janet's character told him what had happened. His face showed plainly that he was disappointed as well as distressed.

"I had hoped to have been with you when you and my aunt met, and to have prevented this," he said. "Believe me, she will atone for all that she may have harshly and hastily done when she has had time to think. Try not to regret it, if she has made your hard sacrifice harder still. She has only raised you the higher—she has additionally ennobled you and endeared you in my estimation. Forgive me if I own this in plain words. I can not control myself—I feel too strongly."

At other times Mercy might have heard the coming avowal in his tones, might have discovered it in his eyes. As it was, her delicate insight was dulled, her fine perception was blunted. She held out her hand to him, feeling a vague conviction that he was kinder to her than ever—and feeling no more.

"I must thank you for the last time," she said. "As long as life is left, my gratitude will be a part of my life. Let me go. While I can still control myself, let me go!"

She tried to leave him, and ring the bell. He held her hand firmly, and drew her closer to him.

"To the Refuge," he asked.

"Yes," she said. "Home again!"

"Don't say that!" he exclaimed. "I can't bear to hear it. Don't call the Refuge your home!"

"What else is it? Where else can I go?"

"I have come here to tell you. I said, if you remember, I had something to propose."

She felt the fervent pressure of his hand; she saw the mounting enthusiasm flashing in his eye. Her weary mind roused itself a little. She began to tremble under the electric influence of his touch.

"Something to propose?" she repeated. "What is there to propose?"

"Let me ask you a question on my side. What have you done to-day?"

"You know what I have done; it is your work," she answered, humbly. "Why return to it now?"

"I return to it for the last time; I return to it with a purpose which you will soon understand. You have abandoned your marriage engagement; you have forfeited Lady Janet's love; you have ruined all your worldly prospects; you are now returning, self-devoted, to a life which you have yourself described as a life without hope. And all this you have done of your own free will—at a time when you are absolutely secure of your position in the house—for the sake of speaking the truth. Now tell me, is a woman who can make that sacrifice a woman who will prove unworthy of the trust if a man places in her keeping his honor and his name?"

She understood him at last. She broke away from him with a cry. She stood with her hands clasped, trembling and looking at him. He gave her no time to think. The words poured from his lips without conscious will or conscious effort of his own.

"Mercy, from the first moment when I saw you I loved you! You are free; I may own it; I may ask you to be my wife!"

She drew back from him farther and farther, with a wild, imploring gesture of her hand.

"No! no!" she cried. "Think of what you are saying! think of what you would sacrifice! It can not, must not be."

His face darkened with a sudden dread. His head fell on his breast. His voice sank so low that she could barely hear it.

"I had forgotten something," he said. "You have reminded me of it."

She ventured back a little nearer to him. "Have I offended you?"

He smiled sadly. "You have enlightened me. I had forgotten that it doesn't follow, because I love you, that you should love me in return. Say that it is so, Mercy, and I leave you."

A faint tinge of color rose on her face—then left it again paler than ever. Her eyes looked downward timidly under the eager gaze that he fastened on her.

"How can I say so?" she answered, simply. "Where is the woman in my place whose heart could resist you?"

He eagerly advanced; he held out his arms to her in breathless, speechless joy. She drew back from him once more with a look that horrified him—a look of blank despair.

"Am *I* fit to be your wife?" she asked. "Must *I* remind you of what you owe to your high position, your spotless integrity, your famous name? Think of all that you have done for me, and then think of the black ingratitude of it if I ruin you for life by consenting to our marriage—if I selfishly, cruelly, wickedly, drag you down to the level of a woman like me."

"I raise you to my level when I make you my wife," he answered. "For Heaven's sake do me justice! Don't refer me to the world and its opinion. It rests with you, and you alone, to make the misery or happiness of my life. The world! Good God! what can the world give me in exchange for You?"

She clasped her hands imploringly; the tears flowed fast over her cheeks.

"Oh, have pity on my weakness!" she cried. "Kindest, best of men, help me to do my hard duty toward you! It is so hard, after all that I have suffered—when my heart is yearning for peace and happiness and love!" She checked herself, shuddering at the words that had escaped her. "Remember how Mr. Holmcroft has used me! Remember how Lady Janet has left me! Remember what I have told you of my life! The scorn of every creature you know would strike at you through me. No! no! no! Not a word more. Spare me! pity me! leave me!"

Her voice failed her; sobs choked her utterance. He sprang to her and took her in his arms. She was incapable of resisting him; but there was no yielding in her. Her head lay on his bosom, passive—horribly passive, like the head of a corpse.

"Mercy! My Darling! We will go away—we will leave England—we will take refuge among new people, in a new world. I will change my name—I will break with relatives, friends, everybody. Any thing, any thing, rather than lose you!"

She lifted her head slowly and looked at him.

He suddenly released her; he reeled back like a man staggered by a blow, and dropped into a chair. Before she had uttered a word he saw the terrible resolution in her face—Death, rather than yield to her own weakness and disgrace him. She stood with her hands lightly clasped in front of her. Her grand head was raised; her soft gray eyes shone again undimmed by tears. The storm of emotion had swept over her and passed away. A sad tranquility was in her face; a gentle resignation was in her voice. The calm of a martyr was the calm that confronted him as she spoke her last words.

"A woman who has lived my life, a woman who has suffered what I have suffered, may love you—as *I* love you—but she must not be your wife. *That* place is too high above her. Any other place is too far below her and below you." She paused, and advancing to the bell, gave the signal for her departure. That done, she slowly retraced her steps until she stood at Julian's side.

Tenderly she lifted his head and laid it for a moment on her bosom. Silently she stooped and touched his forehead with her lips. All the gratitude that filled her heart and all the sacrifice that rent it were in these two actions—so modestly, so tenderly performed! As the last lingering pressure of her fingers left him, Julian burst into tears.

The servant answered the bell. At the moment when he opened the door a woman's voice was audible in the hall speaking to him.

"Let the child go in," the voice said. "I will wait here." The child appeared, the same forlorn little creature who had reminded Mercy of her own early years on the day when she and Horace Holmcroft had been out for their walk. There was no beauty in *this* child; no halo of romance brightened the common-place of her story. She came cringing into the room, staring stupidly at the magnificence all round her—the daughter of the London streets! the pet creation of the laws of political economy! the savage and terrible product of a worn-out system of government and of a civilization rotten to the core! Cleaned, for the first time in her life, dressed in clothes instead of rags for the first time in her life, Mercy's sister in adversity crept fearfully over the beautiful carpet, and stopped, wonder-struck, before the marbles of an inlaid table—a blot of mud on the splendor of the room.

Mercy turned from Julian to meet the child. The woman's heart hungering in its horrible isolation for something that it might harmlessly love, welcomed the rescued waif of the streets as a consolation sent from God. She caught the stupefied little creature up in her arms. "Kiss me!" she whispered, in the reckless agony of the moment. "Call me sister!" The child stared vacantly. Sister meant nothing to her mind but an older girl who was strong enough to beat her. She put the child down again, and turned for the last look at the man whose happiness she had wrecked—in pity to *him*. He had never moved. His head was down; his face was hidden. She went back to him a few steps.

"The others have gone from me without one kind word—Can *you* forgive me?"

He held out his hand to her without looking up. Sorely as she had wounded him his generous nature understood her. True to her from the first, *he* was true to her still.

"God bless and comfort you," he said, in broken tones. "The earth holds no nobler woman than you."

She knelt and kissed the kind hand that pressed hers for the last time. "It doesn't end with this world," she whispered; "there is a better world to come!" Then she rose and went back to the child. Hand in hand the two citizens of the Government of God—outcasts of the Government of Man—passed slowly down the length of the room. Then out into the hall. Then out into the night. The heavy clang of the closing door tolled the knell of their departure. They were gone.

But the orderly routine of the house—inexorable as death—pursued its appointed course. As the clock struck the hour the dinner-bell rang. An interval of a minute passed, and marked the limit of delay. The butler appeared at the dining-room door.

"Dinner is served, Sir."

Julian looked up. The empty room met his eyes. Something white lay on the carpet close by him. It was her handkerchief—wet with her tears. He took it up and pressed it to his lips. Was that to be the last of her? Had she left him forever?

The native energy of the man, arming itself with the might of his love, kindled within him again. No! While life was in him, while time was before him, there was the hope of winning her yet! He turned to the servant, reckless of what his face might betray.

"Where is Lady Janet?"

"In the dining-room, Sir."

He reflected for a moment. His own influence had failed. Through what other influence could he now hope to reach her? As the question crossed his mind the light broke on him. He saw the way back to her—through the influence of Lady Janet. "Her ladyship is waiting, Sir."

Julian entered the dining room.

EPILOUGUE:

CONTAINING SELECTIONS FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF MISS GRACE ROSEBERRY AND MR. HORACE HOLMCROFT; TO WHICH ARE ADDED EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF THE REVEREND JULIAN GRAY.

I.

From Mr. Horace Holmcroft to Miss Grace Roseberry.

"I hasten to thank you, dear Miss Roseberry, for your last kind letter, received by yesterday's mail from Canada. Believe me, I appreciate your generous readiness to pardon and forget what I so rudely said to you at a time when the arts of an adventuress had blinded me to the truth. In the grace which has forgiven me I recognize the inbred sense of justice of a true lady. Birth and breeding can never fail to assert themselves; I believe in them, thank God, more firmly than ever.

"You ask me to keep you informed of the progress of Julian Gray's infatuation, and of the course of conduct pursued toward him by Mercy Merrick.

"If you had not favored me by explaining your object, I might have felt some surprise at receiving from a lady in your position such a request as this. But the motives by which you describe yourself as being actuated are beyond dispute. The existence of society, as you truly say, is threatened by the present lamentable prevalence of liberal ideas throughout the length and breadth of the land. We can only hope to protect ourselves against impostors interested in gaining a position among persons of our rank by becoming in some sort (unpleasant as it may be) familiar with the arts by which imposture too frequently succeeds. If we wish to know to what daring lengths cunning can go, to what pitiable self-delusions credulity can consent, we must watch the proceedings—even while we shrink from them—of a Mercy Merrick and a Julian Gray.

"In taking up my narrative again, where my last letter left off, I must venture to set you right on one point.

"Certain expressions which have escaped your pen suggest to me that you blame Julian Gray as the cause of Lady Janet's regretable visit to the Refuge the day after Mercy Merrick had left the house. This is not quite correct. Julian, as you will presently see, has enough to answer for without being held responsible for errors of judgment in which he has had no share. Lady Janet (as she herself told me) went to the Refuge of her own free-will to ask Mercy Merrick's pardon for the language which she had used on the previous day. 'I passed a night of such misery as no words can describe'—this, I assure you, is what her ladyship really said to me—'thinking over what my vile pride and selfishnesss and obstinacy had made me say and do, I would have gone down on my knees to beg her pardon if she would have let me. My first happy moment was when I won her consent to come and visit me sometimes at Mablethorpe House.'

"You will, I am sure, agree with me that such extravagance as this is to be pitied rather than to be blamed. How sad to see the decay of the faculties with advancing age! It is a matter of grave anxiety to consider how much longer poor Lady Janet can be trusted to manage her affairs. I shall take an opportunity of touching on the matter delicately when I next see her lawyer.

"I am straying from my subject. And—is it not strange—I am writing to you as confidentially as if we were old friends.

"To return to Julian Gray. Innocent of instigating his aunt's first visit to the Refuge, he is guilty of having induced her to go there for the second time the day after I had dispatched my last letter to you. Lady Janet's object on this occasion was neither more nor less than to plead her nephew's cause as humble suitor for the hand of Mercy Merrick. Imagine the descendant of one of the oldest families in England inviting an adventuress in a Refuge to honor a clergyman of the Church of England by becoming his wife! In what times do we live! My dear mother shed tears of shame when she heard of it. How you would love and admire my mother!

"I dined at Mablethorpe House by previous appointment on the day when Lady Janet returned from her degrading errand

"'Well?' I said, waiting, of course, till the servant was out of the room.

"'Well,' Lady Janet answered, 'Julian was quite right.'

"'Quite right in what?'

"'In saying that the earth holds no nobler woman than Mercy Merrick.'

"'Has she refused him again?'

"'She has refused him again.'

"'Thank God!' I felt it fervently, and I said it fervently. Lady Janet laid down her knife and fork, and fixed one of her fierce looks on me.

"'It may not be your fault, Horace,' she said, 'if your nature is incapable of comprehending what is great and generous in other natures higher than yours. But the least you can do is to distrust your own capacity of appreciation. For the future keep your opinions (on questions which you don't understand) modestly to yourself. I have a tenderness for you for your father's sake; and I take the most favorable view of your conduct toward Mercy Merrick. I humanely consider it the conduct of a fool.' (Her own words, Miss Roseberry. I assure you once more, her own words.) 'But don't trespass too far on my indulgence—don't insinuate again that a woman who is good enough (if she died this night) to go to heaven, is *not* good enough to be my nephew's wife.'

"I expressed to you my conviction a little way back that it was doubtful whether poor Lady Janet would be much longer competent to manage her own affairs. Perhaps you thought me hasty then. What do think now?

"It was, of course, useless to reply seriously to the extraordinary reprimand that I had received. Besides, I was really shocked by a decay of principles which proceeded but too plainly from decay of the mental powers. I made a soothing and respectful reply, and I was favored in return with some account of what had really happened at the Refuge. My mother and my sisters were disgusted when I repeated the particulars to them. You will be disgusted too.

"The interesting penitent (expecting Lady Janet's visit) was, of course, discovered in a touching domestic position! She had a foundling baby asleep on her lap; and she was teaching the alphabet to an ugly little vagabond girl whose acquaintance she had first made in the street. Just the sort of artful *tableau vivant* to impose on an old lady—was it not?

"You will understand what followed, when Lady Janet opened her matrimonial negotiation. Having perfected herself in her part, Mercy Merrick, to do her justice, was not the woman to play it badly. The most magnanimous sentiments flowed from her lips. She declared that her future life was devoted to acts of charity, typified of course, by the foundling infant and the ugly little girl. However she might personally suffer, whatever might be the sacrifice of her own feelings—observe how artfully this was put, to insinuate that she was herself in love with him!—she could not accept from Mr. Julian Gray an honor of which she was unworthy. Her gratitude to him and her interest in him alike forbade her to compromise his brilliant future by consenting to a marriage which would degrade him; would degrade him in the estimation of his friends. She thanked him (with tears); she thanked Lady Janet (with more tears); but she dare not, in the interest of *his* honor and *his* happiness, accept the hand that he offered to her. God bless and comfort him; and God help her to bear her hard lot!

"The object of this contemptible comedy is plain enough to my mind. She is simply holding off (Julian, as you know, is a poor man) until the influence of Lady Janet's persuasion is backed by the opening of Lady Janet's purse. In one word—Settlements! But for the profanity of the woman's language, and the really lamentable credulity of the poor old lady, the whole thing would make a fit subject for a burlesque.

"But the saddest part of the story is to come.

"In due course of time the lady's decision was communicated to Julian Gray. He took leave of his senses on the spot. Can you believe it?—he has resigned his curacy! At a time when the church is thronged every Sunday to hear him preach, this madman shuts the door and walks out of his pulpit. Even Lady Janet was not far enough gone in folly to abet him in this. She remonstrated, like the rest of his friends. Perfectly useless! He had but one answer to every thing they could say: 'My career is closed.' What stuff!

"You will ask, naturally enough, what this perverse man is going to do next. I don't scruple to say that he is bent on committing suicide. Pray do not be alarmed! There is no fear of the pistol, the rope, or the river. Julian is simply courting death—within the limits of the law.

"This is strong language, I know. You shall hear what the facts are, and judge for yourself.

"Having resigned his curacy, his next proceeding was to offer his services, as volunteer, to a new missionary enterprise on the West Coast of Africa. The persons at the head of the Mission proved, most fortunately, to have a proper sense of their duty. Expressing their conviction of the value of Julian's assistance in the most handsome terms, they made it nevertheless a condition of entertaining his proposal that he should submit to an examination by a competent medical man. After some hesitation he consented to this. The doctor's report was conclusive. In Julian's present state of health the climate of West Africa would, in all probability, kill him in three months' time.

"Foiled in his first attempt, he addressed himself next to a London Mission. Here it was impossible to raise the question of climate; and here, I grieve to say, he has succeeded.

"He is now working—in other words, he is now deliberately risking his life—in the Mission at Green Anchor Fields. The district known by this name is situated in a remote part of London, near the Thames. It is notoriously infested by the most desperate and degraded set of wretches in the whole metropolitan population, and it is so thickly inhabited that it is hardly ever completely free from epidemic disease. In this horrible place, and among these dangerous people Julian is now employing himself from morning to night. None of his old friends ever see him. Since he joined the Mission he has not even called on Lady Janet Roy.

"My pledge is redeemed—the facts are before you. Am I wrong in taking my gloomy view of the prospect? I cannot forget that this unhappy man was once my friend; and I really see no hope for him in the future. Deliberately self-exposed to the violence of ruffians and the outbreak of disease, who is to extricate him from his shocking position? The one person who can do it is the person whose association with him would be his ruin—Mercy Merrick. Heaven only knows what disasters it may be my painful duty to communicate to you in my next letter!

"You are so kind as to ask me to tell you something about myself and my plans.

"I have very little to say on either hand. After what I have suffered—my feelings trampled on, my confidence betrayed—I am as yet hardly capable of deciding what I shall do. Returning to my old profession—to the army—is out of the question, in these leveling days, when any obscure person who can pass an examination may call himself my brother officer, and may one day perhaps command me as my superior officer in rank. If I think of any career it is the career of diplomacy. Birth and breeding has not quite disappeared as essential qualifications in that branch of the public service. But I have decided nothing as yet.

"My mother and sisters, in the event of your returning to England, desire me to say that it will afford them the greatest pleasure to make your acquaintance. Sympathising with me, they do not forget what you too have suffered. A warm welcome awaits you when you pay your first visit at our house.

"Most truly yours,

HORACE HOLMCROFT."

II.

From Miss Grace Roseberry to Mr. Horace Holmcroft.

"DEAR MR. HOLMCROFT: I snatch a few moments from my other avocations to thank you for your most interesting and delightful letter. How well you describe, how accurately you judge! If Literature stood a little higher as a profession, I should almost advise you—but no! if you entered Literature, how could *you* associate with the people whom you would be likely to meet!

"Between ourselves, I always thought Mr. Julian Gray an overrated man. I will not say he has justified my opinion. I will not say I pity him. But, dear Mr. Holmcroft, how can you, with your sound judgment, place the sad alternatives now before him on the same level? To die in Green Anchor Fields, or to fall into the clutches of that vile wretch—is there any comparison between the two? Better a thousand times die at the post of duty than marry Mercy Merrick.

"As I have written the creature's name, I may add—so as to have all the sooner done with the subject—that I shall look with anxiety for your next letter. Do not suppose that I feel the smallest curiosity about this degraded and designing woman. My interest in her is purely religious. To persons of my devout turn of mind she is an awful warning. When I feel Satan near me—it will be *such* a means of grace to think of Mercy Merrick!

"Poor Lady Janet! I noticed those signs of mental decay to which you so feelingly allude at the last interview I had with her in Mablethorpe House. If you can find an opportunity, will you say that I wish her well, here and hereafter? and will you please add that I do not omit her in my prayers?

"There is just a chance of my visiting England toward the close of the autumn. My fortunes have changed since I wrote last. I have been received as reader and companion by a lady who is the wife of one of our high judicial functionaries in this part of the world. I do not take much interest in *him*; he is what they call a 'self-made man.' His wife is charming. Besides being a person of highly intellectual tastes, she is greatly her husband's superior—as you will understand when I tell you that she is related to the Gommerys of Pommery; *not* the Pommerys of Gommery, who (as your knowledge of our old families will inform you) only claim kindred with the younger branch of that ancient race.

"In the elegant and improving companionship which I now enjoy I should feel quite happy but for one drawback. The climate of Canada is not favorable to my kind patroness, and her medical advisers recommend her to winter in London. In this event, I am to have the privilege of accompanying her. Is it necessary to add that my first visit will be paid at your house? I feel already united by sympathy to your mother and sisters. There is a sort of freemasonry among gentlewomen. Is the not? With best thanks and remembrances, and many delightful anticipations of your next letter, believe me, dear Mr. Holmcroft,

"Truly yours,

GRACE ROSEBERRY."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Some day a woman of noble impulses and strong right arm will be granted to earth, and then the man who is in the habit of looking back over his shoulder at ladies he has passed on the street will try it once more and then quit, because that woman is born to hit him; and when she does do it, he will only be good for the doctors to practice on for the next six months.—*Steubenville Herald.*

THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY.

A Concession to Society.

Complex Marriage and All Other Offensive Systems Abandoned in Practice—Father Noyes's Message to His People.

New York Times.

ONEIDA, N. Y., Aug. 28.—The Oneida Communists, whose internal dissensions and troubles from external causes have been the occasion of many newspaper articles during the last year, have taken an important step toward reorganization by formally abandoning the system of complex marriage that Father John Humphrey Noyes has consistently advocated for so many years. The townspeople here are delighted with the turn affairs have taken; for, barring the promiscuous intercourse of the sexes, which is exactly what complex marriage amounts to, the Community has always been a popular institution here, owing mainly, perhaps, to the fact that its members are honest in their business transactions, industrious, enterprising, peaceable, and good citizens from every aspect. Besides this, in their fruit-canning and other industries they employ at good wages many boys and girls not sympathizing with their views, and contribute very materially to the prosperity of the village. They have been menaced with criminal prosecution by the leaders of the various religious denominations repeatedly but it has never been possible to secure legal evidences of their practices, and they have managed at every crisis to outgeneral their opponents. Unfortunately, one cannot try men on common fame in a court at law, as the Brooklyn brethren did Mr. Talmage, and when the irate clergy of the vicinity were put to the proof they found that they really had none. It was noised abroad, rumored, gossiped, even asserted, that promiscuous commerce of the sexes was the corner-stone of the social system of the Oneida Community; and Father Noyes had invented a scientific propagation called stirpiculture, by which a new race of men and women, physically and mentally superior, if not morally so, was to be founded and carried on to perfection. However stirpiculture so long as Father Noyes confined it to the columns of the *American Socialist*, or the parti-colored pages of the *Modern Thinker*, did by no means constitute an infraction of the criminal code; and when the Grand Jury of the County went about to indict the apostle of physical and mental perfection—which, by the way, they did occasionally just to appease the loyal clergy—they found to their amazement that he was guilty of nothing, and the sly old man walked off laughing in his ample sleeve. Since the exposures printed in the *Times* about a year ago, the local clergy have made another determined effort, and although they have failed in obtaining inculpating evidence, they have given the Communists a great deal of trouble and anxiety. At length, Prof. Mears, one of their most uncompromising opponents, visited Mr. Noyes as a sort of plenipotentiary, and guaranteed them the good will of the whole section if they would but abandon their immoral practices. Father Noyes did not concede that there was anything immoral in stirpiculture, and if public sentiment was against it they might abandon the practice without abandoning the principle. The result is that scientific propagation has been reduced to the position of an idea, which would completely regenerate the human race, if happily the world were prepared for its general application but which is not likely to regenerate anybody any more, except in spirit. A movement had been set on foot, also, to appeal to appeal to the Legislature for some special statute adapted to the suppression of complex marriage; and so the Community was menaced at many points. Furthermore, Father Noyes has attained an advanced age, and takes a less vivid interest in these tenets than he did 20 years ago. Accordingly, about a week ago, having consulted with his son, who is a young man of real ability, and no very firm believer in stirpiculture, Father Noyes indited a message to the members of the Oneida Community, in which, after reminding them that they had sufficiently maintained their freedom of conscience, and that there was no impropriety in waiving a point in deference to public opinion, he advised them to pass a formal resolution abandoning the practices which had proved offensive to their neighbors. He did not, he added, consider the existing arrangement a necessary part of their religious and social theory, and had always believed that they would find it best to recede from the complex relation of the sexes sooner or later. He thought the time had come to act on the principles of freedom they had always advocated, and to this end would would propose certain modifications in their platform. A summary of the propositions laid before the assembly in this shrewd and remarkable document will be of public interest. They are:

I. To give up the practice of complex marriage, not as renouncing belief in the principles and prospective finality of that institution, but in deference to the public sentiment evidently rising against it.

II. To place themselves as a community, not on the platform of the Shakers on the one hand, nor on that of the world on the other, but on Paul's platform, which, while allowing marriage as a concession to human weakness, prefers celibacy as the holier and more perfect state.

III. To continue to hold their business and property in common; to continue to live together and to eat at the same table; to retain the common department for infants and juveniles, and to maintain the practice of regular evening meetings for mutual criticism.

In conclusion, Father Noyes thanks the environing public for their long toleration of what must have seemed an audacious and subversive experiment, and expresses his sincere gratitude to the authorities and people of the immediate neighborhood for their kindness and protection. He ends by hoping that the Community will now show the world that its members have self control and flexibility enough to live and flourish without the institution of complex marriage.

To say that this remarkable message created a profound impression in the assembly, when, on the evening of Tuesday, Aug. 26, it was read from the desk, would be in the conventional style of the newspaper correspondent; but would not be exactly true, nevertheless. The truth is that the message was prepared as early as August 20, its contents were perfectly familiar, all its propositions had been canvassed beforehand, and there was very little to be said. It only remained to take a formal vote on the adoption of the platform contained in the communication. This was taken, with little debate or delay, and the propositions were adopted, abolishing the offensive abomination of complex marriage at a stroke. The society will hereafter, therefore, consist of two classes of members, celibates and married persons, living together as husband and wife under the laws of marraige as generally understood. The importance of this step cannot well be overestimated, as, although Father Noyes reserves his intellectual adhesion to stirpiculture, complex marriage, scientific propagation, or whatever else it may be styled, his message and the subsequent action upon it amount to a confession of failure in one of the cardinal points of the Community's social system. The family idea is left, it is true, but, with permanent families within the Community family, it is shorn of its main significance, and takes the form of a common work, a common interest in commercial ventures, and a common property. I have said that the townspeople are delighted, and ought to add that many of the members are delighted also, not only that a solution of the dispute has been effected, but that complex marriage has been abrogated. Under the younger Noyes, who is a scientist of the Huxley and Tyndall stamp, thoroughly educated, not a fanatic, although a little inclined to mysticism, a party of progress has been slowly developing for three or four years. This party did not exactly believe in the complex relation of the sexes, and, as some of its members were popular and influential, they gave the surviving enthusiasts of the concern, already enfeebled by age, a vast deal of anxiety. The younger Noyes once left the Community and went out into the world, but the old gentleman was restless and uneasy without him, and he consented to return. When he returned and resumed his position, rather from the nature of the situation than from any wish of his own, he became the center of the party of progress. Happily married, the complex idea was offensive to him. The result was the division of the Community on this question and the dissensions which, though very quietly kept, shook the organization to its foundation a year ago, and came near ending in a separation into two communities. I had very interesting interviews with both the father and son at that time, and know that the trouble mainly turned upon an opposition to the promiscuous commerce of the sexes, which had developed into a powerful and aggressive minority. It was tided over by promises, and the considerable wealth of the organization contributed to keep its members together; but complex marriage must have inevitably given way in a few years under the pressure of the progressive party. With this taint removed, the Oneida Community has a brilliant industrial future, and will be observed with interest as an experiment in the communism of labor and landed interests.

MURDER GUSH.

Touching Experience of a Condemned Criminal.

New York Graphic.

"You leave us then, to morrow?"

"Yes; I am to be hanged to-morrow morning at 10 o'clock," said he, proudly.

The speaker was arrayed in full evening dress, white tie, expansive shirt bosom, flower in button-hole, and crush hat in hand, and stood ducking his closely-cropped bullet-head to various persons of distinction in the room. A lady approached and put in his hand a large bouquet of white lilies, the symbols of purity. She tried to say a few words to the condemned, but broke down and was led away weeping. The condemned received the gift with an air of indifference, tossing them behind him in a corner, where I noticed a large pile of similar offerings.

"The poor critters havn't much nerve," said the murderer. "They should brace up with a little gin afore trying it on."

"Allow me to present to you my daughter," and a large, portly gentleman swept up to the criminal with a beautiful girl on his arm. The bullet-head ducked, the girl's bent gracefully, the Jude bowed as far as his prominent corporeal proportions would permit. This was the Judge before whom Mr. James Dux, alias Jimmy Ducks, alias Jimmy the Creeper, had been tried and sentenced to death for murdering an old man with a sledge-hammer, being tempted thereto by the exposure of a $5 nickel watch.

"Pa has often spoken to me of you," said the Judge's daughter. "I am very sorry you can't take dinner with us to-morrow."

"Well, I can hardly do that, you know," said Mr. Dux, "unless your pop could reconsider his decision."

"Ha! Dux," said the Judge, with a mixture of social and judicial aplomb; "couldn't do that, you know. Biz is biz. 'Twould be as much as my situation is worth."

"Dear me, it must be quite dreadful to be hanged," said the young lady.

"A mere momentary pang, a mere pang, Miss Blackstone," said the Judge. "I'd like to die that way myself."

"That is, perwided the apparatus is good and the Sheriff's a cool hand," put in Mr. Dux. "Judge, do me the favor to see that the rope's well greased, won't you?" asked the criminal.

"I will, I will, my dear fellow. Anything that I can do to soften the necessary severity of the law, command me," replied the Judge.

The Judge and his daughter passed on, the young lady from time to time turning her head and regarding the criminal with great interest.

She too sent him a huge bouquet next morning. "Cuss the flowers," said Dux, on seeing it, "Slungshot Jane is the only gal as knows what a man wants at a time like this; she sent whisky."

An unusual stir now pervaded the reception room. A deputation of gentlemen approached the condemned lion of the evening. There was a pause. One stepped forward holding in his hand a morocco case. He said: "Allow me to present you, in behalf of the people of Humanityville, as well as the jurymen, Sheriff and assistants, the jailers, and others concerned in your capture, this slight token of esteem, which you have merited during your confinement and trial, not only by your gentlemanly conduct and bearing, but also by your gentleness and humane sentiments of forgiving all who have been instrumental in bringing you to justice. Take this watch and make good use of the few remaining hours which it has to show of your earthly career."

Mr. Dux, stepping eagerly forward, received at the speaker's hands a massive gold watch. Applying it to his ear and shaking it, he remarked:

"Goes, don't it?"

"Yes, oh, yes," said all the donors at once.

"Wound up?"

"Yes; oh, yes," said all the doners.

"Paid for? No tick?"

"Yes; oh, yes," answered all the donors.

"Keeps good time?"

"Yes; oh, yes," came from all, as before.

"Bully!"

"Yes; oh, ye—." Then they stopped, recollecting that no further answers were required.

A second delegation approached. These were the relatives and friends of the murdered man. One of these, bearing a package, stepped forward and said:

"Sir, we the relatives and friends of David Pegleg, whom you knocked in the head for a $5 nickel watch on the 31st day of August last, for which crime you are about to suffer death, desire to show our esteem, respect, and appreciation for your many estimable qualities by this humble gift, and desire your appeptance of this new suit of clothes. We would take it as a greater favor if you would wear them at to-morrow's hanging."

Throwing a used-up quid of tobacco on the pile of bouquets behind him and taking another, Mr. Dux, after some delay, reached indifferently forward, tore open the package, took out the coat, examined the cloth, tried the seams, and asked:

"Giniwine English broadcloth?"

"Yes, oh, yes," said the friends and relatives of the murdered man, eagerly.

"Latest style?"

"Yes, oh, yes," came from them all.

"Buttons sewed on tight?"

"Yes, oh, yes!"

Then he searched critically in the package.

A frown came over his brow. He spoke short and curt:

"Where's the suspenders? Where's the shirt-studs and cuff-buttons to go with the shirt?"

The relatives and friends confusedly and hastily conferred together. They departed. Mr. Dux was assured the missing articles should quickly be forthcoming.

"Wall, on that condition I forgive ye," said he.

"Oh, Mr. Dux, how could you murder our poor father?" said one of the weeping daughters of the Pegleg family.

"He tempted me," said Mr. Dux. "He tempted me on with that ere watch. I couldn't help it. I might have starved to death a respectable, honest man if it hadn't been for that ere watch."

"The Peglegs always would wear too much jewelry about them," said a large, portly lady, the President of the Stoneville Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to murderers. "Poor man!" she continued, alluding to Dux, "he's another victim of the pernicious practice. I declare there should be a law against wearing diamonds in public."

"Well, Pegleg got his just deserts; that's just what I think," said Mrs. Anthropologus, Secretary of the Benevolent Bedbug Association. "Poor man, did it hurt you much when you was being tempted to murder all that jewelry?" said Mrs. Anthropologus to Mr. Dux.

"Yes'm; it gave me a pain in my stummick like when I sor him take it out, and then it run down my legs and then back up again to my head, and then I didn't know nothing till I found myself pitchin' into Peleg with a sledge hammer. But I forgive him."

"Poor, poor man!" said the sympathizing ladies. "Accept this little portmanteau," said one. "And this lunch basket," said another. "And these drops," said another, "good for shortness of breath."

Dux took the articles and pitched them on the bouquet pile behind him.

There was a sudden stir and bustle in the room.

A man, seedy, hungry looking man, was being hustled off in the hands of five or six excited individuals. "Steal the poor murderer's lunch basket, would you?" said a voice. The tramp replied: "But gentlemen, I'm hungry. I haven't had a morsel to eat for two days. And I never murder ——"

They kicked him out.

Supper was announced. The spread was luxurious. Mr. Dux took his seat at the head of the table, flanked on one side by the Judge, on the other side by the District Attorney. Grace was said by a noted reverend, who referred eloquently to the "closing scenes of the morrow." Mr. Dux ate and drank heartily. There were toasts, songs, and music by the Quicksand Church Choir quartet. Mr. Dux was toasted as follows: "Our gentle and amiable friend so soon to leave us. May to-morrow's suspense be of brief duration."

In reply, Mr. Dux said: "Gentlemen, this is the happiest moment of my life. I've had a pretty hard row ot it in the past, and I never knew what it was to live well and associate with gentlemen till I knocked old Pegleg in the head. I feel it's been the makin' of me. Ever since I was sentenced to be hanged I've felt a better man. I never knew what it was to be a good man till I done that I'm going to hang for to-morrow. O, my frens, I wish some of you was as good as me. It pays to be good, to be religious, to read good books and eat chicken. And I forgive anybody as had a hand in this murder. Ef I was let out to morrow I wouldn't harm the hair of a child's head. No. But I shall be better off than any of ye to-morrow. Yes, I shall stand amongst the prophets and possles and kings and queens with a ker-rown on my own head, and a singin' and a harpin' and a lookin' down upon ye poor, missable sinners. An' ye can't get up where I am. No. I've earned my reward, but I forgive ye all, all. I forgive the Judge and the jury and the witnesses as swore my life away falsely and the old man I murdered. I forgive ye all. I lay up nothin' agin none of ye."

"What a beautiful, saint-like spirit," murmured the clergyman.

The Judge, sitting behind four empty champagne bottles, buried his face in his napkin and wept.

When I left the farewell dinner the clergyman was advising all who had tickets for witnessing the execution to come and bring their children with them, 'for," said he, "this good man before us, and so soon to leave us behind, can admonish them for more forcibly than we can."

P. M.

THE ICE MOUNTAIN.

It is Merely the Result of the Operation of Natural Laws.

The ice mountain of Preston County is a great natural curiosity. We passed over the Baltimore & Ohio road to Rowlesburg, then by steam three miles up Cheat River, past Vicksburg, and came out upon the Northwestern Pike. Following it two miles west we came to the ice mountain, situated on the right bank of Flag Run, one-half mile from the pike. We ascended the mountain for some distance and arrived at the ice field. It is claimed that the ice mountain was discovered by some soldiers in the Spring of 1861. Its discovery was afterward reported again, but persons supposed the discoverer was only trying to hoax some one into making a fruitless trip into the mountains. On the north side of the mountain about a quarter of an acre is covered with a mass of loose, unstratified rocks, none of which are of any considerable size. All was covered with a heavy mass of moss, which now is all torn off. No trees grow upon it—only here and there a few small bushes. Removing the loose rock, ice is discovered in small quantities. A thermometer stood ninety degrees in the sun, eighty degrees in the shade, and forty-eight degrees when placed in the rocks on the ice in their crevices. A cold air is present in the crevices, but no strong freezing currents as reported. Hundreds have visited it. The rocks are torn up, and the ice is only obtained now by going down some little depth in the rocks. We would suppose from observation that the mountain is mostly a vast heap of rock, a portion of whose west side is more broken and loose than the rest. The porous nature of this portion would admit through its moss covering a considerable amount of water, that, infiltrating between the stone, would form ice in just the manner we find it. The ice thus formed would be protected from all external temperature by the non conducting properties of the vast surrounding mass of rock. The ice mountain is nothing but a huge natural stone refrigerator. The common refrigerator depends for its preservation of ice upon the good non conducting materials of its sides. So the ice mountain but naturally, though wonderfully, preserves permanently its ice by the vast mass of rock—good non conducting material—which forms its sides. An ice mountain, similar in a good many respects to this one, is in Hampshire County, on North River, a few miles east of Romney. Divesting the Preston County ice mountain of its marvellous character that exaggerated accounts have given it, it stands a wonderful but plainly possible result of natural laws.

You needn't waltz in front of a cow-catcher expressly to get a lift in the world. Go into an east side bar-room and tell the conductor there that he lies. Ten to one he will "raise" you in the most scientific manner.—*New York News.*

A SAFE EXPERT.

His Wonderful Performances at the Paris Exposition.

New York News.

For 40 years past, and up to his death which occurred a short time since, Frederick Rader, an intelligent American artisan of German birth, has lived at No. 95 Ninth avenue. He learned blacksmithing before emigrating to this country and upon his arrival here found employment in a safe-factory. He soon acquired a knowledge of the construction of safes that was unsurpassed, and attained considerable reputation as an expert. His knowledge of locks was not remarkable, but every joint and bolt in a safe was as familiar to him as the print in a newspaper. When disarranged locks resisted the skill of experts, and it was necessary to procure the contents of a safe, Rader was always called in to force the doors or break open the safe. His plan of operation was simple. A common cold chisel, a heavy hammer, and a stout jimmy, were the only tools he used. He first examined a safe by tapping it gently until the sound directed him to a pregnable point, which he attacked. In an incredible short space of time he invariably succeeded in ripping off the plates of steel and iron as though they were sheets of tin. He has operated in every section of this country, and his exploits abroad some few years ago may yet be remembered. The most memorable event occurred during the Summer of 1867, when the rivalry between American and English safes was intense.

At the Paris Exhibition in August, 1867, Mr. Chatwood, the maker of Chatwood's invincible "intersected" steel bank safe, claimed to have the most secure of all safes, and goaded the American manufacturers to accept a public challenge to furnish a safe for a trial test. After a few preliminaries the challenge for the champion safe of the world and 30,000 francs was accepted by a New York manufacturer and the stakes were deposited. The articles of agreement were drawn up, and required the trials to be conducted under the supervision of a committee of five engineers,—two English, two American, the four thus appointed to select a French engineer as the fifth. Both safes were to be publicly operated on, in the Champs de Mars, with burglars' tools, each contestant being allowed to select his workmen and tools to operate on the safe of his rival. The Committee selected was Paul Doulliot, Robert Mallett, Robert F. Fairlie, Joseph E. Holmes and Thomas R. Pickering. They resolved to furnish each competitor with a marked block of wood, about six inches by two inches by three, to be placed in the most secure compartment of their safes, the production of either blocks to be deemed conclusive evidence that the safe from which it had been taken had been opened. It was also agreed that the trials of opening should begin simultaneously on both safes, and should be declared ended as soon as either safes had been opened.

The English maker secured three English expert mechanics from his factory to operate on the American safe, and the American competitor selected Rader and an assistant to attack the English safe. Operations were commenced at 2:45 P. M., August 19, 1867. Englishmen attacking the door of the American safe, while Rader sounded the English safe until he picked out a spot on the side, on which he began to work with his hammer and chisel. In two hours and 40 minutes Rader had abstracted the block of wood and had torn the safe apart, leaving the door alone standing. His work seemed so incredible that the committee directed a photograph of the broken safe to be furnished, and paid over the bet of 30,000 francs, as agreed. The result was cabled to this country. From Paris Rader journeyed through Europe, and opened safes in all the Capitals. He received several medals, and had some narrow escapes from being imprisoned on suspicion of being an accomplished burglar by officials who did not understand the nature of his business.

After his European trip Rader returned to this country, and went to work at the bench, leaving it only when called on to use his knowledge and power in his employers' interest. His fellow-workmen claim that Rader was never equaled, and attribute his success to his knowledge of the construction of steel,—a secret he has never revealed. His family regard the photograph of Chatwood's demolished safe with veneration, and carefully guard it. Rader was the shop-master of "Rory" Sims, the notorious bank burglar, who is doing the State a long service in the Albany Penitentiary.

THE ISTHMUS CANAL.

A Treaty Under Which Great Britain and the United States are Bound to Protect It.

A special examination into the relations of the United States Government to the projected Darien Canal has been made for the forthcoming International Code Conference, in London by Mr. A. P. Sprague, Secretary of the American Committee, and his report will claim that the United States is precluded by both national and international law and policy from claiming exclusive control over the enterprise. A treaty concluded by the United States and Great Britain, April 19, 1850, and which, the report says, is still in force, mutually guarantees the neutrality and protection of the then projected Nicaraguan Canal, or any canal across the Isthmus between North and South America, undertaken by any parties upon fair and equitable terms, with the consent of the Government through whose territory it should run. This treaty is said to dispose of the "Monroe doctrine," so far as such a canal is concerned, the contracting parties to it, the United States and a leading European Government uniting therein in an invitation to all interested powers to join in the guarantee of perpetual neutrality of such a canal and the protection of capital invested, from whatever sources and under whatever management. Mr. Sprague holds that M. de Lesseps and his company are thus already assured, by treaty, of the protection of Great Britain and the United States, and that the other Governments, on both continents, will, when the proper time comes, join in an international act declaring the projected canal forever free and open, and exempt from attack in time of war, and extending their mutual protection to the capital and commerce involved.

Mid-Summer's Dog Dream.

Cape May Wave.

A hotel-keeper in California is the fortunate possessor of an unusually valuable dog, which is thus mentioned by a correspondent: "Priest's is a hotel on the way from Calaveras Grove at Big Trees to the Yosemite. In former years on the arrival of the stage the landlady would send the dog to the poultry yard to catch chickens for the tourists' dinner. Now the dog takes time by the forelock. The stage is due at 6 o'clock. About 5 o'clock the dog saunters leisurely down the road till he meets the stage; he then bounds back to the poultry-yard, catches the chickens, bites their heads off, and takes them to the cook! The number of chickens he kills bears a relation to the number of passengers he saw in the stage. A gentleman who was stopping at the hotel for a few days went into the woods one afternoon with a gun. When he returned the dog came to him in much excitement to see what game he had taken. Finding his band and bag empty the dog ran into the forest and returned in less than an hour with a bird which he gave with an air of compassion to the unskilful hunter."

THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Pubrs.

TOLEDO, THURSDAY, SEPT 4, 1879.

OUR CLUB LIST.

We have made arrangements with the publishers enabling us to send the BLADE and either of the following publications for the prices annexed (postage pre-paid):

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Our agents everywhere are authorized to receive subscriptions at the above rates. In making this proposition we only stipulate that we must receive at the SAME TIME one subscriber of THE BLADE for each copy of any other publication ordered from the list. They need not both be sent to the same person, or even to the same Postoffice, and in renewing their subscriptions, old as well as new subscribers may avail themselves of the offer. The magazines and papers are all sent direct from the offices of publication to subscribers, so that there will be no delay in their receipt. No subscriptions received at the above rates for less than one year.

Please remember that WE CANNOT ALLOW COMMISSIONS on subscriptions for the above named papers and magazines, except for THE BLADE, as stated.

As is the invariable custom in all newspaper offices, a subscription year is reckoned as FIFTY-TWO WEEKS.

NEW YORK *Star:* BEN BUTLER is getting so old that it is believed the gods don't love him.

THE Sandusky *Register* says that Capt. JOHN BROWN, jr., has returned from his trip to Kansas, and is now at his home on Put-in-Bay.

IF RICHARD GRANT WHITE wants to be of real service to the English or American language, let him construct an adjective for the noun "State."

THERE are some people about New York just wicked enough to feel pleased that TILDEN got away with CYRUS W. FIELD. They say it is six of one and half dozen of the other.

CHARLES DE YOUNG is the first Jew in the history of this country to resort to political assassination. The race may not be liked by some hotel keepers, but it is certainly the most orderly and law abiding people that comes to this country.

DETROIT *Free Press:* "Judge HILTON says that the average newspaper reporter is a willful and malicious liar, but he must remember that no reporter ever so conducted the late A. T. STEWART'S business as to lose a large per cent. of it in two years.

THE old Norse King used to pray, "I do not ask for wealth, O, God; only to be placed within arm's length of the man who has it." So with the Mississippi Democrats; they do not ask non-interference with their political schemes; only to be placed within easy shot-gun range of the back of the man who meditates such interference.

DEMOCRATIC soldiers in Ohio, during the present campaign, will receive their campaign literature from Fort Pillow CHALMERS and a fellow of the name of BANKS, who was a member of JEFF. DAVIS'S official household, during the war. These worthies have been selected to see that the boys in blue who vote the Democratic ticket, usually, get the right sort of reading.

NOW ALL that is necessary is for Yellow Fever BLACKBURN to come forward and say that he was actuated solely by motives of the highest regard for the health of the people of the North. This will place him alongside of his traitor accomplices, who claim to have fired upon the United States flag solely from love of constitutional government.

SOLON CHASE, the father of the Greenbackers in Maine, resents the charge that he is a Fiatist. He only wants enough greenbacks added to the circulation to raise prices about 40 per cent., which he thinks will bring them to about the proper rates. *Chase's Chronicle*, the paper which he started and conducted, has been purchased by Col. BLOOD, one of VICTORIA WOODHULL'S so-called husbands; and it now abuses its founder for a recreant.

PART of Georgia is going under. Strange to say a mountain in the Northern part apparently becoming disgusted with its condition, suddenly let go of a large portion of itself, and down it went into a great chasm,—rocks, earth, trees, all in one vast incongruous mass together—and at last accounts was still sinking. Where it will stop, or what sort of a whole is yawning below Georgia is the question now agitating the public mind in that locality.

THE feeling among English working men that their prospects in their own country are exceedingly poor, is expressed in a resolution at a mass meeting in Sheffield, by a resolve to emigrate. This is not the first time that such a thing has happened. It is more than probable that the United States will get the greater part of these sturdy laborers, though, doubtless, some will seek Australia. There is room here for that class of immigrants, as many as may choose to come.

MEDICINE is the most disappointing of sciences. One never knows what day any of its well-accepted principles will not be shown to be a delusive lie. Here, for years, everybody has faithfully believed that the main cause of Bright's disease is undue indulgence in spirituous stimulants. Now, an eminent physician announces his belief that too much ice-water is at the root of the trouble, and supports his views, among other things, by the assertion that America is the place where ice-water is more used than elsewhere on the face of the globe, and here also more people in proportion die of this fatal disease.

YAZOO AND SAN FRANCISCO.

The circumstances attending the shooting of DIXON in Yazoo, and KALLOCH in San Francisco, illustrate well the radical differences between Northern and Southern society. Both these crimes were prompted solely by political reasons, both were committed by men having at their backs a powerful array of desperate, unscrupulous partizans, and both were exceptionally cowardly in their execution. It is difficult to say which was the more so. DE YOUNG drove out in a covered carriage to seek his victim, sent a telegraph messenger to lure his game within easy reach of his revolver, and then shot his man down as coolly as he would a vagrant dog. He had planned everything with unusual cunning, and had it not been for the unexpected rush of the mob upon his carriage, he would have escaped.

BARKSDALE took 40 or 50 trusty followers, well armed, and disposed them at convenient stations along a street through which he expected his victim to pass. No deer was ever stalked more skillfully than the leader of the Independent party in Yazoo. DIXON, thoroughly unaware of danger, passed leisurely by BARKSDALE'S place of concealment, and entered the circle of concealed assassins; then BARKSDALE arose behind him, and poured the contents of a double barreled shot gun into his back, and immediately every one of the accomplices covered the doomed man with their guns to prevent his use of weapons to avenge himself.

There is one very important difference to be noted, however. DE YOUNG'S act originated with himself, was planned by him alone, and was executed without the knowledge or approval of his party. BARKSDALE'S deed, on the other hand, was suggested by his party leaders, who planned it and furnished him the assistance necessary to carry it out.

DE YOUNG'S attempt to murder now promises to be unsuccessful, but it was sufficient to agitate the whole country and terribly perturb San Francisco. Human life is not held at very high figures anywhere on the Pacific Slope, but such high-handed murder met with the fierce denunciation of every man. The public wrath flamed up like the breath of a furnace heated seven times hotter than its wont, and before its rage the party to which the assassin belonged shriveled up and almost disappeared. DE YOUNG was locked up in jail, and heavy guards placed around him to protect him from the vengeance of the maddened followers of his victim. The militia of the State was put under arms, and all manner of extraordinary precautions taken to preserve the peace. The offender will no doubt receive exemplary punishment, and part of that which will be administered outside of the law will be the knowledge that by his idiotic crime he has destroyed his party. The mere connection of such a man with it as a leader is sufficient to discredit it fatally in the eyes of the people.

Mr. BARKSDALE'S attempt to murder succeeded only too well, but it was followed by none of the troublous phenomena that shook San Francisco from center to circumference. No storm of indignation convulsed the community in which he lived, held his coward brutality up to deserved shame, and menaced him with dire punishment. He and his accomplices acted as if they had gotten a bad job well off their hands; he received general congratulations from his Democratic co-partizans over the neatness and success with which he had managed the affair; he went through the form of a preliminary examination, furnished bail for his future appearance, and started out again to attend to other details of his canvass for the office of Sheriff. If he is ever brought to trial, it will be a formal mockery of the ways of justice—a trial by the men who suggested and planned his crime, and aided in its execution.

Already the consequences of DE YOUNG'S crime have been such as to be strongly deterrent of similar crimes in the future. Precisely the reverse has been the case in the Mississippi affair.

MISSISSIPPI.

The bitterest enemies of Mississippi, if there be such a thing as an enemy of that State and people—can not wish her any worse fate than she is dragging upon herself. Nothing short of a revolution.—a moral earthquake that will upheave the whole social fabric, and bury the ruins of the present upper strata beneath the upturned lower strata—will arrest the deterioration that is now going on. Bad as is the pollution of politics from the "Mississippi plan," the evils of this bear small proportion to those which follow in its train to demoralize society and business. Everything seems paralyzed; trade is dying or dead, the fields are tilled worse this year than last, and will be still more neglected next year. Society is at the mercy of the vagabond and ruffian, emigration has ceased, and enterprise has syncopied. Nowhere is there any healthy life or productive energy; everywhere is dullness, stagnation, the slow rotting of dead social impulses, the slimy putrefaction of what should be the best and purest. It is no satisfaction to Republicans that this should be so. They do not covet the poor revenge of seeing the gigantic crime committed against their party and the principles of good government punished so terribly. The only satisfaction they can derive from the contemplation of this melancholy spectacle is the slender, feeble hope that the people of the State may soon learn the lesson they should from the calamities that are assailing them, and inaugurate such a reformation as will lead to better things. But they cannot help recognizing that this hope is baseless and illusory. The element from which such a reform could be expected is abandoning the State, preferring to follow their careers in more propitious surroundings, than to struggle to effect a change where they now are. Thousands of energetic Mississippians—white and black—have already gone to seek homes in Missouri, Kansas and Texas; Leadville is full of them; Colorado teems with them, but wherever they have gone, they will return to Mississippi no more, and it is their hands or those of Northern immigrants that can rescue the State from the abomination of desolation.

As we said before, the Republicans do not rejoice over this, but rather sorrow deeply. Every downward step the State takes makes her recovery to Republicanism more difficult. Republicanism flourishes only where people are progressive, intelligent, advancing. Like grain and the fruits, it requires fresh, vigorous soil for its growth, while Democracy like the jimsun weed, roots itself in slimy decay.

GEN. RICE.

At the time that a crowd of drunken, brutal, illiterate, propertyless Democratic ruffians were howling around "Capt." HENRY M. DIXON, brandishing shotguns, hangman's nooses, and revolvers to frighten him from running for office, Gen. RICE, one of the standard bearers of their party in Ohio, was saying in a speech:

> All other questions are dwarfed into insignificance, because the question of suffrage is greater in a Republic than all others, and if it is in doubt the life of the Government is in peril. Its solution is transferred from the halls of Congress to the tribunal of the people. It involves personal and civil liberty, and the perpetuity of our form of government. It was thought to have been settled a hundred years ago, at the birth of the Republic, but to-day it is presented to our view in all its hideousness. This question of franchise is the dearest prerogative of a freeman. It is the foundation of our system of government. Without a free ballot there is no such thing as a fair election, and without a fair election the will of the majority can not be lawfully expressed, and on the will of the majority is the principle on which our political fabric rests.

A little while after this speech was made the leader of the above mentioned crowd of Democratic cut throats and houseburners laid in wait with some companions for "Capt." DIXON, and gaily shot that deluded man through the back. He also had thought that the "civil and personal liberty" question was "settled a hundred years ago, at the birth of the Republic," but as his dark-browed murderers crowded around where he lay weltering in his gore, and leered sardonically in his fading eyes, he recognized that "today it is presented to our view in all its hideousness."

"This question of franchise is the dearest prerogative of a freeman." So five millions of Southern blacks have felt, in the anguish caused by its being wrung away from them. "It is the foundation of our system of Government." Just what the Republicans have always urged. "Without a free ballot there is no such a thing as a fair election." O, most-wise and upright Judge! a very DANIEL come to judgement! "And without a fair election the will of the majority can not be lawfully expressed, and on the will of the majority is the principle on which our political fabric rests." There is a calm effrontery about this that almost amounts to the ludicrous. Here is a man who is the candidate of a party which strangles every adverse political expression, among 12 millions of people, and would strangle it among 48 millions if it had the power, prating about liberty of thought and action. His party has only achieved power by the vilest terroism the continent has ever seen; it maintains itself by midnight assassination and frauds that shun the light of day; every step in its pathway to place and power is slippery with innocent blood, and hedged about by felonies committed against every principle that American freeman have held dear, and sanctified by the sacrifice of their lives. It can maintain itself in its place only by the continual repetition of these enormous crimes. It must keep on continually paying as the rental of its lease of power the lives, liberties and dearest rights of those opposed to it.

GEN. RICE has never condemned one of these crimes. Not the most flagrant of the enormities committed by his party against American citizenship has wrung from his lips a syllable of censure. Had he a single instinct of love for the principles which form the basis of our Governmental system, he could not have remained silent when he saw all those principles trampled by murderous scoundrels into dust made mire by the blood of thousands of his innocent fellow-citizens. Had he the feelings of a patriot he could not be, as he has been, the friend, the associate, the accomplice, the willing servitor of the men whose hands are dyed with the stains of every species of crime against their fellow-citizens; he could not apologize for, and praise those against whom his better nature, and the better nature of every right feeling man must revolt; he would rather that his right hand should forget its cunning, and his tongue cleave to the roof of his mouth, than that he should aid in their wrongs by becoming their candidate, and lending himself, his voice, his energies, and his abilities to the furtherance of a cause which is their cause, and whose success will be a commendation of their course in the past, and encouragement to still greater wrongs in the future.

THE SANTEE INDIANS.

It is a singular thing that a Government which prides itself upon keeping good faith with everybody should make its dealings with the Indians uniform exceptions. Promises to them seem only given to be broken, and the bloody wars which have cost the country so many precious lives and so much treasure have without exception been the result of a false and treacherous policy, to be, perhaps, expected from savages, but certainly not from a civilized nation.

One of the most prolific causes of trouble has been the forced removal of tribes from the reservations where they were placed with the understanding that the land was to be theirs for all time. After occupying it for years, building houses, and in many ways becoming attached to it as home, white men have cast envious eyes thitherward, balls were set in motion, wires pulled, and suddenly it is found by Congress to be necessary to remove the occupants to another wild corner of the great West. What wonder that they rebel? The costly Modoc war, the Nes Perce struggle and the Sioux difficulties all arose out of this cruel policy. And the same sort of thing will go on until the people emphatically protest against its continuance.

An opportunity for this protest is now afforded, as a bill is pending and will be considered the coming Winter for another robbery of the red man. The sooner the matter is brought before the public the better. In 1867, Pres. JOHNSON assigned to the Santee Indians a tract of unimproved land in the Northwestern part of Nebraska. Confiding in his pledges that it should belong to them, they went bravely to work, divided it into farms, built houses and churches, and, in short, became a thriving community, on the high road to civilization. They are prosperous and happy, and give every evidence of a desire to improve.

The wilderness has been turned into a garden and made valuable, therefore it must needs become the property of covetous white men. Acting upon the theory that the Indians have no rights, the Nebraska Legislature has applied to Congress to authorize the sale of the Santee Lands, and a bill has been introduced into the Senate, that the Santees shall be removed *nolens volens* to other wild lands in order to make them ready for their white brothers who do not like such labor, while the tract they have cultivated must be sold at a price not exceeding one dollar and a quarter per acre.

In this there is not one particle of common sense or honesty. There is no more reason why these peaceful, law-abiding citizens of the commonwealth should be forced from their homes by the Government, than that the occupants of the palatial homes in our large Cities should be dispossessed of theirs. It is an arrant piece of knavery, concocted by scoundrels, who would rob rather than work. Every honest man in the United States should rise up in indignant remonstrance against such an outrage. Such things allowed, it is no wonder the people are compelled to pay heavy taxes in order to carry on Indian wars.

The Santees have one friend who seems to be fighting for their rights. This is Sen. SAUNDERS, of Nebraska, who brought in a bill to give the Santee lands to the owners for all time, and to individual Indians a deed of the land which they at present hold. It is a matter of interest to know which will be passed.

CALL FOR HELP.

An appeal comes from the Howard Association for help for the sufferers in Memphis, who are in a miserable condition and can no longer help themselves. In view of the immense sums of money sent thither last year, poured out like water by the generous North, the Association has hesitated to call this year for assistance, but it now finds its hands tied through lack of means to go on with its work of mercy.

It will not be strange if the response to this appeal is not exceedingly prompt and generous. Last year the sympathies of the North were aroused to the utmost. There was no stint of money, no lack of supplies, and more good Samaritans ready to risk their lives by going into the midst of dangers to minister to the sick than could be used to advantage. Not a trace of malevolence for the past could be found in this outpouring of sympathy joined to material aid. No thought of future political differences entered into the calculations, when the distress of the afflicted Southern people was under consideration.

That a different sentiment pervades the North at present will be readily conceded. It would, perhaps, be difficult to tell all of the causes which have led to such a revolution of sentiment as is apparent. Some of it, no doubt, is due to the intemperate utterances of certain of their organs, some of them to the effect that Northern people need not for one moment imagine that all of their generosity would wipe out the bitter feelings of the past. Foolish they were and probably not representing the ideas of the better classes, but followed up by enough of violent action to show that the spirit of animosity was not dead yet.

Another reason for a lack of enthusiasm in ministering to the needs of the sufferers, is the feeling that all was not done to prevent a recurrence of the trouble that lay in the power of the citizens of Memphis. We are told that the disease began this year in a locality where the sanitary arrangements were of the worst kind. It seems a criminal recklessness, after the experience of last Summer, that would not cause every energy to be expended in putting every street, alley, back yard, tenement building and out house in the best possible condition of cleanliness. That it was not done as it should have been, has been made clearly evident. The result was inevitable. Instead of using every effort to stamp out all germs of the pestilence, they were fed and fostered, with what effect the daily bulletins from Memphis show.

The BLADE does not wish to throw a straw in the way of those who, for charity's sake, will answer the appeal from the Howard Association. Discouraging it may be to help those who will not help themselves, yet they must not be left to perish. And it is to be hoped that the response will be hearty enough to satisfy all the requirements of the present exigency. If it is not, however, some of the causes may not be difficult to understand.

AT no time since the close of the war has there been so many soldiers' reunions as during the present year. The veterans come together, many of them for the first time, since those days of suffering and struggle which drew themso closely together, talk over the old times, renew by-gone friendship and separate, strengthened in their regard for each other, and in their loyalty to their country. They are the better for this arousing of old time feelings. The bitterness of sectional strife has filtered away, but patriotism, fealty to the Government, receives a new impetus, and will enable them to make a bitter fight against wrong. Nothing of a political cast is mingled with these meetings. They are simply a gathering together of those who met the storm of shot and shell, who endured the hardships of camp life, who lived through, many of them, the horrors of the Southern prisons, and who now enjoy recalling those experiences and being for the nonce soldiers again, although they may have almost forgotten how to carry a gun. It is a good thing thus to meet, and it will help to ward off any danger that may seem to be gathering, cloud like, over our land again. The stern lessons of the past thus recalled will make men more thoughtful in their regard of the events of the present, and more careful in their choice of those who are to make and execute the laws in the near future. Bring the old soldiers together as often as possible. Let the old time enthusiasm be again arouse and made active. It can do no harm and may do much good.

QUEEN VICTORIA has allowed her womanly prejudices to involve the English Government in an unpleasant complication with that of France. The English Ministry intended conducting the funeral of the so-called Prince Imperial as simply that of an officer in the British Army who had fallen in battle. The first ceremonies were of that character, whereat the Queen became much incensed, and ordered them to be changed to royal obsequies. The Ministry reluctantly obeyed, and is now called upon to explain how it can recognize two Governments in France, for if it holds that the dead LOUIS was the Prince Imperial, it must in consequence hold that the present Government of France is a usurpation and illegal. All this because Queen VICTORIA was fond, in a womanly way, of the ex-Empress and her son, and thought that because she liked them they should reign in France.

ELEVEN is now the age at which they begin to kill each other in Kentucky. This comes of teaching the young idea to shoot.

HOW BOOTH WAS CAPTURED.

Narrative of Captain Doherty.

The Only Authentic Story of the Pursuit and Death of the Man Who Shot Pres. Lincoln—Booth's Lion-Like Courage.

New Orleans Picayune.

A reporter of the *Picayune* called a No. 392 Magazine street, and inquired if Capt. Edward P. Doherty resided there. The answer being returned in the affirmative, in another moment the reporter stood in the presence of a tall, powerfully built man, about 40 years of age, ruddy and robust, with an intelligent countenance and a clear, searching eye, who introduced himself as the person whom the reporter was in search of.

To the question as to whether Capt. Doherty had any objections to relating for publication a full history of the pursuit and capture of Booth and Harrold, he replied that he had none at all, and would be pleased to communicate everything in his power for that purpose.

The following are the facts as they were related by him:

The command of Brevet Brigadier Gen. Nelson B. Sweitzer, consisting of the Sixteenth New York Cavalry, was stationed at this time in Germantown, Va., with orders to be on the lookout to watch the roads and pathways between the Potomac and the Rapidan.

The morning following the assassination, Gen. Sweitzer received orders to detail a squadron of two companies of his command, with orders to proceed to Washington for the purpose of forming a funeral escort to the late President from the White House to the Capitol. After performing that service, the squadron remained in Washington doing patrol and escort duty. On the afternoon of the 24th of April, about 3 o'clock, the commanding officer of the 16th New York Cavalry, who was then in Washington received an order from General Hancock "to detail a reliable and discreet commissioned officer with 25 men, well mounted, to report at once to Colonel L. C. Baker, Agent of the War Department, with three day's rations." In accordance therewith General Sweitzer detailed Captain Edward P. Doherty of Company H. and authorized him to select 25 men from the command. The order, "Boots and saddles," was sounded, and the first 25 men mounted were taken by Sergeant Boston Corbett being the only member of the company among the party, when the detachment proceeded down the avenue to Colonel Baker's headquarters, where Colonel Baker presented to Captain Doherty the photographs of J. Wilkes Booth, David Harrold, John H. Surratt and others implicated in the assassination of President Lincoln.

* * * * * * * *

Capt. Doherty, with the remainder of his command, advanced along the main road toward the house, and to where the gate and fences had been taken down, part entering through the gate and the remainder through the gap in the fence. At the command, "Gallop!" the house and premises were surrounded, with no possibility of escape. On the approach of Capt. Doherty to the door of the house, Mr. Garrett, sr., appeared. During the conversation with Garrett, wherein he said that Booth and Harrold had left his house and gone to the woods the evening previous, one of the soldiers exclaimed: "Oh, Captain, I have found a man in the corn crib; here he is."

Captain Doherty asked the person arrested his name, when he replied. "Garrett." Captain Doherty then presented his pistol at Garrett, (one of the sons) and said: "Where are those men that were here yesterday afternoon?" Garrett replied: "They went to the woods." Captain Doherty then inquired: "Where are they now? No parleying; answer quick." To which Garrett replied: "They are in the barn."

After Garrett had designated the direction of the barn, Captain Doherty said to Sergeant Boston Corbett: "Dismount your men, detail a few to watch the house and bring the remainder here." Captain Doherty then surrounded the barn with his men, and going to the front door, placed a lighted candle which he had held in his hand for some time near the front entrance of the barn and in the vicinity of a large crack or opening.

Discovering the door to be locked, Capt. Doherty demanded of Garrett the key, when he said his brother had it. In the meantime the brother had been found hiding in the orchard and delivered up the key. Unlocking the door, Capt. Doherty called upon those in the barn to come out and surrender, but no answer was made to this and subsequent frequent and loud demands of like character. Capt. Doherty than passed around among his sentinels who surrounded the barn, when he was informed that whispering and the moving of hay had been heard from the inside.

Capt. Doherty said: "If you don't come out I'll set fire to the building and burn you out." As there was no answer even to this, Capt. Doherty ordered Corporal Newgarden to pile some shavings and hay and set fire to it. While he was piling it up a voice said to the Corporal: "If you come back there I'll put a bullet through you." Capt. Doherty, who was standing near Newgarten then quietly ordered him to desist, and determined to wait till daylight before making further demonstrations.

At this time quite a long conversation took place between Capt. Doherty and J. Wilkes Booth, the former, after hearing the threat of the latter, called again for a surrender, when Booth replied: "Who do you take us for?" Capt. Doherty responded: "It don't make any difference who I take you for, I'm going to arrest you." When Booth said: "Boys, fetch me a stretcher; another stain in our glorious banner."

Walking around the barn and returning near the door, Capt. Doherty heard whispered conversation between Booth and Harrold from the inside. Booth then said aloud: "I am crippled and alone; give me a chance for my life. Draw your men up at 25 paces and I will come out."

Capt. Doherty replied: "I didn't come here to fight, but to capture you. I have 50 men here, and can do it."

There was then a dead silence for about five minutes, when Booth said, in a very sarcastic tone of voice: "Oh, Captain, there's a man here wants to surrender awful bad."

Capt. Doherty replied: "You had better do the same, and come out."

Booth said: "No, I have not made up my mind."

Capt. Doherty, partially opening the door, then said: "Let him hand out his arms."

Booth replied: "He has no arms."

Capt. Doherty said: "I know exactly what you've got."

Booth replied, "I own all the arms, and may have to use them on you gentlemen."

In the meantime Harrold had approached the door, when Capt. Doherty said to him, "Let me see your hands," when Harrold put both hands out through the door and Capt. Doherty seizing them, handed Harrold over to the corporal of the door.

While this conversation was going on and as Capt. Doherty was in the act of taking Harrold out of the front door, the barn had been fired in the rear by the detectives, who on the previous day had left the command on their own account, Capt. Doherty having furnished them with four men, but the party had returned unsuccessful the evening previous.

The flames burst suddenly forth. Booth, who had left his position in the barn to the right of the opening referred to above, and raising his carbine, pointed it in the direction of Harrold and Capt. Doherty, when Sergt. Corbett, who was stationed at one of the openings in the barn to the left of Booth, observing the movement, leveled a large-sized Colt's revolver at Booth, and fired, intending to hit him in the arm for the purpose of disabling him, but the ball entered his neck about one inch from the same point that Booth shot Pres. Lincoln.

On hearing the shot, and being at the time ignorant of the movement or intention of Booth, Capt. Doherty supposed that he had shot himself rather than surrender, when the officers rushed into the barn, and by the light of the burning building saw Booth with the carbine between his legs, one of his crutches having dropped, and Booth in the act of falling forward, when Capt. Doherty caught him with both arms around the body and carried him outside of the barn and laid him down; but the heat becoming too intense, Capt. Doherty ordered him removed under the veranda of the Garrett Mansion.

Soldiers were then dispatched in different directions for doctors, but only one, Dr. Urquart, could be found; he arrived about 6 A. M., and after probing the wound pronounced it fatal, the ball having ranged upward, cutting a vital part.

From the time Booth was shot, 3 o'clock, to the time he expired, two hours later, he spoke but once, and that was to Capt. Doherty, shortly before 6 o'clock, when he said to him, "Hands!" Capt. Doherty lifted up his hands, when Booth looked at them an instant, and, shaking his head, exclaimed, "Useless, useless." A short time after this he became unconscious, and so remained until he expired.

THE VIRGINIANS.

No Love for the Union in their Hearts—Their Hatred of Republicanism.

To the Editor of the BLADE.

I was a soldier in the late war, and though not having participated in the battles about Richmond, nor served in prison pens, I had a very good opportunity to learn something of the usages of our civil war. And I have to admire the style in which the "Private Soldier" does up Andersonville. I think no one who is dependent upon inventive genius alone could write a story like the "Horrors of Andersonville." In fiction, the workings of imagination are easily discoverable, and truth leaves its impress in every tale.

There are a great many persons who are adverse to hatching up old quarrels, as they term it, and would look upon the story of Andersonville as calculated to inflame the Southern mind. But one thoroughly acquainted with the Sonthern mind will not object to the story nor deem it at all out of time or place. The Southern mind is as antagonistic to Union or peace to-day as it was in the hottest day of the martial contest. This I conclude from the antagonism of Southerners to all principles of human liberty; antagonism, which though slyly guarded, is working industriously to circumvent Republicanism in the United States and to re-establish that which has been the bane of the Nation, viz: abject slavery irrespective of race or color, and this through opposing everything civilized, and concentrating the full energy of indolence or total depravity, to effect hatred between sections, races and individuals. I apply this charge to no individual or individuals, but the principle all in the South if they would remain in the South, must follow. There are many gentlemanly appearing men here, but old Capt. Barrett lurks behind many a smiling face, and Barretts ride on horseback endeavoring to coerce Northern men who settle here, into renunciation of manly principles. Falsehood, deception, hypocrisy and laziness is the motive of political power, while a sickly bird, once called the eagle, spreads his featherless tail over all.

O. H. KIMBALL.

Co. K., 7th Regt., C. V.

THE TRUE RING.

The Way an Old Iowa Soldier Views the Situation.

To the Editor of the Toledo BLADE:

I was the first ex-soldier (prisoner) to endorse the history of "Andersonville." Since that time you have had indorsements from all over the land among which is Alvin White. I belonged to Co G, 17th Iowa Infantry of which Alvin White was First Sergeant, and a finer soldier never lived. Well might Wirz offer him a Major's commission to "Galvanise." The author of "Andersonville" has given us a true history, but he left at Blackshear. Now the most horrid thing that occurred under my notice was the deliberate shooting, one day in December 1864, of 22 men on the march from Thomasville to Abeny, Ga., because they were starved so near to death they could not go a step further. Then they were deliberately shot—(murdered). This is a fact and I can prove it. Let Messrs. Hurt and Janeway talk of your "narrow mind." We prisoners think it broad and expansive, let them abuse the "Old Soldier's Column," and then too our shoulders are broad enough to stand it. Mr. Editor show them that we didn't want any exchanges so long as 90,000 starved men could hold 130,000 well men at bay. We went out to give our lives for our country if need be. I don't blame the Government for a day of my stay in Southern prisons. Our Government did right and the responsibility is with the Rebels and their God. They have a fearful record. I ask nothing for myself, but I do ask for those patriotic men that gave their lives in Southern prison, and those that yet survive, that their cause may be upheld. The country owes them a debt of gratitude that it can never pay. Make their stay with you at the reunion pleasant and let our fellow soldiers of Ohio stand by the Republican party, the party that saved the Union. Remember that every Rebel soldier in the Confederacy was for Geo. B. McClellan for President in 1864, likewise every Copperhead in the State of Ohio. I was born at Ottawa, Ohio, the home of Gen. Rice. I feel interested that you keep him on his own side of the fence. Remember that we are interested.

Respectfully,

S. M. BRAUGHT.

Oswego, Labetta Co., Kansas, Aug. 18, '79.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

APPLETON'S JOURNAL.

Appleton's Journal for September opens with the first part of a new novelette by Mrs. Annie Edwards, whose "Archie Lovell" and "Ought We to Visit Her?" are so well known to novel readers. The title ot the new story is "Vivian the Beauty;" the scene opens in Germany with an English young girl, fresh and captivating, an eccentric and well-drawn Scotch female guardian, a German tutor, and soon introduces *Vivian*, who is a spoiled "Hyde Park goddess," as she is described. The story opens well, being vivacious, fresh, and full of promise of good points to come. It will be completed in four numbers of the *Journal*. Of the general papers, Karl Blind's second paper on "Russian Conspiracies" is probably the most important. A third paper will be necessary to complete the weird record of oppression and insurrection, of murder, crime and intrigue. There is a very interesting paper by John Esten Cooke entitled "An Hour with Thackeray," relating an interview had with the greatest novelist in the city of Richmond. The just published "Souvenirs of Madame Vigee Le Burn" afford material for a good gossipy, semi historic, semi biographic paper. Charlotte Adams describes in glowing tints the picturesque and strange aspects of a night in Venice. Mr. James Payn writes amusingly and satirically of the absurd criticisms and ridiculous propositions that certain would-be critics persecute popular writers with. There is an article on Anthony Trollope; a paper comparing recent French and English paintings, to the advantage of the latter; the continuation of the Besant and Rice novel, "The Seamy Side;" a reply to Matthew Arnold's paper on "Wordsworth," which appeared last month; and then come the Editor's Departments, in which new books are reviewed, and comments made on current topics.

A Dangerous Rival: Fashionable Wife—"Good heavens, George! you are not going out to dinner like that!" Athletic Husband (in full evening dress, excepting that his arms are bare to the shoulders)—"Just *ain't* I though! Look here, Maria, I'll grant you your neck and shoulders, and your pretty face; but I *think* I beat you in the matter of arms—and if so, why shouldn't I show as much of them as you do?"—*London Punch.*

Says Joaquin Miller, writing of the river Thames, "By the side of this great commercial artery of the earth broods London—broods and broods and broods." He might have added with equal force and truth that it broods, and broods, and broods, and broods, and broods, and broods, and broods and broods.—*Rockland Courier.*

GOOD WORDS.

It is Time to Stop Fighting—A Political Battle Over the Quivering Body of a Woman.

New York Tribune, Aug. 20.

Is it not high time for an end to this business of trying to fight the political battles of a great State over the quivering body of a woman, and the heads of her defenceless children? The news of the Sprague Conkling scandal was long since exhausted. Can there be any motive but political malice for warming over the nasty mess and parading it on the table again, every morning?

We have not been much in the way of defending Mr. Conkling, and it is hardly likely now that we shall learn the habit. For that matter, we do not see that he needs any particular defence. For 50 years his private character has stood in the fiercest light without a stain. To-day no man brings a tangible accusation against him. His most voluble assailants stop short of that. Even Gov. Sprague makes no charge. He goes farther, and declares that he has no charge to make. Plainly Mr. Conkling has little, in the long run, to fear from attacks that dare not take the form of accusations.

But to the hapless woman in the case they are ruin. Do the journals that rake Rhode Island daily for scandal intend that? Do they imagine a fair-minded people will permit it? Bear in mind, there is absolutely no shred of proof of any criminality anywhere in the case, or even a charge of it. Nothing is proved but ill-temper and bad manners. Are the good name, the happiness, the whole life of a woman to be recklessly destroyed, with no greater warrant than that? Mrs. Sprague has some right to generous treatment from the American public. She is the daughter of a man who did the country great service, and whose name is justly cherished as a part of the National renown. The very friendship which is now tortured to her discredit was formed under her father's roof, and because she was her father's daughter. Her habits, her associations, the fatal prominence given to her great gifts and beauty are all the direct result of her father's devotion to the public duties that were laid upon him. She has the right to look to her countrymen now for a kindly judgment, and for protection from the reckless, incessant repetition of a deadly slander that nobody fathers and nobody believes.

Gov. Sprague, too, has done the State some service, and may well claim the charity of silence. He is a man of many generous impulses, and the misfortune which has led him into more than one unlucky public appearance entitles him at least to be let alone. What was the matter with him the other day everybody knows, and it is surely not a thing to engross the attention of the continent for a fortnight.

We reproduced recently from the Herald a grave and weighty protest against the heedless publication of unproved family scandals. We could wish that a large part of the press, which learned its ideas of enterprise from the Herald, could get this idea of decency in news from the same quarter. We believe these newspapers mistake the public taste which continue striving to expand and prolong this pitiful business. We are sure those make a fatal mistake which suppose it can be profitably handled as a political weapon. We warn these people that this un-American crime of slandering a woman in order to destroy a politician, may lead to a reaction they little expect or wish. It is not going to defeat anybody for the Governorship of New York; but, if they keep it up long enough, it may elect some one.

Meantime, we ask those who have no sinister motives to serve to consider if the time has not come when, in common fairness to a helpless woman and in the interest of decency and public morality, this whole matter should cease to offend the public nostrils?

AN ACTOR'S PRAYER.

A Curious Reminiscence of the American Stage.

A correspondent of the *Baptist Weekly* writes: A recent number of the *Baptist Weekly* speaks of a French actor praying for success in a new piece. I am reminded of another case resembling this, which has never been in print, and was told in confidence by the actor himself a few weeks before he died. "Billy" Otis was to use Laura Keene's own expression, the best "Lord Dundreary" she ever had, and he repaid her good opinion by a profound regard which seemed after her death to pass into reverence for her memory. It was he who, when hardly more than a mere boy, carried the invitation to Pres. Lincoln to attend the theater on the fatal night of the assassination.

Before his death, which occurred not far from four years ago, he left the stage and gave recitations, repeating whole plays and carrying all the parts along, as well as giving shorter impersonations, reproducing even the manner of Laura Keene and other actresses, without unnatural affectation and with wonderful power. I once heard him render "Our American Cousin," and when he arrived at this point he paused and told the story of the assassination as it was behind the scenes. When the shot was fired he was in the act of buttoning Miss Keene's glove as she was preparing to go on the stage in bridal costume. At first mistaking the shot, she sent a request that the carpenters should not fire pistols during the acts, and then, when the truth became known, rushed to the washstand, saturated the whole front breadth of her magnificent bridal dress with water, which she wrung out in a vain attempt to resuscitate the unconscious victim. On the stage Miss Keene's influence was on the side of good morals, if not religion, and profanity was rigidly excluded even where, in the "School for Scandal," the whole point seems to lie in the word "damnably" as uttered by the deceived and undeceived husband. It was remorselessly stricken out. "They will think badly enough of us; let us give them no occasion." It was a secret known only to her that Otis was in the habit of offering a short prayer just before going on the stage, such as "O Lord, help me through this act." Sometimes he would find himself upon the stage and his prayer forgotten, when he would step behind the scenes a moment and return, upon which she, understanding where he had been, would say (aside.) "God bless you, my boy!" Not long after he confided this secret of his life to me a fatal sickness seized him, and he soon went where he knew whether his prayer had been a real utterance of Christian faith or not.

They All Wore the Gray.

Okolona (Miss.) Southern States (Dem.)

But the Federal army, as a whole, contained nearly six Republicans to one Democrat. This is proved by the returns of soldiers' votes, cast at different elections.—*Lansing (Mich.) Republican.*

Your mathematical calculations are correct to a dot, and you can dance up to the head of the class.

But, stop!—Come back!—where did you get that "one Democrat?"

No Democrat ever disgraced himself by wearing the blue and butchering his fellow partisans,

Never!

Sneaks,

Hypocrites,

professing to belong to the Democratic party may have done this thing; but that kind of cattle were in the wrong ranks, and ought to rally under the skull and cross bones of the foe.

There were plenty of Democrats in the war, however—Democrats who fought for the principles of their party on a thousand fields of fight.

And they all wore the Gray.

"God bless them, every one!"

A Rebel Yell.

New Orleans Times (Dem).

When the Hon. Mr. Barksdale was addressing the Farmers' Club at Marion, Miss., he mentioned the names of the various gentlemen suggested for the United States Senate. His large audience kept silence until he came to Jeff. Davis, and then shout after shout of applause showed very plainly how that club would vote when the time came.

The Story In a Nut-Shell.

The New York *Graphic* thinks that the most fortunate person that has been mixed up in the Narragansett Pier scandal is the German professor, Linck, who without taking any part in the controversy, has been more advertised than he could ever hope to be by natural means. The *Graphic* thus summarizes the whole story in an interview. The reporter asked:

"Did he come after you with a shotgun?"

"Yaw; he shoots mit me, I tinks."

"Had you given him any cause of offense?"

"Nein. I vash not dere."

"Warn't there? Didn't he try to shoot you?"

"Mine friend, it vash not him."

"Not who?"

"Vell, dose newsbapers not got him right."

"Didn't the large gentleman from Washington try to stop him from shooting you?"

"He vash pritty mad at dat man, I tell you."

"Mad at the large gentleman?"

"Vell, I tink so."

"Why, I thought he was after you?"

"Yaw, he comes mit me mit his gun, but—"

"But what?"

"Vell dere vas a little mistake. I vash coming mit der oder rote and he meets me and says 'By heavens'—say you goes for to brint dis in der paper?"

"Never mind about that."

"Nein, I knows noding at all about it."

"Ain't you the German music teacher whose brains he wanted to blow out?"

"He vanted ter plow all ter brains out. He was eggzited."

"Well, what did he want to blow your brains out for?"

"Mine friend, I cannot tell you. I ish der man he pints der gun at, he vash mad mit me, but he vash madder mit somepodies elze."

A New Dodge.

Puck.

Sauntering up to the counter he began to harpoon the eatables at the free lunch table, and as he stowed away the articles under his vest he began, in a tone of melancholy sadness: "Gentlemen, my actions may seem ill-bred, but with a half starved man hunger must be satisfied before good manners can be attended to." The bartender reached for a club and told the apologetic stranger that if he wouldn't leave at once he'd go for him. "My dear sir," resumed the gaunt-looking new arrival, with a deprecatory wave of the hand and a child-like smile that was spoiled by his having a mouthful of pickled cabbage to attend to, "I can understand your astonishment at what may seem impudence on the part of an entire stranger, and I am not offended at the anger it causes you to display. But when I say that I am a poor, homeless wandering refugee from the fever stricken City of Memphis—" Five schooners of beer were laid down upon the counter with a simultaneousness that showed prompt decision, and five panic stricken men perambulated toward the door with a unity of action that was admirable. The man behind the bar had vanished into airy nothingness, and as the weary stranger polished off the free lunch, and gathered in schooner after schooner, until, beer laden, he ambled toward the street, that saloon was as bare as the upper lip of a 16 year old youth. And the poor, hopeless, wandering refugee from the fever-stricken City of Memphis, footsore and woebegone, turned into Beckman street with the dazed, sad countenance of one whom life had left nothing worth living for. As he passed into Theater alley, two shabbily dressed tramps approached him and inquired in accents of anxiety: "Well, Bill how does the new racket work?" The poor, homeless, wandering refugee from the fever stricken City of Memphis, who had so suddenly descended to plain "Bill" laconically replied with a deflection of the left optic: "Immense!"

Biography With Whisky in View.

Burdette in Burlington Hawkeye.

I met an American here while strolling about Montreal. He was a very pleasant man, rather communicative, and had evidently been a man of some importance, and a great traveler. He had been all over South America, and had participated very prominently in several revolutions, on one occasion having a large price set on his head by the legitimate government, and only securing his safety by redoubling his efforts, and energetically carrying the revolution through to a successful termination. Then he became entangled in some serious political complications in Brazil, and was forced to fly to Patagonia. Then he went to Central America and assisted in the survey of a new route for the ship canal across the isthmus, fought a duel with a Spanish officer, and went South to take command of a Chilian privateer. Then he went to San Francisco, embarked in some mining speculation, made $380,000 in 10 days, and lost $500,000 in 24 hours. Went down into Arizona and shot a road agent; drove stage on one of the mountain routes for a few weeks; twisted a brake on the Union Pacific Railroad for a month; purchased a mustang, and rode from Sacramento to Deadwood, where he was cleaned out by gamblers, then came on to Chicago and went on the detective police force at an enormous salary, but finally had to leave it on account of the intolerable jealousy of Pinkerton; then he went to Toronto, and finally turned up in Montreal. Then he admitted to me in a moment of false confidence he had once set type in the same alley with Horace Greeley, and the journeyman printer stood revealed and confessed. I subscribed the customary dollar, and with many expressions of gratitude my compatriot glided briskly away.

Yellow Fever Notes.

Louisville Courier-Journal.

Two gentlemen met upon the street yesterday close to a reporter of the *Courier-Journal*, who takes the liberty of giving their conversation publicity as it may throw some light on Memphis. The first gentleman was very much surprised at seeing the second and said:

"Where in the world did you come from?"

"Memphis."

"I thought you were dead."

"Yes, those Howards reported me dead last year and I am still so recorded."

"How is Memphis?"

"It is given over to thieves."

"The fever does not seem to be so fatal this year?"

"No; it isn't regular Yellow Jack. When a man dies now his body crumbles to pieces almost as soon as it is placed in the coffin. Last year the body would remain in a dried up condition for two or three days. We had the kind of fever we are now having all last Winter. Whenever a fire was kindled in a house where the disease had been it broke out and the inmates died."

"You must have had some sad experiences?"

"Yes, my wife and children died last year and I was reported dead. No sooner was this report originated than the thieves began to pillage the house. I was sitting up with my dead when they broke open the door. Two or three empty coffins were in the house and I determined to frighten the thieves off. I had no weapons, so I got in one of the coffins and lay there as still as death. The thieves pushed open the door and came in with lights. I raised myself stiffly up in the coffin and tried to make my face look as ghastly as possible. When the burglars saw me they imagined they saw an apparition. They dropped all their plunder, turned and fled like wild."

It was in England, during the recent rains. He had a barometer that persisted in going up during the whole of the recent wet weather. Despite the rain, up, up went the column of mercury every day. One evening, just as the second gong went for dinner the astonished guests saw him striding across the hall with the barometer across his shoulder; it was raining cats and dogs. Out he went into the wet night, right to the middle of the lawn; then he placed that offending weather-glass gently on its back in a nice damp place, shook his fist savagely, and said, "There, you infernal liar, does it rain now?"—*English paper.*

Answers to Correspondents.

We are obliged to remind our readers that there are certain classes of questions which we cannot undertake to answer, viz.:

1. Those not accompanied by the name of the writer. The name is not required for publication but only as an evidence of good faith. All letters not complying with this rule find their way at once into the waste-basket.

2. Mathematical problems, and questions in grammatical construction. We are willing to give all our readers an opportunity to ask and answer the former, but we have not the type necessary for publishing algebraic problems and solutions.

3. Questions which in the judgment of the editor are not appropriate or proper for the columns of the Blade. Hundreds of questions come to this department every week, and the editor must be allowed to exercise his discretion in making selections calculated to promote the general interest.

4. Inquiries as to the standing or reliability of individuals, firms, or corporations, doing a general business. The Blade's endorsement is too valuable to be bestowed indiscriminately, and it is not always possible for us to devote the time necessary to ascertain the standing of an individual or a firm located in a distant part of the country.

Correspondents whose inquiries are not answered within a reasonable time would do well to repeat them. If they still fail to receive an answer they are asked to believe that the questions remain unanswered for good and sufficient reasons.

We must request that subscribers will keep all communications for the business and editorial departments of the Blade entirely separate and distinct, always upon separate leaves. Questions for this department should never be written on the same leaf with letters containing subscriptions or orders for books.

A. H. J., Cave Springs, Mo.: We do not know.

J. W. H., Iowa City, Ioa.: We do not handle the book named.

A Reader, Sligo, Pa.: We do not recommend the article named.

E. S. S., Shickshinny, Pa.: Address Allen Pinkerton, Chicago, Ill.

E. W. J. H., Starksboro, Vt.—We regret to say that we have not the book named.

Mrs. C. F., Wilmington, Ill.: We believe the publication you name has been discontinued.

P. C., Fort Custer, Mont.: We cannot attempt to endorse patent medicinal preparations, of which we have no personal knowledge.

O. H. F., Kiddville, Mo., writes: "If J. B. Bell, of Millersburg, O., will address a letter to Kiddville, Mo., he will find Capt. John Elder."

Charles A. Burke whose address is unknown, can have his discharge from the army by writing to D. B. Waterman, Farmersburg, Kan.

C. S. W., Fremont, O.: 1. Write to Orange Judd Co., New York. 2. Purdy's Small Fruit Recorder, published at Rochester, N. Y.

M. J. Thompson, Luzerne, Ioa., wishes to obtain the addresses of Capt. Wm. Vanomer, Lieut. Coldren and Lieut. Speese, all of Co. I, 531 Pa. V. I.

L. P., Euphemia, O.: We have repeatedly answered your first question; the second we cannot answer, because we have no space to devote to grammatical questions.

J. H. Bryant, Baders, Ill., asks: "Can any of the many readers of the Blade give me the address of John McNew or any of his family? When last heard from they were in Missouri."

J. M. Griffin, Cherokee, Ioa., wishes to obtain the address of the Orderly Sergeant of Co. G, 7th Iowa Cavalry. At least this is his desire, if we have been able to read his card correctly.

M. J. Hill (no address,) asks: "Do any of the numerous readers of the Blade know of the whereabouts of William Burrows? When last heard of he was living near Marysville, Union Co., O."

E. T. H.: We do not ordinarily use cords in securing the single wrappers of the Blade, although we may have done so in some cases. The case of which you speak may have arisen from some accident.

C. B. H., Browndale, Minn.: We should advise you to write again; possibly your remittance was not received. It is a matter in which we could give you no special aid, as we do not know the parties.

Max, Bismarck, Dak.—The School Bulletin, Syracuse, N. Y.; the Poultry World, Hartford, Conn.; American Agriculturist, New York; Prairie Farmer, Chicago; National Live Stock Journal, Chicago, Ill.

Henry L. Caulson, Linneus, Mo., late of Co. "F," 23d Mo. Vol. Inf. desires to learn the postoffice address of Dr. Atkinson and Dr. Cooper, Assistant Surgeons of said Regiment during the latter portion of the war.

Miss I. L. S., Golconda, Nev.: The address asked is Meriden Silver Plate Co., Meriden, Conn. 2. The lady in question has given notice through the Blade that she cannot receive any more orders for shopping.

S. S. F., Iron Furnace, O., writes: "I notice that I. V. K., of Pleasant Valley, West Va., wants to know how to temper mill-picks so they will stand. An old miller told me he tempered them in a solution of borax water."

John McP., Ball's Gap, Tenn.—We believe the stamps you name are still good. Send them to the Commissioner of Internal Revenue Washington, D. C., and he will probably redeem them for you, merely as a matter of accommodation.

L. F. D., Oakdale Station, Pa.: We do not know the firm you name. You will probably find a United States recruiting office at Pittsburg, but not at Wheeling. Recruiting offices are located at Columbus, O., and at Detroit, Mich.

D. B. Westlake, Browning, Ill., wishes to obtain the address of one J. H. Meyers, Captain of Co. —, 2d batt., 13th Regt. Vet. Cav. Also, the address of one Dr. Fitzhugh, who was a Surgeon in the Cumberland Hospital at Nashville, Tenn., in 1864-5.

Amos Layton and his brother, whose addresses are unknown, are informed that two children of a deceased sister are now residing at Dalton Ills., and need help. Further information can be had by addressing Wm. Wheeler, Dalton City, Moulton Co., Ills.

Wilson Thomas, Spencer, Ind., asks: "Will you please find out for me, through the columns of your worthy paper, the whereabouts of Mr. Brown, late Lieutenant of the 18th Regt. of Regulars, Co. E, and also Capt. Smith, of the same Co. and Regt.?"

Miss C. O. W., Staunton, Neb.: 1. The institutions you name are as reliable as any of their kind, but it is to be remembered that the purchaser takes his own risk. 2. Female College of Indiana, Greencastle, Ind.; De Pauw Female Seminary, New Albany, Ind.

Mrs. M. A. Stevens, Mansfield, O., wishes to obtain the postoffice address of T. M. Barnes, who spent several years in Elizabethtown, New Mexico, and when last heard from was in Deadwood, Dakota. He can hear of something to his advantage by addressing as above.

C. W. B., Little Lake, Mich., asks: "What is the origin of the terms 'jug' and 'jugged,' as applied to prisons and prisoners?—The significations have their origin among thieves and convicts and are merely a part of the "flash dialect." They are not recognized in good usage.

J. P. G., Avery, Ioa., asks: "Who was Governor of the State of Ohio during the war of the Rebellion? 2. Was S. P. Chase ever called a War Governor?"—1. David Tod, from 1861 to 1863, and John Brough from 1863 to 1865. 2. The service of Salmon P. Chase was from 1855 to 1859, two terms.

W. E. B., Wever, Ioa., asks: "What is meant by 'dog days,' whence did the term originate, and what season of the year do they come in?"—Astronomically speaking, the "dog days" are the days when Sirius, the dog star, rises and sets with the sun. The dog days commence the latter part of July and end with the first of September.

Joseph H. Ambrose, [illegible], Mo., desires to obtain the postoffice address of Harvey Howard, [illegible] Co. [illegible], 12th West Va. Vols. Mr. Howard was in prison with the inquirer at Danville, Va., in the Fall of 1864 and winter of 1865.

[illegible], Nashville, Ill., asks: "If a young gentleman is going to church with a young lady whose place is it to say when it is time to start, the lady's or the gentleman's?"—It would seem that the young lady, when she is ready to go, might intimate that such is the case, and the young gentleman may then venture to express an opinion as to the proper time to start.

[illegible], Ioa., asks: "Can a Chinaman become a citizen? If not, why?"—The courts of California have held that a Chinaman may not become a citizen of the United States, principally because the existing treaty between this country and China does not permit it. But if we recollect aright, the New York courts have naturalized one or two Chinaman who have applied for citizenship.

R. C. J., Pella, Wis., asks: "Who was Theophilus, the character addressed by St. Paul, Acts 1:1?"—Authorities agree that all that can be assumed regarding him is that he was a Gentile of rank and consideration who came under the influence of St. Luke or that of St. Paul at Rome, and that he was converted to the Christian faith. It is probable that he might have been a Roman Governor.

S. B. P., Simpson's Corners, Me., says: "We have had a dispute here about the debt of France, one party claiming that it is paid, and the other that it is bonded similar to that of the United States. 2. How is my handwriting?"—1. The French indemnity was paid by popular subscriptions to the five per cent. bonds, of which over $1,000,000,000 were taken by the Government. As has been previously stated, the French plan of issuing bonds is like the American, in that it issues bonds which have a specified period to run. 2. Fair.

G. W. E., St. Paris, O.: "1. How many departments are there in Congress? Please discriminate the different branches. 2. Will there be a reunion held in Toledo this Fall by Union prisoners? If so, won't we hear more about it. A great many in this vicinity contemplate coming to Toledo, if the reunion goes off."—1. Two, Senate and House of Representatives. If this does not answer your question, please make it plainer. 2. All arrangements are being perfected for such a reunion here to be held on the 1st and 2d of October next.

R. S. M., West Cairo, O., asks: "Will you please give the amount of trade dollars coined by the government?"—The coinage of trade dollars was begun in 1874, when $1,588,900 were coined. The amount steadily increased each year, till the year's coinage for 1878 reached $11,378,000. The total coinage for the period ending with 1878 was $35,959,360. Of this amount it is estimated that about $30,000,000 have gone to foreign countries, mostly to China, and still remains there, and that the remaining six millions is in this country in the hands of bankers or private owners or circulating among the people.

A. S. L., Smyrna, Ga., asks: "Can you tell me how many miles of railroads there are in the United States, and how much they earn? Also how many more miles there are now than there were 10 years ago?"—A tabulated statement as to the railroads in the country shows that the number of miles of road in the United States has been nearly doubled in the past eight years, and that it will be fully doubled at the same rate of increase by 1880. The figures are as follows:

Year.	Miles operated.	Gross earnings.	Net earnings.
1871	44,614	$403,000,000	$141,000,000
1872	57,323	465,000,000	165,000,000
1873	66,237	526,000,000	183,000,000
1874	69,273	520,000,000	189,000,000
1875	71,759	503,000,000	185,000,000
1876	73,508	497,000,000	186,000,000
1877	74,112	473,000,000	170,000,000
1878	78,960	490,000,000	187,000,000

R. M. C., Knox Co., Neb., asks: "1. What are the parliamentary rules in regard to a motion being made and seconded? 2. What were the religious sentiments of Christopher Columbus and Americus Vespuccius? 3. Will the census that will be taken next season decide the number of votes that the State of Nebraska will have a right to cast at the next Presidential election?"—1. A motion not seconded is not properly before the house, and therefore the Chair fails to take any cognizance of it. 2. Catholic. 3. It will not. Nebraska, as the other States, will be entitled to cast as many electoral votes as she has Senators and Representatives together. To change the number of electoral votes, it would be necessary to have a new apportionment of Congressmen, based on the census of 1880, but this would hardly be possible in so short a time.

L. M., Waverly, Ioa., asks: "1. Please give the names of the most eminent writers of the United States at the present time? 2. Is there any book in existence that gives a full history of Abraham Lincoln?"—1. It is easier to give a list of the prominent writers who are dead than of those who are living. But such a list as you name would probably include the names of Bancroft, Phillips, Holmes, Whittier, Longfellow, Parton, Howells, Henry James, Jr., and Samuel L. Clemens. These names are given not that they are more prominent than a score of others that might be given, but because they represent very fairly the different branches of our present literature. 2. Yes, several lives of Lincoln have been published, notably those by Barrett and Lamon. The first is published by Wilstach, Baldwin & Co., Cincinnati, O., and the second by Houghton, Osgood & Co., Boston, Mass.

W. G. E., Rosina, Mich., asks: "What steps are necessary to enlist in the U. S. Signal Service, in what branches would a candidate have to be examined etc?"—To enlist in the Signal Service of the United States army, application would have to be made to Chief Signal Officer United States army. If considered with approval, the candidate would have to pass an examination in arithmetic, English geography, and history of the United States. Having passed this successfully, he will have to pass a physical examination before being enlisted. The duties required are taught at Fort Whipple, Va., where the candidate will be sent after enlisting. They consist mainly in meteorology, signaling (army code, as also the international), telegraphy, practical and theoretical, and drill. The pay varies from $60 to $100 per month. For further information you should write to the Chief Signal Officer United States Army, Washington, D. C.

P. W., Little Lake, Mich., asks: "Will you oblige me by inserting in your weekly issue the Toledo ordinance relating to market regulations? I am told I need not go on the market with grain, but must do so with potatoes, etc., and have to pay a fee for going there. I want to know what to do and what to avoid."—We can hardly undertake to republish the entire ordinance, but give you the substance of the points desired. Three market places are designated in the ordinance, the Superior street market space, Oliver street market space, and Cherry street market space. From April 15th to Nov. 1st, market hours extend from 5 to 11 a. m., and for the other half of the year from 6 a. m. to 12 noon. It is provided that during market hours it shall be unlawful for any one with wagon, cart, hand-cart, or any other kind of vehicle, to go about the city or any part of it (except the Sixth Ward) with vegetables, meat, fish, butter, eggs or poultry, or any kind of family produce, for the purpose of selling them or offering them for sale. It is also made unlawful for any person to purchase any of the articles named for the purpose of reselling them at any other market in the city. The ordinance does not apply in any way to grain.

H. M. E., Traverse City, Mich., asks: "Will you please give me a brief sketch of the life of Gen. Dix?"—John A. Dix was born July 24, 1798, and died April 21, 1879. His long life was given to active service at the bar, in the army, and in civil affairs. Beginning at the age of 14, as a cadet in the war of 1812, he served 14 years in the United States army, and then engaged in the practice of law. He was called to several places of public trust, filling them all with marked fidelity, vigor and sagacity. He was elected to the offices of Secretary of State, Governor, and United States Senator from New York, was also a member of the Board of Public Instruction and a Canal Commissioner, and filled various other State offices; was Minister to France in 1866-9, and Secretary of the Treasury a short time in 1861. It was there he telegraphed his famous order to New Orleans, "If any one attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot." But though a thorough soldier, stern and inflexible in war, he was more eminently a man of peace, a fine classical scholar, and an accomplished gentleman.

J. B. S., Kibbeville, Miss., asks: "Will you please give me a plan for staining wood brown?"—A very good plan, and one very generally practiced, is to get some asphaltum varnish and dilute with turpentine till the proper shade is attained. When first purchased, the varnish is almost black, and the more turpentine is added the lighter the shade becomes. Another process, which is recommended as simple, cheap and very satisfactory, is as follows: Get an ounce each of catechu and bichromate of potash. Break the catechu—which is a blackish, gum-like substance—into small fragments, place it in a glass or earthenware vessel, with a piece of washing soda as large as a walnut, pour upon it a pint of boiling water and stir until dissolved. Put the bichromate in a bottle with a pint of cold water, and dissolve with occasional shaking. Paint over the wood-work to be stained, first with the catechu solution, and let it dry; it will be of a dull dirty brown. When dry, go over it with the solution of bichromate, and it will turn to a very rich chestnut brown. By varying the strength of the solutions the depth of color will be varied. When quite dry, apply shellac, or other varnish.

F. T. P., Elkport, Ioa., asks: "1. What and where was the fastest time made on a railroad? 2. Is 80 miles an hour the common speed of any road in England or the United States? 3. Is there a law in the United States or Europe prohibiting fast running? 4. Are there express companies in England? 5. Name the States that are free from debt?"—1. On the Canada Southern Railway, a little more than a year ago, a run was made of 111 miles in 109 minutes. In our present recollection, this is the fastest run ever made, the distance being considered. A mile a minute is very unusual time, and this is only made with a very light train, generally a locomotive and single coach. The average speed of passenger trains in this country is not so great as in England, but there the ordinary runs rarely if ever exceed 35 to 40 miles per hour. 2. No trains have ever made this time. 3. Most cities have ordinances regulating the speed of trains within their limits, but the State laws as a rule, make no attempt to regulate their speed. 4. Yes. 5. Colorado, Oregon and West Virginia are the only States which are not charged with debt. Illinois and Iowa have no debt to speak of, only about half a million in each case.

A. H. P., Rochester, Wis., asks: "1. What was the origin and first amount of our national debt? 2. Amount before the rebellion? 3. Amount in 1867? 4. Amount at present? 5. In what form is the debt? That is, name the various bonds, etc.?"—1. The question is rather vague. Two years after the organization of our present form of government, or in 1791, to total national debt was $75,463,476.52. 2. The amount before the Rebellion, that is in 1860, was $64,842,287.88. 3. The debt in 1867 was $2,678,126,103.87. 4. The present debt is $2,256,205,204. 5. The debt bearing interest in coin is classified as follows: Loan of 1858, bearing five per cent. interest, and redeemable after January 1, 1874; the loan of February, 1861, at six per cent., redeemable in 1881; the Oregon war debt, bearing six per cent. interest; the loan of July and August, 1861, six per cent. interest, redeemable in 1881; the loan of 1863, six per cent., redeemable in 1881; Ten-forties of 1864, five per cent., redeemable after March 1st, 1874; Consols of 1865, six per cent., redeemable after July 1, 1872; consols of 1867, six per cent., redeemable after July 1, 1872; consols of 1868, six per cent., redeemable after July 1, 1873; funded loan of 1881, five per cent., redeemable after May 1, 1881; funded debt of 1891, four and a half per cent., redeemable after September 1, 1891; funded loan of 1907, four per cent., redeemable after July 1, 1907.

T. H. S., Shippensburg, Pa.: Ralph Waldo Emerson was born in Boston, May 25, 1803. He is the son of Rev. William Emerson, and is the eighth of a consecutive line of ministers. For five years after leaving college he was engaged in teaching school. In 1826 he was appointed to preach by the Middlesex Association. From March, 1829, to October, 1832, he was a colleague of Henry Ware at the Second Unitarian Church, of Boston. Returning in the Winter of 1833-34 from a year's visit to Europe, he began the career of a lecturer. In 1834, he delivered in Boston a series of lectures on Michael Angelo, Milton Luther, George Fox and Edmund Burke. In September, 1835, he married Lydia Jackson, daughter of Charles Jackson, of Plymouth, and fixed his residence at Concord, Mass. In 1847 he again visited England, and in 1852 he contributed some very admirable interpretative criticisms to the "Memoirs of Margaret Fuller." Mrs. Emerson has delivered many unpublished addresses on Slavery, Woman's Rights and other topics of public interest. As a writer, he is distinguished for a singular union of poetic imagination with practical acuteness. His style is condensed, almost to abruptness, occasionally purchasing compression at the expense of clearness. He has published two series of essays, the first in 1841, the second in 1844; Poems in 1846; Miscellanies in 1849; Representative Men, in 1850; English Traits, in 1856; Conduct of Life, 1860; May Day and other poems, and Society and Solitude, in 1869, beside some later works.

D. B. S., Valley, Wis., asks: "Will you please tell me what pay Queen Victoria receives per year, and also what amount the nation pays to her children or other members of the royal family?"—The income of Her Majesty "Victoria I., Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, and Empress of India," is not even called a salary, but is spoken of as the "Civil List." This consists of a fixed parliamentary grant, and amounts to much less than the income of previous Sovereigns, although apparently enough for all ordinary necessities of life. By act of Parliament the Queen has granted to her an annual allowance of £385,000, or $1,925,000, "for the support of Her Majesty's household, and of the honor and dignity of the Crown of the United Kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland." It is provided that whenever the Civil List charges in any year exceed the total sum of £400,000, or $2,000,000, an account of the expenditure, with full particulars, be laid before Parliament within 30 days. The Queen has also paid to her the revenues of the Duchy of Lancaster, which amount to about $250,000 per year. In order to provide for the other members of the royal family, there is paid out of the Consolidated Fund the following sums: To the Duke of Edinburg, $100,000 per year; to the Duke of Connaught, $100,000 per year; to the Prince Leopold, $40,000; to Prince Frederick Wilhelm, of Prussia, $40,000; to Princess Ludwig, of Hesse, $30,000; to Princess Christian, of Schleswig-Holstein, $30,000; to Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, $30,000; to the Duchess of Cambridge, $30,000; to the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg Strelitz, $15,000; to Princess Teck, $25,000; to Duke George of Cambridge, $60,000. The Prince of Wales, the heir-apparent to the English throne, has settled upon him an annuity of $200,000. He has also the revenues from the Duchy of Cornwall, which in the year 1877 amounted to nearly $500,000 gross, or $300,000 net. The Princess of Wales has settled upon her the annual sum of $50,000, to be increased to $150,000 in the event of her widowhood. Altogether it will be seen that the luxury of royalty is one for which the English people are called upon to pay roundly.

INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPHY.

Pictures of Athletes and Horses in Action Successfully Taken.

N. Y. Times.

Not long ago we described the process by which instantaneous photographs of horses in action were taken by a San Francisco operator under the patronage of Gov. Leland Stanford. The same method has been successfully applied to athletes, and now all the intricate movements made by men when boxing, wrestling, fencing, jumping and tumbling have been instantaneously and exactly pictured. The first experiment was in photographing a man while turning a back somersault. He stood in front of the camera motionless, and at a signal sprang in the air, turned backward, and in a second was again in his original position. Short as was the time consumed in making the turn, 14 negatives were taken, showing him in as many different positions. The eye cannot follow the rapid motions of a man turning a somersault; but the various positions assumed, as faithfully portrayed by the lightning-like movements of this new system of photography, are said to be quite amusing, and will, no doubt, cause a revolution in pictorial posters for circuses. Another man put up over his head a dumb-bell weighing 150 pounds; and from the instant he grasped the weight at his feet until he held it motionless over his head a number of negatives were taken, showing what muscles are called into use, and how and when exerted. In boxing, the rapid leads, parries, feints, counters, head tricks, and knee movements were all caught and held by the instrument for the benefit of students of the manly art. The movements made by men when making running high jumps, and by foot racers, were also accurately photographed.

Expectancy.

Detroit Free Press.

A belated pedestrian going up Fort street east at a late hour the other night thought he observed a figure crouching in the latticed porch covering a front door. The matter had a suspicious look, and he halted and looked over the fence.

"Go on, now!" called the voice of a female through the gloom.

"Do you live there?" inquired the man.

"Indeed I do."

"Can't you get in?"

"Indeed I can."

"Well, what are you waiting for?" he asked after a pause.

"What for?" she demanded. "Would a respectable woman be crooked over here at this hour of the night with a club in her hand if she didn't expect her husband every blessed minute!"

The Sunday School.

The Christian in the World.

LESSON 11, SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1879.

GOLDEN TEXT:—They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world.—John 17:16.

LESSON TEXT.

1 Tim. 6: 6-10.

6. But godliness with contentment is great gain. 7. For we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. 8. And having food and raiment let us be therewith content. 9. But they that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition. 10. For the love of money is the root of all evil; which while some coveted after they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows. 11. But thou, O man of God, flee these things; and follow after righteousness, godliness, faith, love, patience, meekness. 12. Fight the good faith, lay hold on eternal life, whereunto thou art also called, and hast professed a good profession before many witnesses. 13. I give thee charge in the sight of God, who quickeneth all things, and before Christ Jesus, who before Pontius Pilate witnessed a good confession; 14. That thou keep this commandment without spot, unrebukable until the appearing of our Lord Jesus Christ. 15. Which in his times he shall shew, who is the blessed and only Potentate, the King of kings, and Lord of lords; 16. Who only hath immortality, dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto; whom no man hath seen, nor can see; to whom be honor and power everlasting. Amen.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

Godliness is contentment with great gain gain (v. 6.)—There can't be any doubt about that. If a man has all that he ought to want, and all that he does want, there is nothing left for him to worry over. If he has godliness, he has a share in all that heaven can give. If he has contentment, he has the fullest share of the treasures of this life. No one has all that he ought to want unless he is godly. No one has all that he does want unless he is contented. Ungodliness is sure to be accompanied by discontent. Discontent makes the richest of men feel poor. If you want great gain, think of what you have and be grateful for it. Count up the good things which are yours, and thank God for their number and sufficiency. If you begin to reach out after the things which are not yours, there is not enough in heaven or earth to satisfy you. A man in New York who had $7,000,000 fairly grieved his life away with regret that he had lost so many opportunities of making more money. A wealthy man in a New England city who grew discontented as he grew rich, finally cut his wife's throat and then his own for the purpose of reducing his family expenses. No matter how much real estate a man owns, if he is anxious to get possession of whatever land adjoins his, he is a poor man and his poverty is a constant trial to him. Said a godly man who had not $100 in the world, "I've got everything on earth which I want. There isn't a single thing left for me to wish for." He had godliness with contentment. His gain for the life that is was greater than that of the discontented millionaires. Are you as rich as he? You can be. You ought to be.

We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out (v. 7.)—But this doesn't seem to be certain to everybody. Here are men and women on every side coveting and grasping as they go on in life just as if they thought that their great wealth in the next world depended entirely on their heaping and hoarding in this. The nearer they come to death the more anxious they appear to be to get in hand all that they can, as though they would take it with them to eternity. If a ship were going down in mid-ocean, and the boats were barely large enough to hold the passengers and crew, what folly it would be for a passenger to hurry and pack a huge trunk, or to waste his strength trying to get on deck from the lower hold a case or two of paintings or statuary he had secured on his foreign tour. Traveling among the mountains, who would be so silly as to stop and pile up great heaps of specimen minerals, away from any thoroughfare, without the possibility of their being transported to the traveler's destination? On the sinking ship, the wise passenger would think first and last of his personal safety, or of the safety of those about him; not of baggage and merchandize which must inevitably be left behind. On the mountain-side, the traveler would have an eye to the knowledge he could gain, or to the enjoyment to be found in the natural beauties on every side of him. He would be unwilling to waste time in gathering what he could not take away. So in the voyage of life, and on the journey through the world that now is, he who is wise will seek to make the most of himself, and to do most for those about him. He himself may be saved. So may those whom he loves and helps. But neither he nor they can take away from earth the gathered treasures of earth; "for we brought nothing into this world and it is certain we can take nothing out."

They that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts (v. 9.)—There is no risk which more persons seem ready to run than the risk of ruin from having riches. We are inclined to pity men who have to work in a powder-mill, or down in the coal mines, or who follow the sea, or run on a locomotive. We are glad that we are not compelled to clamber to a dizzy height and stand on a slippery roof, or to scale a mountain side as a guide, or in search of birds and plants, as a means of livelihood. We shrink from the extra hazards of the soldier in border warfare, or of the nurse in a pestilence stricken city. If a man has been intemperate and is trying to reform, we wonder at the folly that prompts him to go to a tippling-shop and watch his comrades drink. We all pray "Lead us not into temptation;" and we feel that for ourselves and for our children the dangers that must be met in this world are quite enough for us to encounter. All that can be avoided ought to be. Yet we do not always shrink from the thought of wealth, nor pity those who are seeking its acquisition, nor wonder that they can so foolishly expose themselves to its dangers. Only now and then does one deliberately pray, "Lord keep me and mine from wealth and its terrible temptations!" It is very plain, however, that to seek riches by any means whatsoever, is to incur fearful risks—risks in comparison with which the occupation of the sailor, the soldier, the miner, the roofer, the powder-mill worker, the mountain-guide, the yellow-fever nurse, is for a moment to be mentioned. A man may struggle for money to buy food and raiment with, and not be endangered thereby. He may safely seek money to use it for a wise purpose. But to strive to be rich—to endeavor to gain money that he may hold and hold it—is always dangerous. It is likely to lessen a man's generosity, to hamper him in his kindest intentions of friendship, to diminish his love of God and of his fellow men, and to make him selfish, grasping and discontented. A man may strive to be rich, and retain a lovely Christian character—he may, but as a rule he does not. The fact that any man accumulates wealth rapidly, and piles up his accumulations, is commonly an indication that he is lacking in a readiness to meet the fair demands upon him as a steward of the Lord; and that his mind and heart are more intent on gathering money than on using it fittingly. Dean Swift said that we could judge what the Lord thinks of money by seeing to whom he gives it. When Jesus was on earth he was impressed with the difficulty of being rich, or of loving wealth for its own sake, while so living as to enter heaven at last. The difficulties in the case have not been lightened in the last 18 centuries. Possibly you or I might have riches, and not lose in Christian character and in practical religious efficiency; but the probability is, that either of us would suffer as much from the possession of wealth as others have suffered under like circumstances. In the light of Scripture, of experience, and of common sense, our prayer ought to be, "Lord, lead us not into temptations which riches bring; but deliver us from the evil of wealth and its seeking."—*H. Clay Trumbull in S. S. Times.*

Consumption in New Orleans.

New Orleans, Aug. 5.

Some of the surplus attention bestowed on yellow fever might profitably be devoted to the consideration of the conditions which have caused the large increase in this City of mortality from consumption. Not many years ago this disease was comparatively rare in this latitude. The mild and equable climate was considered beneficial for persons with consumptive tendencies, and many came from colder latitudes to take refuge in New Orleans from the rigors of Northern Winters. Last week's mortuary report records the death of 24 persons from consumption. At this rate the mortality would for the year be in excess of that from all fevers combined.

Simply a Suggestion.

New York Tribune.

John Kelly should try the Yazoo plan of disposing of Gov. Robinson as a candidate. Perhaps it would not work well in New York, but it's mighty effective down in Mississippi.

PITH AND POINT.

The woman who said she wouldn't marry the best man living kept her word when she married a tramp.

Ben. Butler's only hope of becoming a Governor is to marry a governess.—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Helald.*

"What is the name of your cat sir?" inquired a visitor. "His name was William," said the host, "until he had fits, and since then we have called him Fitz-William!"

A facetious old lady, describing the rambling sermons of her minister, said: "If his text had the smallpox his sermon would never catch it."

A Massachusetts lady is reported to have scolded her little boy for taking a drink of water at a hotel. "For," said she, "we pay a dollar for our dinner, and water is very filling.—*New York Herald.*

It was an Irishman who remarked of a miser who had died and was treated to rather a pretentious burial: "Faith! an' if he'd lived to see how moighty expinsive it was to doie himself he'd niver been born."

The great charm of conversation consists less in the display of one's own wit and intelligence than in the power to gracefully display the amount of gold in your teeth. Young ladies should bear this in mind.—*Oil City Derrick.*

He went to a neighbor's house to get a cup of milk—"I haven't anything but sweet milk," said the woman, pettishly, "I'll wait till it gets sour," said the obliging youth sinking into a chair.

"What shall I leave you when I die?" said an insipid fellow to a young lady whose patience he had exhausted. "Needn't wait till you die," said she; "you can leave something now, if you will." "What shall I leave?" he asked, "Leave yourself," she replied. He left.

A certain young lady who was a little behind hand in her Summer outfit surprised her parents by asking why she was unlike George Washington. When they gave up, she told them, because she had no little hat yet.

"Is there any opening here for an intellectual writer?" asked a seedy, red-nosed individual of an editor. "Yes, my friend," replied the man of quills; "a considerate carpenter, forseeing your visit, left an opening for you; turn the knob to the right!"

"How gloomy the shade, how mournful the moaning of the trees," said he despondingly. "Pine knot," she said with a compassionate look, and he passed out into the effulgent sunshine of a roseate hope. No cards.—*New Haven Register.*

A soldier, yesterday, told a *Courier Journalist* that at the battle of Bull Run he met a fellow-soldier who was very much excited. "What's up?" "It's getting hot up there." "How do you know?" "Because a sutler's just been killed."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Julia Sears, an Iowa girl, has harvested 20,000 bundles of wheat this Summer, with no other assistance but her aged father. That is the kind of girl to be proud of. The old man, by the way, harvested 19,960 of the bundles.—*St. Louis Times-Journal.*

A rule of the Illinois Central Railroad provides that dogs shall not ride in a passenger car; but a big and ferocious bulldog walked into a car at Chicago, appropriated a whole seat, and rode 300 miles unmolested. "He had such a meaning smile," was the conductor's apology for not ejecting him.

A person looking over a catalogue of professional gentlemen of the bar, with his pencil wrote against the name of one who was of the busting order: "Has been accused of possessing talents." Another seeing it, immediately wrote under: "Has been tried and acquitted."

Rev. Mr. Pogson, of Bridgeport, is the father of a boy who will probably distinguish himself. The evening before the last circus in that City, the reverend gentleman was talking to his son about the beauty of heaven, when the child suddenly observed, "Papa, let us drop heaven and talk circus." Heaven was dropped.—*Danbury News.*

"James, did you divide your paper of chocolate with your brother?" "Yes, certainly, mamma; I ate the chocolate and gave him the motto—he is so fond of reading, you know."

More dried apples are consumed in St. Louis than in any other city of its size; probably for the purpose of swelling the population before a new directory is published.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

"Aw, it is not to be wondered at," remarked Mr. Toplofty, as he adjusted his eyeglass, "sea bathing has grown unpopulah, becawse, you see—aw—the vulgah herd took to the watah, and it has become vewy much soiled."—*New Haven Register.*

A young man who went to a circus and stepped too near the monkeys' cage had his arm seized and savagely jerked by one of the monkeys. He would have escaped safely had he not said "it was merely a monkey wrench," but when they heard that, the infuriated crowd threw him into the lions' cage.—*Oil City Derrick.*

A lady said that woman is the only sincere exponent of Christianity. Snifflen remarked, "That is the reason why so many young men wish to embrace the faith."—*St. Louis Spirit.*

After trying in vain to start a balky mare, the driver touched her flank with his lighted cigar, saying, "I've tried all means to start her, now I'll try to back her."—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

When yesterday I asked you, love,
One little word to say,
Your brother interrupted us;
So please say yes-ter-day.
—*Norristown Herald.*

A Tonic—Smallest boy—"Better give in at onst, 'cos I'm bound to lick yer." Small boy—"How d'yer know yer a goin' to lick me?" Smallest boy—"Cos I'm stronger than you; I chew tobacker and you dont."—*Fun.*

Because a girl refused him, an Ohio man attempted suicide. The silly fool never stopped to consider that no woman wants to marry a dead man.—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.*

"Wath Jacob blind?" asked little Rosebud. "Why do you ask that, love?" asked her mother, in the proper Yankee manner of answering a question. "Becauth the angel he wrathled with put hith thigh out.—*Boston Transcript.*

An advertisement in a Vermont paper of last week reads:—"Whereas, my wife (name given) has separated herself from me, and refuses to assist in my support, I hereby warn all persons from harboring or trusting her on my account, as I shall pay no debt of her contracting after this date."

A man who was trying to sell rather a dismal residence boasted that it commanded a view of the railway station. "But that doesn't make it any more pleasant," said the party who was expected to purchase it. "Oh, yes it does," replied the owner, confidently; "it makes it gay here. You can stand on this step and see everybody that misses the train."

French artist (arriving home after a day's absence)—"Ciel! the agent of the Salon has taken away my picture before I had time to finish it!" His loving spouse (consolingly)—"Give yourself no uneasiness on that score; *I added the finishing strokes!*"

French mother to her only boy, after the annual school exhibition—"And why didn't you, too, obtain a prize—a floral crown?" Jules—"Mother, that is contrary to my Republican principles."

"Does the Court understand you to say, Mr. Jones, that you saw the editor of the *Auger of Freedom* intoxicated?" "Not at all, sir; I merely said that I had seen him frequently so flurried in his mind that he would und[illegible] to cut out copy with the snuffers.—[illegible]

"Gentlemen of the Jury," said an eloquent Chicago advocate, "you hev heern the witness swar he saw the prisoner raise his gun; you hev heern him swar he saw the flash and heered the report; you hev heern him swar he saw the dog fall dead; you hev heern him swar he dug the bullet out with his jack-knife, and you seen the bullet produced in court; but whar, gentlemen—whar I ask you, is the man who saw that bullet hit that dog?"

"That Venus," said a critic, severely, "is a pretty poor piece of work." "It is very easy for you to say so," says a friend of the artist; "still a man has got to have some acquaintance with art before he can sculp a statute like that." "Oh, bosh, Mr. Ruskin says, Sculpture *per se*, is the smallest thing in the world. All you have to do is to take a big chunk of marble and a hammer and chisel, make up your mind what you are about to create, and chip off all the marble you don't want.—*French Paper.*

It is said the English Government has ordered the Governor of New Zealand, in case Gen. Grant visits that island, "to extend to him no unusual honors, only ordinary courtesy." The English Government means well. The New Zealanders have a reprehensible habit of giving an American a very warm reception. They roast him over a slow fire and serve him up at a banquet, and although he occupies the most prominent place at the table, he doesn't enjoy the feed a particle. This is "unusual honors." Plain "ordinary courtesy" is good enough for Grant.—*Norristown Herald.*

SPECIAL NOTICES.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. Joseph T. Inman, Station D, New York City.

THE LATE INFANTA PILAR.

The Beauty and Blighted Prospects of ex-Queen Isabella's Daughter.

Paris Correspondent of the Tribune.

Paris, Aug. 8.—It would not be doing justice to her Infanta Pilar to say she was the handsomest member of her family. She was singularly beautiful, and in no wise Bourbon. It is no secret that her father was Capitano Puig-Molto, of the Spanish Artillery, with whom Queen Isabella consoled herself after the desertion of the Duke de Sesto and before she made the acquaintance of Senors Marfori and Puenta, for her unhappy marriage. The deceased Princess had attained her 18th year. If the next Queen Consort of Spain should furnish the church with a christening, the Infanta was to be married to the Crown Prince of Austria; if no child were born, she was to remain in Spain and choose a husband who would be satisfied to live there. The Infanta had a clear olive complexion, regular and finely chiselled features, eyes dark and profound as those of Mlle. Rachel, and dark hair that might have been stolen from a pagan goddess. Her figure menaced clumsiness, but not to the extent of her mother's. She was called after an Aragonese Madonna held in great veneration by Queen Isabella. Death came upon the poor girl with fearful suddenness. It appears that she inspired Prince Rudolph of Austria with a passion, which she reciprocated. The uncertainty about her marriage tormented her. Was she to be Empress of Austria; or was she to be kept in Spain to provide heirs for the throne? She would have willingly renounced her contingent birthright; but jurists held that if she renounced her own claim to the succession she could not prejudice the rights of her children. The Infanta, without being seriously ill, ran down. Sea baths were ordered, and she went to a watering-place on the Southern shore of the Bay of Biscay. While bathing there she was seized with a fit of the epileptic type which lasted several hours, and from which she only awoke in another world. The King and Princess of Austurias, who were telegraphed for, did not arrive in time to see her pass away. Queen Isabella was at her country house reading a letter which the postman had just brought from the Infanta when the telegram announcing her decease arrived. The unfortunate mother was overwhelmed with grief, for she is most affectionate towards her children, and has keenly felt her separation from them, notwithstanding her intimacy with Puenta and his family. The Infanta Paz now stands on the step of the throne occupied by her sister Pilar. She is the age of the Duke de Montpensier's son, Antonio, and in all likelihood will be his wife. Thus the Guizotine policy of the Spanish marriages has a fresh chance of being realized. Princess Paz, or Peace, is fair, and of pleasing appearance. She was confirmed by the late Pope and is supposed to be a Marfori-y-Bourbon. The first telegram of condolence which King Alphonso received was from his chivalrous young friend, the Crown Prince of Austria.

A little boy up town calls the cinders from the chimney "the shavings off of the smoke.—*Steubenville Herald.*

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Hop Bitters will Restore You.

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Hop Bitters will Strengthen You.

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This is the Best Churn

For strength, durability, neatness, ease of operation and rapid and thorough work

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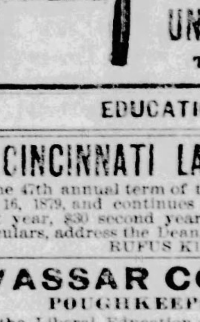

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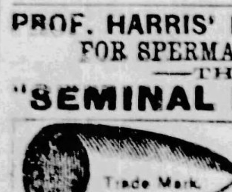

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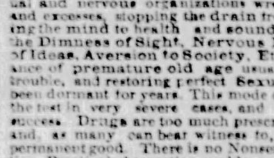

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A close-compact Guide to Wedlock, containing Chapters on, A competent Woman, Evidences of Virginity, Temperaments, Sterility, Advice to Bridegroom, Husband and Wife, Prostitution, its causes, Celibacy and Matrimony compared, Conjugal duties, Conception, Confinement, Love, Courtship, Impediments to Marriage in Male and Female, Science of Reproduction, Single life considered, Law of Marriage, Law of Divorce, Legal rights of married women, Diseases of Women, their causes and cure, etc.
It is also a "Private Medical Adviser," on diseases resulting from impure sexual associations, and on self-abuse, (the secret habit of youth,) and its effects on after life, causing Nightly Emissions, Loss of Vigor, etc., as well as the best means of cure, giving treatment and many valuable receipts. A book for private and considerate reading that no one of adult age should be without, as ignorance on these subjects is the cause of a great deal of misery. It contains much that is not in any other work, and has 600 pages, with over 100 Plate Engravings and Woodcuts. Sent sealed for $1. Address Dr. Butts' Dispensary, No. 12 North 8th St., St. Louis, Mo.

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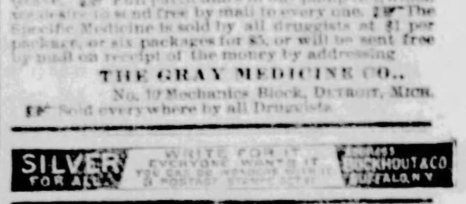

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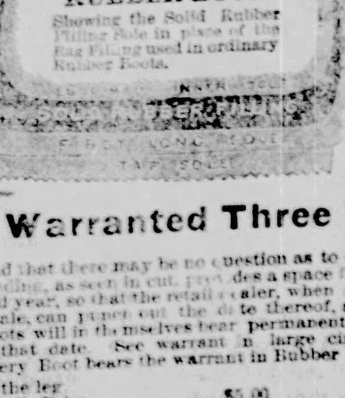

Warranted Three Months,

And that there may be no question as to the time, the patent binding, as seen in cut, provides a space for every day, month and year, so that the retail dealer, when making a sale, can punch out the date thereof, and the Boots will in themselves bear permanent record of that date. See warrant in large circular. Every Boot bears the warrant in Rubber letters on the leg.

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TOLEDO BLADE CO., Pubrs.

TOLEDO, O., THURSDAY, SEPT. 4, 1879.

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THE BLADE,
TOLEDO, OHIO.

Circulation this week, 89,730

The BLADE has not unfrequently of late taken occasion to call attention to the remarkable circulation which it has attained, and to make various statements bearing upon its character and influence. We append a further showing which, from its its official character and the ease with which it may be verified, affords conclusive evidence that the statements previously made in this connection have been made in good faith and in strict conformity with the facts.

The present U. S. postal law provides that the postage on all weekly publications shall be paid in advance by the publishers at the rate of two cents for each pound or fraction thereof. The weekly editions of the BLADE are weighed each week by the Postmaster at Toledo, and the amount of postage due charged and collected weekly, the Postmaster giving his receipt for the same. It follows, therefore, that the amounts of postage, as shown by these receipts, and by the books of the Postoffice Department at Toledo and Washington, furnish an accurate record of the weight of papers actually mailed for any week, month or year, and as seven copies of the BLADE are required to make a pound, of the actual circulation printed and sent out over the country in the same time.

The records of the Postoffice Department show that for the three months ending June 1st 1879, or the second quarter of the present year, the BLADE Company paid for postage on the BLADE alone, the sum of $3,130.32, which sum represents 156,516 pounds of papers, an average of 12,059 pounds per week. The present issue is largely in advance of this average, and the figures for the quarter ending October 1st will be very considerably in advance of those already given. These figures are not merely guess work, they are matters of record and can be verified at any time by those who care to take the trouble. The reader can make his own application.

WE have sent out thousands of our new book catalogue during the last few weeks, and have thousands more for free distribution on application.

PRINCE JEROME BONAPARTE is sure that the Empire will be eventually restored in France. The reason assigned is the violence of the Radicals, which is certain to cause a reaction.

SEVERAL of the leading residents of Atchison, Kansas, who knew the murdered DIXON well, emphatically deny any and all reports against his character. They say he was a generous, genial gentleman, full of courage and humanity.

WE give this week another column of attractive books offered in connection with the BLADE. Our readers will bear in mind that duplicates of many of these books cannot be had at all in this connection, and to be secured they should be ordered at once.

GEN. J. B. HOOD is dead. He was a brave, but not very able soldier, and butted his army's brains out against a wall in endeavoring to carry out JEFF. DAVIS's silly military schemes. He deserved a pension from the Government for this.

THE New York Greenback Convention held at Utica on last Friday in their selection of permanent chairman, made a new version of the old proverb of "set a thief to catch a thief." As they render it the old saw should read "set a national banker to catch a national bank."

THE Seminole Indians in Florida have very little confidence, strange to say, in their white fathers. They told Lieut. PRATT, who was lately sent down to interview them, that they did not want to hear any "Washington talk." All they desired was to be let alone. Their Western brethren have been in the same fix several times, but were not so successful as it now appears probable the Seminoles may be. Removal is not recommended for them, only a little teaching, a school opened, and a few more civilizing influences introduced.

DR. TALMAGE is having a good time in England where he has been wonderfully well received, but mountains of trouble are heaping up for him at home. His enemies are getting ready to try him again on the old counts as soon as he arrives but perhaps he will have gathered enough strength from the lionizing which he is now receiving, to enable him to meet and cope with them successfully. It is to be hoped that fear will not keep him away, for how could this country survive his loss.

UNDOUBTEDLY, one of the causes which precipitated the death of the Rebel General J. B. HOOD was the loss of the greater part of his fortune, which he had, trustingly confiding in that State's good faith, invested in Louisana bonds, and which were recently repudiated. This is another illustration of the nonsense of the claim always urged, when it is desired to dishonor a public debt, that it is held by "bloated bondholders." As a rule capitalists hold very little of this class of securities. They can invest their money to better advantage. Widows and heirs, and men like HOOD, of little business knowledge, who are seeking a safe investment, which does not call for any financial knowledge, are the usual purchasers of bublic bonds. It may perhaps pierce the callous hide of the Southern Democrats to have forced upon them the realization that in attempting to strike the "sharks of Wall Street," they have only hurt their own people.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Disabled soldiers at the various "Homes" throughout the country will be interested in learning that the U. S. Attorney General has rendered a decision that the arrears of pensions, under the late law, go to the inmates themselves who are entitled to the pensions, and not to the homes, as had been previously claimed by the management. It is stated that this decision will affect about 15,000 soldiers at the various homes, and that it involves some $1,500,000. A late dispatch states that Gen. BUTLER, President of the Board of the Soldiers' Home at Dayton, has telegraphed to the Superintendent instructing him to discharge inmates who claimed their rights under the Attorney General's decision. It is to be hoped that this is a mistake, and that the officers of the "Home" will not allow themselves to be led into any attempt to force the inmates to submit to a ruling in direct opposition to that of the Attorney General.

It is announced that the Secretary of War has reviewed the proceedings and findings of the Court Martial by which Surgeon General HAMMOND was dismissed from the service, and he recommends that the findings and sentence be annulled and set aside, and that the name of Gen. HAMMOND be placed on the retired list as Surgeon General, without either back pay or future pay or allowance of any kind. It will be remembered that Gen. HAMMOND in some way came into collision with Sec. STANTON, who was influential in having HAMMOND arraigned before a court martial in January 1864, and charged with violation of an act of Congress by purchasing medical supplies in person, and not through a medical purveyor; (2) corruption in ordering purchases of particular articles, sometimes of inferior quality, from certain persons at specified prices, and (3) with falsehood, in making certain statements regarding the assignment of Surgeon MURRAY to duty at Philadelphia. He was tried, found guilty by the court martial, and sentenced to dismissal from the army.

The President and his family will leave Washington on next Monday for Cincinnati, on their way to Fremont, where they will stay during the remainder of the month, the President in the meantime attending one or two fairs and reunions, where his presence is already promised.

THE statement of the condition of the Public Debt for the month ending Sept. 1st, shows a decrease of $3,527,395. The total amount of cash in the Treasury is given at $243,696,228. During the month of August the amount in called bonds redeemed was $37,595,400, and the amount of called bonds outstanding is $43,846,074. The balance on loan account in banks on the 1st of August shows a reduction of $61,016,199 during the month.

The National Greenback labor party of New York met in State convention at Utica on the 28th inst. The Committee on Permanent organization reported the name of WILLIAM VOORHEES, a National Banker, as permanent chairman, and a scene of lively confusion followed, in which a strenuous effort was made to substitute another delegate as chairman. Notwithstanding the opposition and Voorhees admission of his obnoxious relation to capital, he was elected. The platform adopted is of the most radical inflation type, and abounds in all the lunacies which have made the doctrines of the party a terror to the conservative responsible element of the country. The withdrawal of all national bank currency, the issue of all money by the federal government, the increase of the volume of currency and the immediate payment and cancellation of all outstanding bonds are insisted upon in the usual terms. An unsuccessful attempt was made to form a coalition with the soft money Democrats, and a bolt threatened but a split was finally averted by the nomination of a straight party ticket, headed by HARRIS LEWIS for Governor. The platform is attractively loaded with devices to allure the laboring man, the soldier, the debtor and the borrower.

The Centennial Celebration of the Battle of Newton, celebrated at Elmira, N. Y., on Friday, was attended by Gen. SHERMAN and other army officers, and the Governors of New York, Pennsylvania and Vermont. The new memorial monument was unveiled and dedicated with Masonic ceremonies, and addresses were made by Gen. SHERMAN and others. The General called attention to the unwavering, invincible influence exerted by Republican principles through the years of our Government, and said that the presence of the flag is a pledge that law and liberty shall prevail, and that Indian, negro and white shall be free, independent and equal.

A serious quarrel, which threatens a bolt, is in progress between the Tammany and anti-Tammany wings of the New York Democracy. The latter, under the lead of TILDEN, are attempting to bring about the renomination of Gov. ROBINSON, a measure to which Tammany is violently opposed. That organization has issued an address, in which it has discussed at some length the objections to ROBINSON and closing with the declaration that under no circumstances can he receive their votes. The Anti-Tammany wing will probably weaken under this pressure and a compromise candidate be selected.

California held her State election yesterday (Wednesday) for the choice of Governor, Congressmen, and State Legislature. Five State tickets are in the field and it is impossible, at this writing to forecast the result with any degree of probability. Should the vote be large, it will be several days before anything definite is known.

The Soldiers' Reunion held at Cambridge, O., Aug. 26th and 27th, was addressed by Gen. GARFIELD on the first day, and by Gen. EWING on the second. On the afternoon of the second day, a grand parade took place. From eight to ten thousand people were in attendance.

Dispatches from the South indicate that the benevolent societies laboring there must have financial aid or the afflicted Cities suffer serious distress. Gen. J. B. Hood of Confederate fame died at New Orleans on the 29th from the fever, which had carried off his wife a few days previous.

WE ask all our old readers to make no arrangements for taking any other paper next year till they learn definitely just what the BLADE will be able to offer them. They shall all hear from us in good time.

INTERNATIONAL METEOROLOGY

The rapid improvement in meteorological observations within the last few years, and the accuracy with which the movement of storms is calculated strikes the unmitiated with absolute wonder. That ships can be prepared for tempests which their officers are absolutely certain of their meeting within a give time, and thus saved from wreck, seems almost beyond the bounds of possibility, and yet it can be and is done every day that passes. And by international co-operation in the matter, the science can be carried to such an exact state that many of the difficulties now surrounding commercial enterprises all disappear forever.

Few persons are perhaps aware of the extent to which this plan of international co-operation has already been carried, and what is contemplated in the future. Simultaneous observations all over the Northern Hemisphere were begun by invitation of the United States, and collated for the purpose of prediction in 1870. They are taken by almost every civilized nation north of the equator, and the times are so arranged, that "the readers or observers are actually at the instruments at once, all reading and recording at the same moment the readings and records are being made at every other station." Added to these are careful observations taken at sea.

The following, taken from the report issued from the chief office of the Signal Service of the United States, dated November 1, 1879, will give some idea of the origin, progress, scope and purposes of this work:

The proposition adopted at the Congress of persons charged with meteorological duties, assembled at Vienna in 1873, and to the effect that it is desirable, with a view to their exchange, that at least one uniform observation, of such character as to be suited for the preparation of synoptic charts, be taken and recorded daily and simultaneously at as many stations as practicable throughout the world, has continued to have practical effect.

By authority of the War Department, and with the courteous co-operation of scientific men and chiefs of meteorological services representing the different countries, a record of observations, taken daily, simultaneously with the observations taken throughout the United States and the adjacent islands, is exchanged semi-monthly. These reports are to cover the territorial extent of Algiers, Australasia, Austria, Belgium, Central America, China, Denmark, France, Germany, Great Britain, Greece, Greenland, Iceland, India, Italy, Japan, Mexico, Morocco, The Netherlands, Norway, Portugal, Russia, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, Tunis, Turkey, British North America, the United States, the Azores, Malta, Mauritius, Sandwich Islands, South Africa, South America and West Indies.

On July 1, 1875, the daily issue of a printed bulletin, exhibiting these international simultaneous reports, was commenced at this office and has been since maintained. A copy of this bulletin is furnished each co-operating observer. The results to be had from the reports thus collated are considered to be of especial importance. The bulletin combines, for the first time of which there is record, the labors of the nations in a work of this kind for their mutual benefit. There is needed only the assistance to be had from the naval forces of the different powers (that of the navies of the United States and Portugal being, as heretofore related, already given) to extend the plan of report upon the seas) to bring more fully within the scope of study observations practically extending around the the Northern Hemisphere. This end is to a great extent already attained.

The average number of daily simultaneous observations made in foreign countries is 293; the number made on separate vessels at sea, 100; while the whole number of separate reports entered in the daily bulletin is 557.

By a continued and accurate comparison of the data thus obtained, it is expected in the future to be able to determine, not only as now, the normal changes that are constantly occurring, but the compensating variations that will follow those of an abnormal nature, information which cannot fail to be of vital interest to the commercial and agricultural world. Anything which will enable an announcement of meteoric changes to be made for periods of considerable length, will accomplish a great work for all nations. That this will be the final result of the system of international simultaneous observations is confidently anticipated.

THE RE-UNION.

To the Editor of the Blade.

My attention having been called to the proposed meeting of survivors of Southern Prisons, to be held in Toledo Oct. 1st and 2d, and being one of those *fortunate* unfortunates, I would like to attend. Can you tell me the rates of railroad fare, and other expenses? Your truly,

SOLON HYDE.

Cameron, Mo., Aug. 28.

We can only answer to Mr. HYDE as to many other comrades. Every effort is being made to obtain low rates of fare on the railroads. Very good success is met wit. Many of the roads promise to make what is equivalent to half fare, and it is expected that nearly all of them will do approximately that well. Comrades living in Indiana, Illinois, Missouri and Kansas, who contemplate coming by the way of the Wabash Road or its connections as far West as Kansas City, can obtain information as to special rates, length of time for which special tickets will be good, etc., etc., by addressing H. C. TOWNSEND, Room No. 4, Hall Block, Toledo, O., who will be glad to hear from them, and will take pleasure in answering their communications.

The rates at the hotels will be from $1 to $2 per day.

THE cardinal idea of the civilization of to-day is personal freedom—freedom to say, think, write, or do, whatever the individual wills, within certain wide bounds. From this freedom arises all other progress, and where that freedom is the most real, there progress is the greatest. This progress means the increase of the material comforts and happiness of every person within reach of its influence. To demonstrate the truth of this, we have only to compare the condition of the people of Russia or Turkey with those of Germany or France. Every country in Europe realizes this fact, and the rulers of each are making such guarded concessions of increased freedom as they think is expedient. Even stupid old Spain, and dull brained, aristocratic Austria, are making long strides toward that liberty of the citizen which we attained a century ago. Only in the South is progress stayed, and an attempt made to roll the tide back. The crime of the rulers of that section is not only against their own people but against civilization. They not only strangle political freedom, but moral and intellectual freedom, and rob their victims of the pleasures and comforts which those in similar conditions of life in other lands have. That they may gain a few offices, and control the politics of the Nation, they degrade their wretched constituents lower than the garlic-eating Spanish peasant or the ox-like Austrian *bauer*. No white man in Europe or America was ever kept down to the extent that the "poor whites" of South Carolina were before the war, and nowhere to-day is there such abject degradation anywhere—outside of the oppressed Jews of Roumania—as these Southern leaders seek to impose upon the lower classes of the South.

THE THOMPSON-DE LAND SCANDAL.

The BLADE at first refused to credit the astonishing story of the alleged amours of the venerable and eminent Rev. JOSEPH THOMPSON, D. D., with a Mrs. DE LAND, a singer, and in accordance with its invariable custom in these cases, declined to lend its assistance to giving the sad story greater publicity. But the facts have accumulated to such an extent as to demand meeting by no ordinary explanation, and there is sufficient ground for fearing that we may be on the eve of a series of sensational developments unequaled by anything in modern times save the Beecher-Tilton scandal.

Reduced to its barest outlines the story is as follows: HOOKER A. DE LAND is a pressman in the office of the *Democrat*, of Grand Rapids, Mich. He says that 12 years ago he married SARAH BAILEY, a poor sewing girl, of Jackson, Mich. One child, a little girl, was born to them. His wife had a fine soprano voice, which developed so finely under the care of such teachers as could be found in Grand Rapids, that it was decided she should go to Europe for the benefit of further training. Her husband's means were very slender, but he says he pinched and stinted himself of the commonest comforts of life—to furnish her the means of continuing her studies, and sent her in all $3,000. She made rapid progress, and gave promise of becoming a brilliant *prima donna*. Two years ago, while living at Berlin, she was sent by the minister of her church in Grand Rapids a letter of introduction to the Rev. JOSEPH P. THOMPSON, D. D., who was also residing there. There was an immediate development of warm friendship between the two, which led Dr. THOMPSON into exerting himself actively in her behalf. She returned to this country last Spring—not as a grand prima donna, but as a very fine choir singer, and with an engagement in a leading New York Church. On returning to her home in Grand Rapids, her husbands says she declined to consider herself his wife in anything except name, and positively refused to let him even lay his hands upon her, alleging as a reason that her voice was of such a delicate nature that the utmost care was necessary to avoid anything that might possibly impair it. A number other things disturbed the husband and excited his jealousy, which culminated at last in his taking advantage of her absence to break open her trunks, where he claims he found a mass of letters from Dr. THOMPSON, which are the most astonishing love epistles ever gloated over by a prurient public. They are all of the most extraordinary gush. The usual style of address is "My Darling Goosie," and then follows a most indescribable rhapsody, in which worldly advice, metaphysics, art cant, poetry, and religious enthusiasm are mingled with paragraphs of libidinous longings and impassionate indecency. DE LAND claims that they also contained abundance of proof that his wife and Dr. THOMPSON were in the habit of traveling about Europe as husband and wife. From many of these letters the date lines and signatures were cut, and slips of paper were pasted over others to conceal their contents. DE LAND's first act was to upbraid his wife, when, he says, she admitted that she loved THOMPSON, and did not love him. His next step was to write to THOMPSON, telling him that he had possession of the letters, and unless the $3,000 which he (DE LAND) had expended in paying for his wife's musical education were refunded, the letters would be published. He received no answer from THOMPSON, and he has given some of the letters for publication.

These are the main facts. An examination of the other features and incidents shows DE LAND to be a man of violent temper, continually, from his boyhood to the present time, in trouble of some kind, terribly jealous of his wife, and full of disordered fancies regarding other men's attentions to her. He seems to have built high hopes upon his own advancement in life as a consequence of her success, and looked forward confidently to the day when he would be able to dress richly, and live in sumptuous style as the husband and business manager of a popular and talented *prima donna*. He is now said to be in a condition of mind closely verging on lunacy—not, however, the result of these troubles so much as a general flightiness and disposition to mental perturbation, which has grown on him for years. Still this does not explain away the terribly tell-tale letters. Were it not for them the man would have no case at all, but with them he threatens to be invincible. The only possible escape is that they may be forgeries, or that Dr. THOMPSON's well-known physical infirmities have affected his brain. Against the first of these assumptions it must be admitted that with all their silliness, the letters contain too many evidences of such ripe scholarship as Dr. THOMPSON possesses to be the work of a common-place forger. Against the second assumption may be opposed the fact that women do not usually treasure with such care letters written by men in the senility of second childhood.

Dr. THOMPSON, whose name is so unfortunately entangled in this affair, is one of the most eminent clergyman of this country. For many years he was the pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle, in New York, and won a high reputation there, to which he has added very much by the authorship of a [illegible] of theological and literary works of marked ability. He is regarded on both sides of the Atlantic as one of the first of living Egyptologists, and has for years enjoyed the intimate friendship of eminent European scholars. He is now past 60, and has within the past year suffered a paralytic stroke. All his long and useful life, upon which there has not once breathed the breath of suspicion, argues strongly against the truth of the charge of such flagrant wrong-doing at this late day. Every one will hope that he will speedily come forward with such convincing proof as will exonerate him beyond question from this grave accusation.

THE DE YOUNGS, employing the art of corrupting telegraphic dispatches, which lying and unscrupulous men in this country are fast reducing to a science, are industriously striving to better their case, by blackening KALLOCH's character. KALLOCH is undoubtedly a bad man; but nothing that has so far been shown up against him makes him as bad a man as the DE YOUNGS. It takes a fearful heap of moral obliquity in an ordinary man to make him as degraded as an editorial blackmailer.

DESTROYING CALIFORNIA.

A very important question has recently come up connected with mining in California, which concerns the whole country almost as much as that State. This is with regard to the injury which has been done in the years that have past, and the destruction of land that is now going on in the taking of gold from the regions where it is found. Any one who has travelled extensively in California and seen the miles upon miles of torn, rugged, rocky plain, plateau and hillside that might have been made to yield blossoms and rich fruitage, now given over to a terrible desolation, will readily understand the danger that menaces the Golden State. Each year sees the number of acres thus desolated increasing, and consequently the agricultural interests diminishing.

An exchange has gathered from reliable sources some interesting facts regarding this matter.

The mischiefs adverted to began with the opening of the placer mines, when every part of the land suspected of containing gold in paying quantities was torn up, ransacked and left to the action of the rains, which rains conveyed sand and gravel into the rivers and strewed them over the arable valleys. The area of surface thus torn up is estimated to have amounted, in 1862, to 10,000 acres. At the present time it amounts to perhaps more than double this area. Before the placers failed to induce further explorations of this sort hydraulic mining came into vogue. This dates back so early as 1850. Streams of considerable volume are diverted from their natural channels and conducted to great distances in canals and wooden flumes or sheet-iron pipes, and then directed against the hills, or those vast level surfaces of ground which it is necessary to remove to reach the gold-bearing strata, or which themselves contain deposits of the precious metal.

At the present time, 1879, the number of mining ditches is 640, the aggregate length 6,585 miles, and the daily supply of water 200,000 inches. Reduced to a standard of 10 hours a day, this is equal to 200,000 inches running 24 hours, or 1,000,000,000 gallons a day. The present annual yield of gold in the State is about 18,000,000 a year, of which one-third is from quartz mines and the remainder from hydraulic mining on the Ancient river bed. The present rate of production is expected to remain constant for 100 years to come, with a slight tendency to increase during the first 25.

The artificial torrents bring down large quantities of debris and deposit it upon the ground below, sometimes to the depth of 25 feet. An orchard, valued at $60,000, and another estimated at not less than $200,000, are stated to have been thus sacrificed; and a report of the agricultural bureau at Washington computed the annual damage done by this mode of mining at the incredible sum of $12,000,000.

A commission was appointed last years in view of these facts to look into the matter. Among the reports were the following:

On Bear River 50,000 acres of land are liable to be ruined by mining debris; the channel has been filled up and the water spreads all over the entire country; in some parts of the valley the debris is 15 to 20 feet deep. The land covered by the debris, which consists of sand and gravel, is entirely ruined. The railroad company has been compelled to raise its bridge three times.

On the Yuba River 12,000 acres of good land had been destroyed by mining debris; this damage was estimated at $2,000,000. In 1853 the Yuba was a clear stream; it commenced shoaling badly in 1857. Near the mines the bed had been raised 150 feet. In 1874 the City of Marysville alone was damaged to the extent of $500,000. So great is the mass of debris already in the Yuba that if mining were stopped now the sand would continue to come down the river for years.

The Sacramento River commenced shoaling badly in 1853. At steamboat slough, where there were formerly 10 or 12 feet of water, there were now but five. In other places the water has decreased from five or six fathoms to as many feet. Places where steamers ran in 1850 are now dry land. San Pablo Bay has been greatly shoaled. At Sacramento the river has been lessened in depth 18 feet by mineral debris. A bar, nearly an island, has formed in Suisun Bay. The harbor of San Francisco is being rapidly shoaled by deposits washed down from the mines.

As has been said this is something that concerns the whole country, particularly the possible destruction of the harbor of San Francisco the only good one possessed upon the Pacific coast. It seems that this wholesale destruction of the possibilities of a State for the gain of gold which can only be obtained once ought to receive a check. How this may be done should be a subject for immediate consideration.

THERE is nothing that can in any way mitigate the foulness of the DIXON murder. It was a cold-blooded, brutal assassination of a man who stood in the way of the dominant party. It was, beyond a doubt contrived by the party leaders, and the man to do the hellish work selected. The story of the fight is pure invention, as the statement that DIXON was shot through the back shows. His enemies say that he was desperately brave, and so good a shot that it was an easy thing for him to knock a pigeon's head off at 100 yards, with a revolver. It is likely that a man of this kind will fire four shots at his antagonist, at short range, without hitting him? The idea is preposterous. The murder was committed in the approved Southern way. After receiving the orders of the Democratic leaders to "put DIXON out of the way," the murderer prepared himself by loading his trusty shot gun as heavily as he dared, and he then lay in wait for his victim—stalking him as he would a deer. When at last the latter appears in the open street and in range, he is shot down as coolly and deliberately as if he he were a bear or an out lawed dog. Nowhere else in the world would the usages of society sanction such a monstrous crime. Among the Sioux or the bloodthirsty Comanches such a cowardly murderer would be instantly torn to pieces. Only in the South are cowards protected by the mantle of partizan hatred when they assassinate those whom they dislike.

A NEW STORY.

With the BLADE of next week we shall begin the publication of a capital new story which we believe will engage the attention of our readers of all ages and tastes. It will be a story of more than ordinary interest and will run through several numbers of the paper. Our readers, old and young, should keep an eye out for next week's BLADE.

ILLUSTRATIONS TO "ANDERSONVILLE."

As has been stated before, the illustrations to "Andersonville" will be, it is confidently believed, superior to any that have appeared in any book relating to the War. They are drawn under the supervision of the author, by artists who were soldiers, and served continuously and faithfully in the ranks during the Rebellion. They have been greatly assisted by rare Rebel photographs in the possession of the author, and all the pictures will commend themselves to every soldier by their extreme accuracy of details and surroundings. The one given above was drawn by O. J. HOPKINS, who served through the war as an enlisted man in the 42d O. V. V. I. It shows, besides entire accuracy, a wonderful spirit in the treatment, and cannot help delighting all our soldier readers, though, of course its merits can not be so well brought out by a large, fast running press, such as the BLADE is printed on, as by a fine book press, and fine book paper, such as will be employed for "Andersonville."

The pictures represents the scene where the newly arrived prisoners, shut up in the top story of a Richmond tobacco factory, find employment for their surplus energies by teasing the irascible Rebel guards on the pavement around the base of the building. The story is thus told in the book:

We were not altogether blameless, by any means. There were few opportunities to say bitterly offensive things to the guards let pass unimproved.

The prisoners on the third floor of the Smith building, adjoining us, had their own way of teasing them. Late at night, when everybody would be lying down, and out of the way of the shots, a window in the third story would open, a broom stick, with a piece nailed across to represent arms, anh clothed with a cap and blouse, would be protruded, and a voice coming from a man carefully protected by the wall, would inquire:

"S-a-y, g-u-a-r-d, what time is it?"

If the guard was of the long suffering kind, he would answer:

"Take yo' head back in, up dah; you kno' hits agin all ordahs, to do dat?"

Then the voice would say aggravatingly, "Oh, well, go to——, you —— Rebel————, if you can't answer a civil question."

Before the speech was ended, the guard's rifle would be at his shoulder and he would fire. Back would come the blouse and cap in haste, only to go out again the next instant with a derisive laugh, and

"Thought you were going to hurt somebody, did n't you, you —— ————. But, Lord, you can't shoot for sour apples: if I couldn't shoot no better than you, Mr. Johnny Reb, I would——"

By this time the guard having his gun loaded again, would cut short the remarks with another shot, which, followed up with similar remarks would provoke still another, when an alarm sounding the guards at Libby and all the other buildings around us would turn out. An officer of the guards would go up with a squad into the third floor, only to find everybody up there snoring away, as if they were the Seven Sleepers. After relieving his mind of a quantity of vigorous profanity, and threats to "buck and gag," and cut off the rations of the whole room, the officer would return to his quarters in the guard house, but before he was fairly ensconced there, the cap and blouse would go out again, and the maddened guard be regaled with a spirited and vividly profane lecture on the despicability of Rebels in general and his own unworthiness in particular.

ENGLAND AND MR. GLADSTONE.

English people are reaching out in every direction for relief from their present troubles, which come crowding thicker and faster every month that passes. At a late meeting in Manchester of manufacturers, it was announced as a cheering fact that steel could be made at less expense than iron, as it consumed much less coal and would last four times longer. Substituting the one for the other would preserve the coal deposits for a greater period, and the saving would be enormous.

It might be a question whether the throwing out of employment of so large a number of men now at work in the mines, at a time when the cry of lack of bread through enforced idleness is so general, would be good policy, but it is not likely that any such step will be taken, as it is more a matter of theory than of actual proven fact.

In view of the financial and labor disturbances in Great Britain, the strong expressions of Mr. GLADSTONE in the current number of the *Nineteenth Century* possess great interest. The article is energetic and sharply critical, arraigning in a scathing manner the Beaconsfield policy. He charges the failure of every promise given, that the obligations of the Berlin Treaty have been entirely disregarded, the reforms to be made in Turkey not undertaken, while instead of giving freedom to the people, they have been practically enslaved.

Mr. GLADSTONE charges that outside questions have been pressed upon the Government for consideration, to the exclusion of vital matters pertaining to domestic policy. While these needed early attention, especially in the stage of financial affairs reached within a year or two, all kinds of foreign complications have been entered into, involving much discussion and effectually precluding the settling of home matters. He also declares that the expenses of the government have been $50,000,000 more than under the Liberal administration.

The whole article is written in Mr. GLADSTONE's best style and is pregnant with earnest meaning. It is designed to show the miseries of England's present position and to charge them home to the Tory administration.

WE offer the present time as an illustration to the Nationals of the great fundamental truth in political economy, that the way to make money plenty is to raise something that some one else wants to buy; sell it to him at as big a price as can be got, and not buy anything of him or any one else in return.

NASBY.

[Mr. Nasby sends us this very short note, which must be accepted in lieu of his regular lucubrations. It is very short, but is much to the point:]

ON THE ROAD FROM LOOISVILLE TO CINCINNATI, Sept. 1, 1879.

I wrote, in the cars, my noshuns uv the eggistin sitooashun, but git in out to take a drink and brace up my Dimocrisy, (Dimocrisy needs a heep uv bracin up, jist now,) sum onmittigated miscreant stole em. They wuz gone when I returned, and yoo won't git em.

But this is the substance uv wat I sed. Wat the South wants now is to be let alone. The South wants to be considered ez individule States, and not ez parts uv a Nashen. The South insists that she hez the rite to secede, the same ez she alluz hed, and that the late war didn't settle nothin only that the North hed more men then the South and cood do more fitin to the square mile. That wuz all. We are just ez we wuz afore the onpleasantnis commenst, and are prepared, now ez then to take charge uv the Government which we perpose to do. We are willin the Northern Dimocrisy shel hev the offises that belong to em, but sich ez are nessary to be yoosed in formin polisies and sich, we must control. In short, *WE are the Government*. Next week I shell elaborate these idees, and present em in conseketive shape.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY, States-Rites.

ROYALTY'S PLEASURES AND PAINS.

Royalty has its charms, but it also has its drawbacks even in the every day small events of life, while in the greater, a crucifixion of the dearest hopes and strongest affections is very common for "state reasons," which are often the hardest to be understood. Take the case of King ALFONSO for instance. With a heart still bleeding for the loss of his beloved MERCEDES, the chosen bride of his youth, he is compelled to shut all his grief away, and for the sake of Spain and the succession to his throne take another wife for whom he has not as yet a particle of love. On the other hand the young girl selected for his Queen cares nothing for her future husband, but grieves over the inexorable fate that obliges her to leave all those whom she dearly loves, and go a stranger in a strange land, with no hope of a return, and with no expectation of any other home than that which the Spanish alliance will give to her. It is possible that the two thus brought together may find happiness in each other, so that life will hold something for them beside gratified ambition, itself a precarious enjoyment, but the uncertainty resting upon the future in this respect, will prevent any very brilliant anticipations on either side.

Aside, however, from the disturbance in these vital interests of the life of human beings, royalty has other drawbacks. To travel from one place to another in safety, it must be hedged about with every precaution, guarded at every turn, lest the assassin's bullet or dagger find it out. It is not surprising to read that such guards are necessary to protect the Czar of a country like Russia, which rests upon a volcano of discontent ready to burst forth in an eruption at any time; but when it comes to England, a land which boasts of its freedom, of the loyalty of its people, of their love for their Queen and devotion to her person, it cannot but be a matter of surprise to learn that it is thought needful, beside the pilot engine which always precedes her trains, to hand-signal them throughout the whole journey, to search the thickets, hedges and cuttings along the entire line, and to watch with argus eyes every stranger that chances to draw near. True, anonymous letters have been received, but it hardly seems that they need to have aroused such intense fear as they seem to have done. Who would want to travel in such mortal fear, or what pleasure could cluster around a journey made under such circumstances? Viewing the matter in these lights, it may be better to be plain John Smith than the Czar of Russia, or Mrs. Johnson than Queen of England.

A LARGE tract of land has lately been purchased in the western part of Pennsylvania by the Trappist order of monks, with the expectation of building a monastery for about 200 of their number who are coming, according to an Italian paper, from France, Italy and Ireland. These include persons of all trades and professions, some of them being quite noted in their own countries. The Trappists are exceedingly austere in their habits. They rise from bed at 2 o'clock in the morning, dedicate 12 hours of the day to reflection and prayer, and the rest to severe labor, especially in the fields. No conversation is permitted with one another or strangers. They salute each other with the exclamation: "Remember death." They drink only water and eat only vegetables. They sleep on a table with a pillow of straw, and never undress, even when sick. Their object seems to be to get away from the world and its struggle and prepare themselves by a life of rigid discipline for what may come hereafter.

THERE are nearly 1,500 prisoners in the Ohio Penitentiary. If the contest in the State this Fall promised to be at all close, the Democratic Committee might make these available by a liberal use of Uncle DICK's pardoning prerogative. Fifteen hundred votes "might do much good," in helping to gain control of the Legislature.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The BLADE takes pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of the following new books through Messrs. T. J. Brown, Eager & Co., Toledo:

THE RIGHTS OF THE BODY, by Rev. S. R. Calthrop, Syracuse, N. Y., (Hampton Tract series,) 22 pages, paper covers. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

LONG LIFE, AND HOW TO REACH IT, by Joseph G. Richardson, M. D., (Health Primer series;) 160 pages, price, 50 cents. Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

THE APOSTOLIC FATHERS, AND APOLOGISTS OF THE SECOND CENTURY, by Rev. Geo. A. Jackson; (early Christian literature primers;) 208 pages, price, 50 cents. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

FIGURE DRAWING, edited by Susan N. Carter, (Putnam's Art Hand Book series;) 53 pages, price ——. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

SUMMER AND ITS DISEASES, by James C. Wilson, M. D., (American Health Primer series;) 160 pages, price, 50 cents. Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia, Pa.

WAYSIDE LEAVES, by J. Luella Dowd, 199 pages, price, ——. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

ETHICS OR SCIENCE OF DUTY, by John Bascom, 383 pages, price, ——. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

From F. W. Helmick, No 136 West Fourth street: "Plant Sweet Flowers on My Grave," Song and chorus, by Eddie Fox.

The kangaroos are dying out. They have for years been on their last legs.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

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CLASS I.

The following list contains an assortment of good books on all subjects, only one or at most two of each title being offered. The books are all as good as new, and retail everywhere at from $1.00 to $1.25 per volume. We will send any book POST PAID at one-half the price annexed, or we will send any book in the list and the BLADE one year on receipt of $1.75, thus giving the subscriber a copy of the paper at CLUB RATES, and a book of his own selection FREE. Since orders are likely to be large, subscribers are requested in all cases to designate a second choice. Selections will have preference in the order in which they are received:

GLIMPSES OF HISTORY, by George M. Towle; 252 pages, price $1.25. A most interesting volume of biographical and historical papers.

EVOLUTIONS OF THE LINE, as practiced by the Austrian Infantry, translated by Lieut. C. M. Wilcox; 132 pages, price 75c.

MATHIEU ROPARS, ETC., by an ex-Editor; 238 pages, price $1.25. A volume of very readable stories and sketches.

THE LOGIC OF FACTS regarding Occultism, Spiritism, and Materialism, by Almira Kidd; 157 pages, price $1.

TWO FRIENDS, by the author of the Patience of Hope; 167 pages, price $1.

THE AGE, A COLLOQUIAL SATIRE, by Philip James Bailey, author of Festus; 238 pages, price $1.

ON THE SOURCE OF MUSCULAR POWER, by Austin Flint, Jr.; 103 pages, price $1.

THE COLD SHOULDER, or a Half year at Craiglea, by Robert Richardson, B. A., a capital story for boys; 128 pages, illustrated, price 75c.

BREAKING A BUTTERFLY, or Blanche Ellersly's Ending, by the author of Guy Livingstone; 392 pages, illustrated, price $1.25.

OUR WORKSHOPS, being a practical guide to the art of carpentry and joinery; 196 pages, profusely illustrated, price $1.

OUR EYES, and How to Take Care of Them, by Henry W. Williams, M. D.; 103 pages, price 75c.

NOTES ON EPHESIANS, PHILLIPIANS AND COLOSSIANS, by Albert Barnes; 275 pages, price $1.

LIGHT AND DARKNESS, or Christ Discovered in His True Character, by a Unitarian; 123 pages, price 75c.

THE FLOWER, and other stories for children; written and illustrated by W. J. Linton; 129 pages, price 75c.

THE SCHOOL AND THE FAMILY, the ethics of school relations, by John Kennedy; 206 pages, price $1.

SOCIAL GAMES, a collection of 31 games with cards, by Mrs. E. D. Cheney; 154 pages, price 75c.

LIGHT ON THE CLOUD, or Hints of Comfort for Hours of Sorrow, by M. J. Savage; 176 pages, full gilt edges, price $1.

CONTEMPORARY EVOLUTION, an essay on some recent social changes, by St. George Mivart; 264 pages, price $1.

A COURSE IN ARITHMETIC, a treatise in three parts, by F. W. Bardwell; 330 pages, price $1.

MRS. VAN COTT'S PRAISE BOOK, compiled by Mrs. Maggie N. Van Cott, and used at her gospel meetings; 112 pages, price 75c.

JESSIE AND HER FRIENDS, with the history of a lost purse; a juvenile, 190 pages, price 50c.

SAVING AND SPENDING, or the Use of Money, and other stories; 183 pages, price 50c.

NEW POEMS, by Matthew Arnold; 204 pages, tinted paper, price $1.25.

POETICAL DRAMAS FOR HOME AND SCHOOL, by Mary L. Cobb; 189 pages, price $1.

MORAL DESIGN OF FREE MASONRY, by Samuel Lawrence, D. G. M.; with the Vision of Achmed, a Masonic allegorical poem, by the same author; 237 pages, price $1.

THE MONEY KING, and other poems, by John Godfrey Saxe; 180 pages, price $1.

GOETHE'S WEST EASTERLY DIVAN, translated by John Weiss; 255 pages, price $1.25.

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HOME SONGS FOR LITTLE PEOPLE; 80 pages, profusely illustrated, price 75c.

THE LITTLE PEAT CUTTERS, or the Song of Love, by Emma Marshall; 189 pages, illustrated, price 75c.

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ESSAY ON THE CHARACTER AND INFLUENCE OF WASHINGTON, by M. Guizot; 160 pages, with portrait, price $1.

ELEMENTS OF CHEMISTRY, by Alonzo Gray, A. M.; 431 pages, price $1.

TWELVE SERMONS, delivered at Hamburg, by Dr. Gotthold Solomon; 236 pages, price 50c.

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ASTRONOMY WITHOUT MATHEMATICS, by Edmund Denison, LL. D.; 230 pages, price $1.

STORIES OF OLD, or Bible Narratives for Young Children, by Caroline Hadley; 432 pages, illustrated, price $1.25.

THE BURTONS OF BURTON HALL, by the Hon. Mrs. Greene; 675 pages, price $1.

CAMPANELLA, or the Teachings of a Life, by Mrs. Jerome Mercier; 344 pages, illustrated, price $1.

SOUTHERN WEALTH AND NORTHERN PROFITS, as exhibited in statistical facts and official figures, showing the necessity of union to the future prosperity and welfare of the Republic, by Thos. P. Kettell; 173 pages, price $1.

AN IDYL OF WORK, a poem, by Lucy Larcom; 183 pages, price $1.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES, a book for boys, by Lynde Palmer; 298 pages, illustrated, price 75c.

FOOD FOR LAMBS, or the Little Ones Invited to Jesus, by Robert Boyd, D. D.; a series of 26 papers for children; 230 pages, price 75c.

ADVENTURES OF JAMIE AND JEANETTE, and other stories, by Lydia Maria Child; 157 pages tinted paper, price 50c.

ROBINSON CRUSOE, by Daniel DeFoe, with a memoir of the author, etc.; 92 pages, tinted paper, illustrated, price $1.

LITTLE FRANKIE ON A JOURNEY, a very good juvenile book, by Mrs. Madeline Leslie; 112 pages, price 50c.

CLEM AND JOYCE, or the Prairie School, by Mrs. F. B Smith; a book for very little people; 159 pages, price 50c.

THE CHRIST CHILD, and other Stories for Children, by L. M. Child; 190 pages, price 50c.

OUR WORKSHOP, a practical guide to the amateur in the art of carpentry and joinery; 196 pages, profusely illustrated; price $1.

THE PROMISE AND THE PROMISER, or the Power and Presence of the Lord with His People, by Anna Shipton; 235 pages, price $1.

MEMORIES, A STORY OF GERMAN LOVE, by George P. Upton; 173 pages, tinted paper, full gilt edges, price $1.

ALICE BENSON'S TRIALS, a juvenile story; 118 pages, price 75c.

THE LITTLE HELPER, a Memoir of Florence Annie Coswell, by Lavina S. Goodwin; 150 pages, price 50c.

PREMIUM STORY BOOK FOR BOYS; 150 pages, price 75c.

MEMORIAL OF REV. HENRY A. ROWLAND, D. D., Pastor of the Park Presbyterian Church, N. J.; 191 pages, price 75c.

HAROLD, a Drama, by Alfred Tennyson; 120 pages, price $1.

HISTORY OF THE INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION of French Workingmen, translated from the French by Susan M. Day; 238 pages, price $1.

CHEMICAL TABLES, by Stephen P. Sharpless, S. B.; 162 pages, price 75c.

WHAT WE EAT, an Account of the Most Common Adulterations of Food and Drink, by Thomas H. Hoskins, M. D.; 218 pages, price $1.

THE LISTENER IN OXFORD, by the author of Christ Our Example; 122 pages, price $1.

NEGROES AND NEGRO SLAVERY, the first an inferior race, the latter its normal condition, by J. H. Van Evrie, M. D.; 338 pages, price $1. A defense of negro slavery as it existed prior to the war.

A SONG OF AMERICA AND MINOR LYRICS, by V. Voldo; 206 pages, tinted paper, price 75c.

OUR EYES, and How to Take Care of Them, by Henry W. Williams, M. D.; 103 pages, tinted paper, price 75c.

THE RISING AND THE SETTING FAITH, and other Discourses, by O. B. Frothingham; 272 pages, price $1.

THE IMPEACHMENT OF THE HOUSE OF BRUNSWICK, by Charles Bradlaugh; 160 pages, price $1.25. A severe attack on the reigning family in England.

POEMS, by Walter M. Lindsay; 198 pages, tinted paper, price $1.

AGAMENTICUS, a Historical New England Story, by E. P. Tenny; 267 pages, tinted paper, vermilion edges, price $1.

Correspondence.

HOME LETTER.

Fall Millinery—Flaring Bonnets—Jet Trimmings—To Correspondents.

Correspondence of the BLADE.

NEW YORK, Aug. 23.

The first importations are open to the wholesale trade, and according to the views of prominent merchants, the bonnet with high flaring brim will be the leading shape. It fits comfortably about the head, and the ample brim, widening from the back, lightly trimmed with fine drawings of satin or the soft changeable velvet facings, and a knot of ribbon or satin cord will prove not unbecoming. It is the loads of tasteless trimming which make bonnets ugly.

ROUND HATS

will be large, with low crowns and flowing brims of the Rubens shape, or quite close, drooping brims being in fashion again.

NEW PLUMES

mingle jet, chenille and silk drops with the real feather in very good effects. The showiest jet mounting covers a glossy cock's plume with shining vanes of jet, which flow with restlessness and play of light as mercurial as the feathers. A rich ostrich plume has every flue expanded by heat, to its fullest, and mingled with soft crimped glossy fringe, hardly to be told from the clinging feather, and studded with fine satin drops which add to the lustrous finish. These mingled plumes will be among the handsomest trimmings worn.

JET TRIMMINGS.

The deep, pointed jet fringes for necklaces and the fronts of dresses are transferred to the curtains of bonnets, and arranged to fall over the crown with happy taste. Flat jet studs, eight sided and round, are set on flexible braids as an edge for the brim of bonnets. The jet crown pieces, embroidered on cut beads on black net are in large antique figures, almost too rich for the frail foundation. These will be elegantly joined with puffed fronts of changeable velvet and Autumn straws. Jet aigrettes and beaded tufts, like seeded heads of meadow bloom, light and airy as the airiest grasses, are beautiful and expensive for details, $18 the dozen in first hands. Parisian taste accepts jet for half-season bonnets, its brilliance showing best with the lower lustre of velvet and full plumes.

MODE FEATHERS.

Instead of the gay cashmere feather bands worn last year, are equally bright but more artistically shaded arrangements of plumage from one bird. The pale green, yellow-green and bluish feathers of Asian parrots are mounted with grace. Beautiful little sunbirds, whose purplish, dark, metallic lustre, broken with nelets of golden bronze and green, convey the shadings of favorite materials, are among the most elegant ornaments, though one must lament that so many lovely creatures must perish to add a detail to millinery. We may take the plumes dropped by the wild ostrich, or the yield of ostrich farming from the Cape, and it need not shock one's sensibility to wear the wings of black cock, pheasant and game birds, which die for the table. But killing birds by the thousand for variety's sake is a barbarity, and always must remain so. The gorgeous combinations of golden green, red and blue from Australian parrots are the most daring flights of fancy, and with blue-black velvet and royale bonnets worn to suit strict black costumes, can hardly have exceptions taken on the score of taste.

MILLINERY MATERIALS.

Velvet *merveilleuse* is the new fabric, a silk velvet, very light and supple, with changeable ground in bright colors, red and blue, purple and pink, green and citron, old fashioned combinations, old enough to have a piquant novelty. The resources of taste are taxed to harmonize these striking contrasts, which are toned down with such skill that they leave only an impression of dull magnificence. The velvet itself has the softness of the Italian silks and satins, lending itself readily to the many drawings and puffings of fashion. A royale, soft as fur, of admirable blue-black lustre, and changeable silk we classed with millinery materials. Flowers will hardly be worn at all, the jet trimmings, plumes and variegated materials assembling richly by themselves.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. W. L., Iowa.—For a quiet church wedding, where the bride appears in traveling dress, the gloves worn by herself and the groom should, if possible, match or shade with her suit. Failing this, a delicate shade of pearl, ivory or pale wood color, may be worn, but white gloves, except with full dress, would be very incorrect dressing.

M. A. B., Idlewood.—The "Colorado diamonds" are properly specimens of white topaz, and are sometimes set with diamonds in sprays and diadems, where quantities of stones are required. They have many of the properties of the diamond, and will cut glass, and though not of high value, are pretty enough to be worn for what they are. The setting should have a character of its own to distinguish the stones from diamonds which are best seen when mounted "invisibly." In bands of black enamel with square gold rims, with a little white enamel and gold chasing the effect would declare them topaz, and be unique and beautiful. The expense need not be great. The large houses, of course, ask high prices, but Western jewelers, at Denver, Cheyenne, and Salt Lake, do very creditable work at moderate prices. In answer to your kind inquiry, I must say that other work leaves no time for shopping, and my refusal must be permanent.

EDITH, Longmont—Read one drop of *rose oil*, instead of bergamot in the directions for cold cream.

M. H. Pleasant Plains.—The braces are delayed simply by the difficulty of getting orders filled, as *none* are promised by the corseture under two weeks. Will all those who have failed to receive answers to any orders, please let me know at once, to have such matters satisfactorily closed. The kindness of sending a postal card to announce the arrival of order would be a suitable courtesy to anyone undertaking commissions, to relieve her from further care and responsibility on the point.

Will Mrs. Ruth D., of some town in Ohio, please send her address in full. An order for stove polish with the money came to hand, the address of which is wanting. I have waited, knowing how disagreeable it is to a lady to be advertised for, in hopes inquiries would be made for the missing package, but I cannot go down to the future with that unfilled order for stove polish on my soul, nor do I wish to rest under the suspicion of embezzling 20 cents in currency.

Mrs. W. Mich.—The netted guipure of unbleached linen thread is most quickly made of any lace, and the demand for furniture uses will continue good. The thread is three to five cents a ball, of perhaps 12 yards, and a small wire frame and netting needle are all that are required to work it with, beside a large-eyed millinery needle. The instruction book, by aid of which any one who can do plain netting, can learn the art, is 30 cents. The price this lady mentions, $4 for lessons in lace-making, is less convenient than the plan in New York, where one may take single lessons at any time of a skillful embroideress or lace worker at the fancy shops of the best standing for 50 cents an hour, one lesson or more, to suit the pupil who, by the way, pays for all materials. The pattern in Breton lace is worked in fine flat linen thread with a common needle on net footing and many woman make their own. But the trouble is that American woman are not willing to do fine work, up to the standard at prices to compare with foreign lace, even with a duty added, and there is absolutely no sale for the coarse work. Fringe making, wool, and silks, or passementerie are in demand, and would sell better anywhere than lace. Why is it that women are ready to do anything except the kind of work that is wanted? They are anxious to make lace, paint china, knit fancywork, press ferns, do anything rather than do the plain sewing the shirt making for men and boys, the dress making which is needed everywhere and which, well done, never fails of a comparatively good price.

I have wondered often why the women who are so interested in fashion novelties, evidently by the orders they forward, not limited in their expenses, never have a thought for the other women in the country who are wanting work so much. They are the class who are benevolent in routine ways, who give to the church the Sunday School, the festival for the public schools. They read and do not deny themselves tasteful indulgences. I would hope this seeming indifference to the needs they might help supply, rises only from never having their attention brought to the matter. It is saddening to look over the scores of letters from correspondents dating from Maine to the Pacific, all eager for fresh and petty trifles—all complimentary, many offensive, friendly, with offers of services I have no use for, personally, out of which, but *two* have sent the slightest request for the work of the urgent women, whose needs have been mentioned. I wish to say it is entirely unnecessary to send me trivial orders of any sort, as a kind of toll on inquiry any one wishes to make, compliments can be dispensed with. The willingness to oblige in courteous people is usually strong enough to lead them to give any information in their power, simply to oblige—"and so fulfill the law of kindness." But if such women could remember the lace knitters, the embroiderers, the skillful makers of fancy trifles, to whom 10 and 25 cent orders would be acceptable, they would be spreading help where needed, and if feeling had anything to do with it, give the writer of these lines a more exquisite pleasure than any compliments or ordinary gift could bring. Nothing in my experience with BLADE correspondents has given me the satisfaction which came with a small order for some fancy work to be done by a Kansas woman, sender and knitter alike strangers to me. The busy cool season approaches, its breath already mingles with the Summer flowers. Every shilling won by these patient, lonesome workers will count in their fund for small needs. Are you doing all you can to give work to those about you? Not in the way of charity, buying what you don't want to give some one the money. The world is sick of charity. It does small good to those who give or who receive. But when you want some durable, tasteful trimming for linen or furniture, when socks are wanted for the needy baby or a knitted fichu for grandmother's neck, or wristlets for the boys whose long wrists get chapped early, or a set of toilet mats or floor mats, look through your neighborhood, if there is not some invalid, or lone woman, or school girl to whom the order would not be grateful. If there are none near you, then remember the unknown workers, with whom you can easily be put in communication and arrange your own commissions.

The dyspeptic in the household who asks for a prescription, may find relief from this, which is of equal service to prevent dyspepsia. It was given by a very old lady who had cared for her own large family and her sons' families and the neighborhood for 50 years, and has been tried always with good effects. Put four large spoonfuls of clean wood ashes in a quart bowl, cover with cold water, and pour off when settled, then fill the bowl with boiling water, stirring the ashes well. Settle and pour off the clear liquid, which is bottled and taken cold, in doses of a half teacupful, before eating. The cold water *rinses* the ashes, the old lady used to say, and the clear, mild lye which is made by the hot water corrects the acids on the stomach, which cause dyspepsia. It acts precisely like lime water, to which I prefer it, and may be used, diluted for children and babies in stomach worries. It is also a good thing to take as a preventive of typhoid fever and Summer diseases, and for sick headache.

SHIRLEY DARE.

LETTER FROM BUCKEYE.

The Prospect in Maine—Sec. Sherman on the Yazoo Plan—Some Southern Senators Opening their Eyes—Gen. Rice on Free Election

Correspondence Toledo Blade.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 28, 1879.

On returning to Washington I find that the news received here from Maine is even more decidedly favorable to the success of the Republicans than that which I reported to you from Ocean Grove. Letters from reliable Republicans engaged in the canvass express the utmost confidence in carrying the Governor over both the opposing parties and in securing a majority in both Houses of the Legislature. The grounds of this confidence are derived from a close and careful canvass made by Republican organizations and the known desertion of most of the Greenback Republicans from the alliance. But it also appears that there are Democrats all over the State who refuse to be sold out to the inflationists and have declared their purpose to vote the Republican ticket.

Eugene Hale is reported as having little or no doubt of electing Davis, the Republican nominee for governor by a vote of the people over both the candidates of the coalition. The New York *Tribune* says: "There is no mistake about it. The Republicans have their opponents on the run in Maine," and one of its accredited correspondents says it is estimated that 8,000 republicans who voted last year with the Greenbackers will, this year, vote the straight Republican ticket. The coalition are expected to poll about 60,000 votes, while the Republicans claim that they will poll 65,000 or 70,000. The canvass has been more thorough than ever before and the Republicans have, from the beginning, carried an air of triumph, while the Democrats have been ashamed of their surrender, and have devolved the burden of the fight on their allies. The argument, too, has been strongly with the Republicans, while the fact of a general revival of business has been better than any argument.

The masterly speech of Mr. Sherman at Steubenville was delivered just before the death of poor Dixon was reported in the Northern papers, but the Secretary, in referring to the condition of the South, spoke of the "system of terror and fraud" which had been organized "to deprive the colored people of their votes," and said that the same tactics were being inaugurated to put down white men who were leading independent movements. He said:

"Cases have recently occurred where men of character, Democratic in their antecedents, have been driven by rifle clubs from running as candidates for office. The worst case being that in Yazoo County, Miss., where Dixon and Bell were driven by open force from the canvass."

These words were hardly spoken when the murder of Dixon was announced to the people of the North, and the Northern Democracy, which has been all along defending and upholding the South in its course of persecution, was brought to a pause by this terrible murder. What could they do? Some of their organs, like the *Post* of this City, undertook to carry the additional load, but the majority sulk over it and are silent. They have not yet found it out. But, in the meantime, there are indications that the South is not quite prepared to accept the Yazoo plan, in its application to white men, and are even discovering that there may be, after all, some good in bayonets. A Georgia paper in the service of the Democratic party, recommends the Governor of Mississippi to convene the Legislature to call out the troops, and adds:

"The wisest, most just and easiest solution of ruffianism that has outgrown the power of a State, is *the bayonet*."

This is strange language for a region that has been for so many years encouraging "ruffianism," and putting a premium on whipping and murder, while they have been crying out against the *bayonet*; but it is, nevertheless, a hopeful indication.

The *Gibson Reveille*, another Democratic paper published in the State of Mississippi, has the courage to say that

"The Democratic party is unfit to rule 50,000,000 of people, if it has not the self-imposed restraining power to curb and control its own wild passions"

Undoubtedly the Democratic party is unfit to rule a nation of freemen so long as it keeps it party solid by tissue ballots and murder, but despotisms do not relinquish their power because of unfitness, and the shot-gun despotism is the meanest despotism of all.

The Vicksburg *Herald*, another Democratic paper published in Mississippi, is outspoken against the "Yazoo plan" and says plainly that "bull-dozing has borne its legitimate fruit," and that, "twist it as we may this terrible deed was brought about by intolerance in politics." It then goes on to say:

"The days of the Democratic party in Mississippi are numbered, unless its leaders at once meet the responsibility that rests upon them. The white voters of Mississippi must make future affairs of this kind an impossibility. The silent, powerful ballot is the court that must try this fearful evil of bull-dozing and pass sentence on it, sweeping its advocates from all the channels that lead to power."

But the trouble is that the *silent court of the ballot* is a corrupt *court* and that the South refuses to have it purified. The storm which it has raised against bayonets was for the very purpose of giving a free swing to the bull-dozers, and your Gen. Rice and other Ohio orators are pleading the cause of Dixon's murderers when they say as Rice said the other day:

"We insist that the army shall be kept away from the polls and that the Federal Government shall not exercise authority over elections held within the States in any manner by Federal Supervisors or Deputy Marshals."

He goes on to say what is true, that "the question of suffrage is greater in a Republic than any other and if it is in doubt the life of the Government is in peril." If that is so then, clearly, the purity of the ballot should be protected. The bull-dozer should be ruled down by the strong arm of power, the man that interferes with the fairness of the election by shooting or false swearing or cheating should be punished, and rifle clubs and red shirt militia should not be allowed to dominate at the polls, while the Federal Supervisor, subject to the call of either party, is excluded.

The despotism of the mob is not liberty, and a South made solid by fraud and murder is not the beau ideal of a "Republic." The New York *Herald*, which has spoken some sensible words on this subject, says that a solid South is not a *natural phenomenon*. No, solidity means despotism, and not freedom, and those who count so confidently upon it as a means of vaulting into power may talk ever so glibly about the freedom of the ballot, but they thoroughly understand that the complete supremacy of Democratic methods in the Government would be the destruction of republican party. The *Herald* says:

It is the greatest folly in the world for the Northern Democrats to foster and count on the "solid South." If they were wise they would insist on an immediate and decided break in the Southern line. To force the South to be solid is the most hazardous experiment which the Democrats can make."

Gen. Rice mouths about a *free ballot*, but he has not heard about the Yazoo plan or the murder of Dixon; and, when he states that "this question of franchise is the dearest prerogative of freemen," it would have been exceedingly interesting if he had gone a little further and told us how dear it was to the emancipated classes, or the Independents, or any other persons who attempt to interfere with that nice little arrangement called the Solid South.

Gen. Rice professes to want fair elections. Does he think he can get them by the Yazoo plan? Are they to be obtained by tissue ballots, or bulldozing rifle clubs, or by shooting down political opponents? He knows better.

BUCKEYE.

THE THUNDERER.

It Gives Its Views Upon the Fishery Question and Makes Some Hard Hits at the United States.

LONDON, Sept. 2.—The Times, reviewing the fisheries question, says: The opinion expressed in the United States that the whole question should be settled between the State department and foreign office, without the North American Colonies having a voice in the matter, betokens misapprehension of the policy of the British Empire, which accords to itself and governing colonies, freedom of action which is limited only by imperial considerations. Inshore fisheries are the inalienable heritage of Canada and Newfoundland, and those countries must say whether and on what terms participation in them should be granted to a foreign country. It is somewhat surprising that the United States, which owe their existence as a Nation to the assertion of the very principle that a Colony must have a voice in any negotiations which affect its interests, should not understand the same principles when asserted on behalf of Canada.

The intrinsic value of the property destroyed on the occasion of the Fortune Bay fracas is a mere trifle as compared with $103,000, and as that sum is the American estimate of some two or three boats being prevented from making a single catch of fish, it looks as if the fishing privileges granted by the treaty of Washington, were of greater value than the people of the United States have been hitherto willing to allow.

It is satisfactory to find the Government at Washington repudiates all intention of asking any reconsideration of the Halifax award, on the grounds of subsequent ill treatment of fishermen. Were the Fortune Bay claims the only surviving difficulty in connection with the fisheries question, it would serve to show by its insignificance, the dimensions to which a formidable international matter had been reduced. Unfortunately while the question will soon come up again, any further arrangement on the Halifax plan, unless preceded by a final and conclusive settlement of the headlands dispute and rights of American fishing vessels in British North American ports would be unsatisfactory. Seeing that the fisheries question is as old as the war of 1812, and that it is happily only a grave question between two countries, surely it calls for diplomatic action to settle immediately and forever.

This statement of the Times is thought to embody the official view of the question.

An Intelligent Cat.

Denver Tribune.

Champa street has a remarkable cat. She has one kitten, the most beautiful, precocious little "kit" that was ever seen. As I was passing her going home one day I greeted her after the customary manner of saluting fine, genial, well bred cats, and was continuing my way, when she commenced calling, and, as I kept on, she raised her voice as if about to summon a band of serenaders. Said I, "Puss, what is the matter? What makes you call so loud?" I looked, and, behold, she had followed me as far as the cellar and there perched upon the door, so to speak. It was evident that she wanted me to follow her; I went, puss going ahead until she came to a barrel, when she leaped upon the side and mewed, inviting me to look in. This was the nest of her kitten, and the little thing was in serious trouble, and this was the mother's method to obtain relief. A gunny sack had been placed in the barrel for the cats to lie upon, and the little kitten, in squirming around, had become entangled in a raveling. The string was four times around the little creature's neck, and it was in danger of being choked to death. I informed the grocery man of the kit's dilemma, and he cut the strings with a sharp knife. The old cat then came out of the barrel and followed us up to the walk, expressing her thanks with many contortions of her body.

THE ILL-FATED SOUTH.

Reports from the Yellow Fever Districts—Death of Gen. J. B. Hood.

MEMPHIS, Aug. 26.—Twenty-nine cases in all were reported to the Board of Health to day, 13 of whom are colored. Among the whites reported this One additional death occurred. Dennis Norton, at the City Hospital. Dr. G. D. Bradford, Inspecting Officer of the State Board of Health, who was sent to White's Station, Tenn., returned to day and reports having isolated the case of fever found there, which was traced to infection from this City.

At the conference to-day between Hon. Jno. Johnson, Superintendent of Quarantine, and representatives of the colored churches, it was agreed that henceforth all places of worship would be kept closed.

Dr. J. W. Ross, Post Assistant Surgeon of the United States Navy, who volunteered for service in the yellow fever district, and was ordered by the Secretary of the Navy to report to the National Board of Health, and by them assigned to duty in Memphis, as aid to R. W. Mitchell, arrived to night.

NEW ORLEANS, August 27.—Dr. S. M. Bemis reports to-day officially to the Board of Health that Gen. J. B. Hood and his daughter, Lydia Hood, aged ten years, are both down with yellow fever, on Third near Annunciation street. The child was taken sick yesterday, the General this morning. Dr. Bemis, who is the family physician, is in attendance.

MEMPHIS, Aug. 27.—The weather continues to grow warmer. It will be noticed that the whites again predominate over the colored, from which the inference will be drawn that the negros were not the the only ones who should have gone to camps when the authorities were employing every reasonable means to depopulate the City. The fresh cases are generally reported from newly infected districts, in which persons unable to leave on the first outbreak of the fever, like the colored people, refused to go where subsistence and comfort were offered until the plague had subsided, and it was generally from these came the loud denunciations of the arbitrariness of the colored people. In saying this I do not in the least justify the colored people, but censure the whites more, because their intelligence should have prompted them to set the example they so much desired the colored element to follow.

Twenty-two cases in all—10 white and 12 colored—were reported to the Board of Health.

The Howard Association to-day assigned 25 nurses to duty.

The Ancient Order of United Workmen Relief Committee appeal to their brethren in the State of Tennessee for funds to care for the sick. All remittances to be forwarded to Samuel O. Taylor, Chairman State National Bank.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., August 38.—Dr. J. W. Ross, of the United States Navy, has been assigned to duty here by the National Board of Health, to labor in conjunction with Dr. R. W. Mitchell. The doctor did efficient service last season during the epidemic at Holly Springs and he is regarded as a valuable acquisition to the sanitary service here. The gentleman has arrived and gone to work vigorously.

The order to evacuate the public streets after 9 o'clock at night works beautifully, and is the most sensible edict issued by our State Board of Health. Our public highways are as quiet as a graveyard after nightfall. Still the thieves find a way to get their work in occasionally. The residence of Thomas Fisher, on Linden street, was ransacked last night, or the night before. The villains entered from the rear, and the amount carried off is unknown. The keys of the premises had been left with a neighbor.

Except those on official or other imperative duty, all persons evacuate the highways after nightfall, and the colored soldiers appear to be doing their utmost to fulfill their mission of preserving public peace. Of 16,000 inhabitants, not more than 300 are sick, if there are so many. The people continue to refuse to go into camp outside of the City. Not over 1,600, all told, have gone out to live in tents and drawn free rations.

The acclimated, or yellow fever proof element, are becoming victims to attacks of ague, which is now prevailing. There have been no serious attacks, the first symptoms being, thus far, easily checked with a few quinine capsules. Some argue that this is the result of too much watermelon, indulged in under the impression that this berry is a good preventive of yellow fever.

Memphis is not the only sufferer from the rigid quarantine regulations obstructing the carrying of the mails. A letter from Covington, Tenn., this morning, speaks as follows: We have not had any Memphis mail here for three weeks or a month, until Saturday evening, the 23d, when a whole express load arrived via Macon.

LITTLE ROCK, Aug. 29.—The Little Rock Board of Health adopted the following resolution last night:

WHEREAS, The expense of supporting a State quarantine over two seasons has fallen almost entirely on Little Rock, and has become a greater strain than generosity can bear; therefore,

Resolved, That after the 6th of September, prox., this Board will exercise supervision over quarantine no further than the quarantine limits of the City—five miles.

Notice has been given the State Board and local co-operating boards. The State Board will at once assume supervision over the general quarantine.

MEMPHIS, Aug. 29.—Five new cases were reported to the Board of Health this morning.

Seven deaths have occurred since last evening. Among the number are Louis Fazzi, W. H. Johnson, Mary McCormick, James Whitehead.

The fever is again on the increase. Twenty-two cases in all, six white and 16 colored were reported to the Board of Health to day.

Twenty-five nurses nurses were assigned to duty to-day by the Howard Association

W. J. Berlin, Vice President of the Knights of Honor, and Secretary of the A. O. U. W. relief societies, was stricken with the fever last night. He had a severe attack last year.

The Times says within Camp street, River, Second and Seventh streets the fever has been confined during its existence through the present year, and there are now said to be within the area five cases all told. Of these, one is believed to be convalescent, one was attacked Friday, one August 25; the other two since then.

Since the first case of yellow fever, July 22, there have been 17 cases and five deaths. With three exceptions all the cases were in the Fourth district.

NEW ORLEANS, Aug. 30.—Gen. J. B. Hood died at 4 o clock this morning. he used military expressions to the last. Perceiving slightly favorable symptoms he said to Dr. Bemis, "We may yet dislodge the enemy." As a measure of precaution none of the military associations to which the General belonged have been invited to the funeral. He will be buried this afternoon.

Gen. Hood leaves 11 children, the eldest 10 years old, the youngest (twins) three weeks. His physical condition has been bad for some time, caused, it is alleged, by financial reverses. The death of his wife affected him very much. He leaves a manuscript of a history of the war, which he intended to have published this Fall.

NEW ORLEANS, Aug. 31.—Papers signed by C. B. White, Sanitary Director and Edward Fenners Vice President of the Sanitary Auxiliary Association, and approved by Dr. S. M. Barnes, of the National Board of Health say: "Correct information that may take place of idle and extravagant rumors. We give the following list of all cases of yellow fever that have occurred, beginning with the first one landed here (Here follows a list of the names and dates as heretofore telegraphed), showing that 17 cases have occurred, seven recovered; six have died and four still under treatment. The first occurred July 22, the last, Edith Wood, on August 29. Fifteen of these cases occurred in 11 houses, in a parallelogram of three blocks by six. One of the other two cases, the genuineness of which after examination was doubted by very high medical authority, lived in the outskirts of the city in close proximity to swamps. The other was an imported case from Morgan City.

HOUSTON, Tex., Aug. 31.—When the train arrived at the City limits it was halted by the whole police force of Houston. The United States Marshal having deputized about 100 persons on the train, then arrested the Police. On coming into the City the United States officers were themselves arrested by the City authorities and taken into custody. At 9 P. M., they were brought before Mayor Burk in the office of the Chief of Police, and the Chief announced that each was required to give a bond of $50 for his appearance at the City Court on Monday, to answer to the charge of violating the quarantine law.

United States District Attorney Howan said he and his party acted under the authority of the United States Government, and by order from Gov. Roberts, of Texas. He showed dispatches from the Governor to the conductor, telling him to take the train through at all hazards. The prisoners refused to give bail, Howan announcing that they would immediately apply to Judge Patterson for a writ of habeas corpus. Great indignation is felt here against the United States officials for their interfering.

The prisoners were released, and allowed to proceed.

The train men and United States officers alone were held, and are endeavoring to get a hearing before the District Judge to night.

MEMPHIS, Sept. 1.—Eight new cases white and one colored reported to the Board of Health this morning. Among the number are Morgan McHugh, Mrs. Mattie Dean, Jack Wright, Louis Smith, and Mary M. Beattie. Four deaths have occurred since last night, Ada Hurst, Louis M. Kirkland, Ella Arnold and James Mead.

A. D. Langstaff, the President of the Howard Association, left this morning via the Louisville & Nashville Railroad. He will visit the principal Cities of the North, East and West in the interest of the Association to consult with those parties who so nobly aided in soliciting contributions for the relief of the yellow fever sufferers at Memphis last year

MEMPHIS, Sept. 1.—Sixteen cases in all, 13 white and three colored, were reported to the Board of Health to-day.

Four additional interments have been reported by the undertakers: Walter B. Lucas, William H. West, Mrs. W. G. Richardson and David P. House.

The City is being thoroughly disinfected under the auspices of the State Board of Health officials.

Dr. John Gordon, the physician sent by the Howards to Julian Bedford, at Bailey's, Tenn., returned this afternoon and reported him down with a genuine case of yellow fever.

The Howards have placed 30 additional nurses on duty to-day.

The weather is cloudy. The thermometer ranges between 60 and 80 degrees.

The Odd Fellow brotherhood have expended $2,000 in nursing and burying members of their order, an average of $36 to each person ill. They practice the closest possible economy, but leave nothing undone to carry their patients through successfully. The death rate so far has been about one in four; last year they were unable to save but three in eight, and they buried over 100 persons during the plague. There is now about 100 Odd Fellows here, and with their families 500 persons look to the order for help if attacked with fever.

NEW ORLEANS, Sept. 1.—Gen. Hood's seven year old daughter is improving. His son, aged eight, became sick with the fever yesterday.

The Board of Health requests physicians to make an immediate and careful report of all suspicious cases of fever that the Board may test, as far as possible, the efficiency of such preventives or restrictive measures against the spread of the fever as may be recommended by science or justified by experience. The Board also requests physicians attending persons dying of yellow fever to urge upon their friends the earliest possible burial, and to have the casket containing the body surrounded with charcoal, to prevent the spread of the disease in the streets or at the cemetery. The practice of advertising funerals and inviting friends to attend, is asked to be suspended.

The City Council, Sanitary Association and President were requested to urge the adoption of these suggestions. At the executive session of the Board of Health, Dr. Bemis, of the National Board, and all the Sanitary Inspectors being present, measures were taken for the isolation of cases and fumigation of the infected districts.

The financiers of other Cities are moving to form a syndicate for the liquidation of the debt of this City.

MEMPHIS, Sept. 2.—Two new cases were reported to the Board of Health this morning—Otto Sartorious and Daniel Fowlkes. Four deaths have occurred since last night—George W. Mathews, Patrick McLane, Thomas McMahon, and Eugene Williams (colored). The fever has evidently gained a foothold at Buntyn Station, six miles east of the City on the Memphis & Charleston Railroad. Eight cases are reported in that immediate neighborhood. J. C. Houck and wife, living in the same vicinity, were stricken yesterday. Rain has been falling since midnight.

LOUISVILLE, Sept. 2.—A private telegram from a reliable source at Grenada, Miss., says there is great excitement there over a local case of yellow fever.

The Humors of the Paris Exposition.

Washington Dispatch to Evening Telegraph

Among the humors of the late Paris Exposition are the errors committed in the awards of diplomas to a number of the American exhibitors, growing out of the unfamiliarity of the Commission of Awards with the American vernacular. In looking over the diplomas which have been received at the office of the Commissioner General the following have been casually noted: The diploma intended for the Providence Tool Company is addressed to the Providence *Fool* Company; that for the Gardner Gun Company is granted for a Fusif pour la Jardiniere or Gun, for a Gardener; that for the Wamsutta Mills is granted to *Mons* Wausutta. The Waterbury Button Company receives its diploma in the name of Waterbury, Button & Company. The Commissioner General, understanding for whom the diplomas were intended, forwarded them to their destination. The parties, however, express great disappointment, especially the "Providence *Fool* Company," who are anxious for a revision of the award in so far as the designation is concerned, as they are hardly willing to make a public exhibition of their laurels under any such colors as those indicated.

HABIT, if not necessity, makes a hair dressing such as Dr. Ayer's laboratory issues indispensable to many. The "Vigor" is one of the most delightful we have ever used. It restores not only the color, but gloss and luxuriance, to faded and gray hair.

"Lies! Big Lies!"

Not so fast, my friend; for if you would see the strong, healthy, blooming men, women and children that have been raised from beds of sickness, suffering and almost death, by the use of Hop Bitters, you would say "Truth, glorious truth." See "Truths," in another column.

"Let Them Not be Confounded!"

There is so much said in the papers of the day about the action of the Constitutional Convention of the State of Louisiana just adjourned, that it is but proper to notify the public that the condemnation of the scaling of the State indebtedness in no way affects the management and the plans of the Louisiana State Lottery Company, which, since its incorporation in 1868, has never scaled its schemes or postponed its drawings, but, with strict integrity, has observed its pledges to the public inviolate, and has hence derived a popularity unheard of since the days when Gen. George Washington drew a lottery under the authority of the Continental Congress, to carry on the War for Independence. The next—the 112th—monthly drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery will occur on Tuesday, Sept. 9th, and any information can be had on application to M. A. Dauphin, P. O. Box 692, New Orleans, La., or the same at No. 319 Broadway, New York City.

SECRETARY SHERMAN'S SPEECH

He Makes a Statement in Which Everybody Is Interested.

CINCINNATI, Aug. 26.—Sec. Sherman to day visited the Merchants Exchange and after being introduced by vice President Cunningham spoke as follows:

"GENTLEMEN.—I am deeply grateful to you for your kind reception in this busy market of commerce, and I know there is but little time except for the exchange of courtesies. I however wish to make a purely business statement relating to a matter in which you in common with other business men are interested.

The complaint has been made of the recent order of the Treasury Department extending somewhat the time for the withdrawal from the national Bank depositaries of the proceeds of the sale of four per cent bonds. "I did this after a full examination of the matter and am firmly of the opinion that if I had not done so serious injury to business would have been the result. The refunding operations of the Government have been uniformly so conducted as to interfere as little as possible with the money market, or with private business. The object has been to make the exchange of four per cent bonds for the five and six per cent. bonds, either directly or by credit, through national bank depositories authorized for that purpose. With this view a notice was publicly given that the proceeds of the four per cent. bonds would not be called for until needed to pay called bonds, which could only be paid when presented after the 90 days notice required by law. When, however, the refunding operations ceased on the 21st of July, it was the desire of the Treasury Department to close the loan accounts as soon as practicable. Believing that the called bonds would be presented by the 1st of September, I directed the Treasurer to draw upon the Depository banks for money as fast as needed, to meet the called bonds, and at all events to close these accounts from September 1 to 15, and he was acting on this order when I returned from the North early in August, and under it over $300,000,000 of called bonds were paid for, but the called bonds had not been presented as anticipated. On the 13th of September the amount of called bonds outstanding was about $65,000,000 but only about $38,000,000 remained on deposit with the National Bank depositors Over $16,000,000 in excess of the sum wanted to meet the payment of called bonds that had been withdrawn into the Treasury from the market, with a view to the closing of the loan accounts at the time stated. General complaint was made that this operation was injuriously affecting the business, was advancing the rate of interest and was unnecessarily drawing legal-tenders from the market. To meet this condition of affairs, upon the advice of the Treasurer at Washington and the Assistant Treasurer at New York, I issued this order:

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, Aug. 13, 1879.

James Gilfillan, Treasury United States:

SIR:—With a view to closing as soon as practicable the accounts of the Department with depositary banks on loan account without unnecessary disturbance of the money market or the withdrawal of legal-tenders from current business, you will please receive from such depositories in payment called bonds to be creditde when passed through the loan division. You will require from such depositaries sufficient money in addition to the called bonds credited to meet all demands for the payment of called bonds; and so as to insure the withdrawal of deposits on loan account on or before the 1st of October next. The letter of the Department of March 26th is modified accordingly.

Very respectfully,

JOHN SHERMAN, Secretary.

The statements that this was done to relieve the banks, or to help any one, or that I ever had been or was interested in any bank, are simply false, made without foundation or excuse, but on a political sensation. The reason why the unsettled accounts are with the First National Bank and the National Bank of Commerce of New York, is because the Bank of Commerce made the $40,000,000 subscription, closing the 5:20's, and the First National Bank made the subscription of $121,000,000, closing the 10:40's, and these being the last subscriptions are naturally the last drawn upon.

I have received a statement of the balances on the evening of Saturday last showing that the amount of outstanding called bonds unpaid was amount of $48,952,258.61. The amount of deposits with National Banks the proceeds of bonds sold was $32,947,613.57. For all of this the Government is secured by a deposit a larger amount of U. S. bonds. Where four per cent. bonds are taken as security an additional margin of five per cent. is required—about $10,000,000 of these bond are held by Mr. Conaut, the U. S. agent in London, for exchange and are daily being paid by the transmission of called bonds in the ordinary course of business—none of the outstanding bonds bear interest. I submit to you whether on the 13th of August it would have been advisable for me to have continued to drain the money market of legal tenders, and hoard them in the Treasury to await the presentation of called bonds. If this course had been adopted the clamor would have been much louder, and much more ut. I did exactly right in the order of the 3d of August, and stand by it. And now, under it, the loan accounts are being quietly and rapidly closed without any disturbance in the money market. If this clamor will only induce the holders of the called bonds to send them in for payment, I would be greatly rejoiced.

For Aggression.

Cincinnati Commercial.

This solidity of the South is not for self protection; it is for aggression. It represents the revival of the old sectional pretensions of the South. It controls the Democratic party with the same old disregard of circumstances.

Their Invincible Stupidity.

Cincinnati Commercial (Ind.).

The invincible stupidity of the theorists of inflation is not surpassed by that of the antique preacher who insists that the earth is flat, and that the sun moves around it. He has at least what he considers the highest authority for his proposition, and, like the inflationists, defies the demonstrations of facts and figures.

The trouble with Eli Perkins is emotional paralysis of the memory.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

TUTT'S PILLS

SYMPTOMS OF A

TORPID LIVER.

Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulderblade, fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache generally over the right eye, Restlessness with fitful dreams, highly colored Urine.

IF THESE WARNINGS ARE UNHEEDED, SERIOUS DISEASES WILL SOON BE DEVELOPED.

TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer.

CONSTIPATION.

Only with regularity of the bowels can perfect health be enjoyed. If the constipation is of recent date, a single dose of TUTT'S PILLS will suffice, but if it has become habitual, one pill should be taken every night, gradually lessening the frequency of the dose until a regular daily movement is obtained, which will soon follow.

Dr. I. Guy Lewis, Fulton, Ark., says:

"After a practice of 25 years, I pronounce TUTT'S PILLS the best anti-billous medicine ever made."

Rev. F. R. Osgood, New York, says:

"I have had Dyspepsia, Weak Stomach and Nervousness; I never had any medicine to do me so much good as TUTT'S PILLS. They are as good as represented."

Office 35 Murray Street, New York.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a Natural Color, acts Instantaneously, and is as Harmless as spring water. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.

Office 35 Murray St., New York.

Couldn't Game Him.

Detroit Free Press.

There was a strapping big young fellow from the interior at the foot of Woodward avenue yesterday, to see the shipping. Several boot blacks had tackled him for a job in vain, and they finally got together behind some bunches of shingles and went into committee of the whole to concoct a scheme for revenge. As a result, an innocent looking sinner sidled up to the stranger and said:

"See here, Johnnie, I've made a bet with the boys."

"Wall, I don't keer," was the cold-hearted answer.

"I've made a bet that I kin shine one o' them shoes o' your'n in less'n four minits," continued the boy. "The bet is a quarter, and I know you'll gin me a chance to win it. Jist stick out yer foot here, and the job won't cost ye a cent."

The stranger slowly consented, and held his watch to time the work. The lad worked fast and he had a good polish on the shoe in about three minutes. When through he rose up, packed away his brushes, and the stranger found himself in just the fix the boys had planned. They expected an offer to complete the job, but it did not come. After a moment devoted to thought the young man descended the steps to the Harbor Master's boat, reached out his leg for the water, and "souse" went the shiny shoe below the surface.

"I reckon," said the stranger, as he pulled in his leg and let half a gallon of water run out of his shoe—"I reckon you boys think you're smart, but none of our family ever mistook saleratus for salsody, and I didn't come to town to have my hair cut with a buzz saw!"

GENERAL EFFECTS OF

FELLOWS'

Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites

The first apparent effect is to increase the appetite. It assists digestion, and causes the food to assimilate properly—thus the system is nourished. It also, by its tonic action on the digestive organs, induces more copious and regular evacuations. Its effect on the mucous membrane is such that easy expectoration is produced; not only are the air passages easily voided of the secretion already deposited, but its collection is carried on in a healthy manner, while the formation of tubercle is retarded. The rapidity with which patients take on flesh while under the influence of the Syrup, of itself indicates that no other preparation can be better adapted to help and nourish the constitution, and hence be more efficacious in all depression of spirits, shaking or trembling of the hands or body, cough, shortness of breath, or consumptive habit. The nerves and muscles become strengthened and the blood purified.

Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites

Speedily and permanently cures Congestion of the Lungs, Bronchitis, Consumption, Nervous prostration, Shortness of Breath, Palpitation of the Heart, Trembling of the Hands and Limbs, Physical and Mental Depression, Loss of Appetite, Loss of Energy, Loss of Memory. It acts with vigor, gentleness and subtlety, owing to the exquisite harmony of its ingredients, akin to pure blood itself. Price, $1.50 per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Walding, Kinnan & Co., Agents

L.S.L.

A SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY TO WIN A FORTUNE. NINTH GRAND DISTRIBUTION, CLASS I, AT NEW ORLEANS, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 9th, 1879—112th Monthly Drawing.

Louisiana State Lottery Company

This institution was regularly incorporated by the Legislature of the State for Educational and Charitable purposes in 1868 for the term of Twenty-five Years, to which contract the inviolable faith of the State is pledged, with a capital of $1,000,000 to which it has since added a reserve fund of $350,000. ITS GRAND SINGLE NUMBER DISTRIBUTIONS will take place monthly on the second Tuesday. It never scales or postpones. Look at the following Distribution:

CAPITAL PRIZE, $30,000.
100,000 TICKETS AT TWO DOLLARS EACH
HALF-TICKETS, ONE DOLLAR.
LIST OF PRIZES:

1 Capital Prize	$30,000
1 Capital Prize	10,000
1 Capital Prize	5,000
2 Prizes of $2,500	5,000
5 Prizes of 1,000	5,000
20 Prizes of 500	10,000
100 Prizes of 100	10,000
200 Prizes of 50	10,000
500 Prizes of 20	10,000
1000 Prizes of 10	10,000

APPROXIMATION PRIZES.

9 Approximation Prizes of $300	2,700
9 Approximation Prizes of 200	1,800
9 Approximation Prizes of 100	900
1857 Prizes, amounting to	$110,400

Responsible corresponding agents wanted at all prominent points, to whom a liberal compensation will be paid.

Application for rates to clubs should only be made to the Home Office in New Orleans.

Write, clearly stating full address, for further information, or send orders to

M. A. DAUPHIN,
P. O. Box 692, New Orleans, La.
Or same at No. 319 Broadway, New York.

All our Grand Extraordinary Drawings are under the supervision and management of GENERALS G. T. BEAUREGARD and JUBAL A. EARLY.

SUFFERERS from Nervous Debility, etc., can learn of a certain and speedy remedy, FREE. Address Dr. H., 189 Sixth street, Cincinnati, O.

OPIUM Morphine and Chloral habits cured in 10 to 15 days. No PAY until cured. H. L. BAKER, M. D., Blissfield, Mich.

$2 WATCHES. Cheapest in the known world. Agents wanted. Address COULTER & CO., Chicago.

60 Lily, Floral, Enamel, Gilt Scroll, Motto, Marble Cards, no 2 alike, name on, 10c. Card Mills, Northford, Ct.

50 FINE CARDS, no 2 alike, with name and case 10c; 50 white, 10c. POSTMASTER, Higganum, Ct.

Authorized by the Commonwealth of Ky.

12th

Popular Monthly Drawing of the

Commonwealth Distribution Company

AT MACAULEY'S THEATRE,

in the City of Louisville, on

SEPTEMBER 30, 1879.

Drawings, NEVER POSTPONED, occur regularly on the last day of every month (Sundays excepted) and will be supervised by men of undoubted character and standing, and ticket-holders, agents and clubs are respectfully requested to send on representatives with proper credentials to examine into the Drawing

A New Era in History of LOTTERIES.

Grand and unprecedented success of the new features.

Every ticket-holder can be his own supervisor. Call out his number and see it placed in the wheel. The Management call attention to the grand opportunity presented of obtaining for only $2, any of

THE FOLLOWING PRIZES.

1 Prize	$30,000	100 Prizes, $100 each,	$10,000
1 Prize	10,000	200 Prizes, 50 each,	10,000
1 Prize	5,000	600 Prizes, 20 each,	12,000
		1000 Prizes, 10 each,	10,000
10 Prizes, $1,000 each,	$10,000		
20 Prizes, 500 each,	10,000		
9 Prizes, $300 each, Approximation Prizes			$2,700
9 Prizes, 200 each, " "			1,800
9 Prizes, 100 each, " "			900
1,960 Prizes			$112,400

Whole Tickets, $2. Half Ticket, $1.
27 Tickets, $50. 55 Tickets, $100.

All applications for club rates should be made to the home office.

Full list of drawing published in Louisville Courier-Journal and New York Herald, and mailed to all ticket-holders. For tickets and information, address T. J. COMMERFORD, Secretary, Courier-Journal Building, Louisville, Ky., or 163 Broadway, New York.

$100 REWARD

For a better offer than this. On receipt of 30 cents, either in silver or postage stamps, we will send the Agents' Journal on trial for six months, and, as an inducement for you to subscribe now, we will present you (postage paid) with a neat package of stationery containing 15 sheets fine writing paper, 15 white envelopes, 1 fountain pen, 1 magic pen that will write in fine colors by use of cold water only, 1 memorandum book, 1 lead pencil, 1 pen holder, 1 blotting pad. The Journal is a 16 page monthly. It makes a feature of "showing up" frauds and swindlers. It will keep you posted, and may save you many dollars. It has already saved hundreds of dollars for its readers. Over a score of firms who live by defrauding the public are exposed in the last number. Don't delay but send at once. Address, AGENTS' JOURNAL, 251 Broadway, N. Y.

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DREAM.

Shakespeare's most beautiful creation profusely illustrated in Brown's Shakespearian Almanac for 1880. Now ready and sent free by mail to all who will send their address on a Postal Card to J. GIBSON BROWN, 21 Grand St., Jersey City, N. J.

AGENTS WANTED at once for the only richly illustrated, authentic, and low-priced work fully DESCRIBING THE GREAT TOUR OF

Gen. Grant Around the World,

by Hon. J. T. Headly, the prince of descriptive authors. Lose no time, as the demand is simply immense, and territory being rapidly taken. Will outsell any other book. For full particulars, address HUBBARD BROS, Cor. 4th and Walnut Sts., Cincinnati, O.

$1 Swiss Organ $1

Known as the TYROLEAN MUSICAL BOX.

We will send to every reader of this paper THE TYROLEAN MUSICAL BOX, eight tunes, as follows: "Home, Sweet Home, "The Last Rose of Summer," "Tommy make room for your Uncle," "Baby Mine," "Hold the Fort," "The Blue Danube Waltz," "Dreaming near the moonlight," "All am in the Hay, boys." We will send the Tyrolean Musical Box by mail on receipt of one dollar; 3 for $2.00. SCOTT & SON, Spruce Row, New York.

FARMERS and others, wishing the

BEST WOOD-SAWING MACHINE

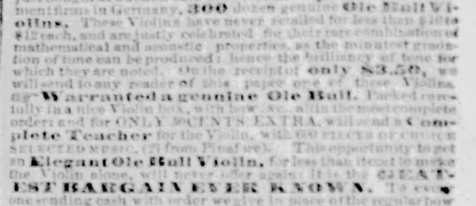
in America, are requested to send for our Price List and Circular. WARRANTED the steadiest, safest and fastest cutting machine in the world! The log needs little or no holding. The saw cannot "jump" or "whip!" Cut this out, and preserve it for future reference. Circular free. Address LOOMIS & NYMAN, Tiffin, Ohio.

AN ELEGANT IMPORTED

OLE BULL VIOLIN.

Only $3.50

With Violin Box, Bow, Ebony Keys and Italian Strings.



The chance to get a fine imported violin for so small a sum never before offered. We have just bought at auction sale of one of the largest musical instrument firms in Germany, 300 dozen genuine Ole Bull Violins. These Violins have never retailed for less than $10 to $12 each, and are justly celebrated for their rare combination of mathematical and acoustic properties, as the minutest gradation of tone can be produced: hence the brilliancy of tone for which they are noted. On the receipt of only $3.50, we will send to any reader of this paper one of these Violins, Warranted a genuine Ole Bull. Packed carefully in a nice Violin box, with bow, &c., all in the most complete order; and for ONLY 50 CENTS EXTRA, will send a Complete Teacher for the Violin, with 600 PIECES OF CHOICE SELECTED MUSIC, (21 from Pinafore). This opportunity to get an Elegant Ole Bull Violin, for less than it cost to make the Violin alone, will never offer again: it is the GREATEST BARGAIN EVER KNOWN. To every one sending cash with order we give in place of the regular bow one with a BEAUTIFUL WHITE IVORY FROG. This bow is one of the handsomest we have in stock, of extra length, and retails for $1.50. In fact no expense has been spared on this Magnificent Offer. The Ole Bull Violin is all and more than we claim for it.

Calthorp, Texas.—"I received the Ole Bull Violin in perfect order, and am highly pleased, being SO MUCH BETTER than I expected." J. F. COLLIER. Oakland Penn.—"The Ole Bull Violin far surpassed my expectations. Enclosed find order for another." W. J. ROSENBERGER.

Orders invariably filled the day received, and satisfaction guaranteed. 1,000 pieces of popular music for Violin, Flute, or Cornet by mail, only $1. Send stamp for 28-page illustrated catalogue of foreign musical instruments. Address

Charles W. Story, 26 Central St., Boston, Mass.

"GOOD PENMANSHIP is very desirable in whatever station in life you are placed, and we are pleased to note that the system of American penmanship introduced by Prof. G. A. Gaskell, of Manchester, New Hampshire, United States, is very popular in London, and is used in many of the leading commercial houses. It is called 'Gaskell's Compendium,' and is simpler and more easily learned, and may be written with greater ease and rapidity, than any of the old styles. Trubner & Co., Booksellers, 57 & 59 Ludgate Hill, have it for sale."—*Pall Mall Gazette*, London, England.

"The salient advantages of Gaskell's system are its legibility, rapidity and beauty. There is no style of writing, plain or ornamental, business or epistolary, for lady or gentleman, which is not included in this admirable system. And we think that if anything at all could fire an indifferent writer with a desire to become an expert and elegant penman, an inspection of Mr. Gaskell's system would do so."—*New York Daily Witness.*

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COMPENDIUM

THIS SYSTEM has been prepared expressly to meet the wants of those desiring to change their present handwriting to a more EASY and BEAUTIFUL style, by home or office practice, without a teacher.

It is the only American system used in the commercial offices of London, Eng., and in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and other cities of the United States.

GASKELL'S COMPENDIUM

CONSISTS OF

Business, Ladies', and Ornamental Penmanship, in all varieties: Movement Exercises, Alphabets, Ledger Headings, Bills, Model Signatures, Corresponding Styles, Album Work, Card-Writing, Pen-Drawing and Shading, German Text, Old English, Off-Hand Flourishing, &c., &c.

All the above are in the form of *written* and other *pen-exercises*, and accompanied with a small BOOK OF INSTRUCTIONS, giving a complete analysis of every capital and small letter, with full directions for Position, Pen-holding and Movement.

IMPROVEMENT OF THOSE USING IT.

Having had a sale of over 75,000, ample opportunity is afforded for testing its value. For the past year we have given in each number of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY and ST. NICHOLAS a full page, showing the improvement of those using it, as received from month to month. The following have never been equalled by any other system, school or teacher. They are perfect reproductions of the original writing.

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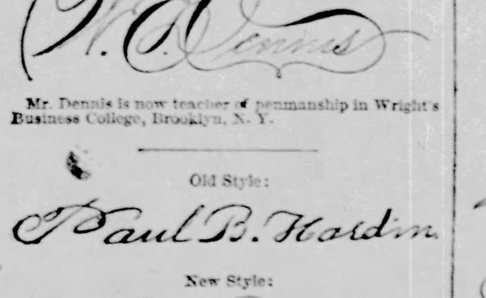
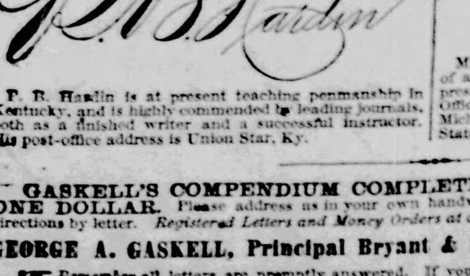


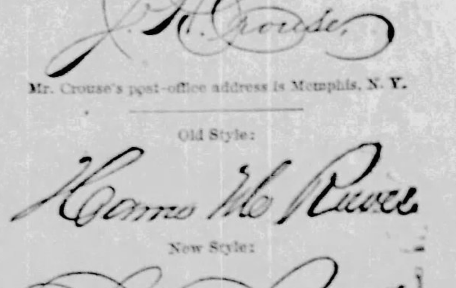
Mr. Dennis is now teacher of penmanship in Wright's Business College, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Old Style: New Style:



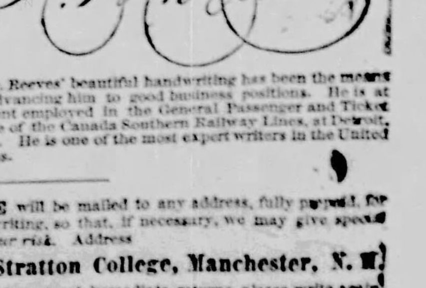
P. B. Hardin is at present teaching penmanship in Kentucky, and is highly commended by leading journals, both as a finished writer and a successful instructor. His post-office address is Union Star, Ky.

Old Style: New Style:



Mr. Crouse's post-office address is Memphis, N. Y.

Old Style: New Style:



Mr. Reeves' beautiful handwriting has been the means of advancing him to good business positions. He is at present employed in the General Passenger and Ticket Office of the Canada Southern Railway Lines, at Detroit, Mich. He is one of the most expert writers in the United States.

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The Household.

CORRESPONDENTS writing for this Department will please observe the following rules:

1. Write Household Department on the envelope.

2. Give real name and Post Office address—not for publication, unless you wish—but for reference in case it is necessary to address you by mail.

3. Write only on one side of the paper; write plainly as possible, and do not interline.

4. Be as brief as the nature of the subject will allow.

Bessie Victor on Punishment.

In an article which appeared in the BLADE of June 12th, I find some remarks in regard to school government; and though I do not profess to be infallible, yet I cannot forbear sending in my plea against the use of the rod in school. No one need ever expect to govern a school successfully unless he has first learned the art of self-government. When this is attained, there are no bounds to the influence a teacher may have over the minds and hearts of his pupils. During an experience in the school-room of over 10 years, I have occasionally used the whip as a means of punishment, and in every case, on reviewing the occurrence, I have felt convinced that some other punishment would have been more efficacious, less degrading, and more beneficial to the pupil. It is a mistaken idea which some teachers entertain that pupils care more for the whip than for any other method of correction. Such in my experience, is not the case; and I have yet to see the child amount to anything great, or even good, who is restrained from evil and compelled to do right solely through fear of the rod. The very nature of its influence, if no other reason, ought to deter the thoughtful, earnest teacher from its use. The object of education is, as much to improve the moral nature, as the intellectual; and when this end is not attained, the education—so called—does more injury than benefit. I cannot believe that children are all born sinful or wicked, any more than all are born round shouldered or otherwise deformed. Their wrong doing is the unhappy result of bad example, worse instruction, and still worse punishments. I do not object to corporal punishment solely on account of its cruelty, for other methods of correction equally barbarous have frequently been practiced; but because all punishment to be of any use, should be such as to remove a desire to do wrong, and that not through fear, but from a pride of doing right. It is much easier to *lead* than to *drive*. It is also easier and better to *prevent* wrong actions than to punish the offender after the act is committed. To do this the teacher *must be interested in his own work*. No half interest is admissible, and in proportion as the teacher is earnest, faithful and wholly absorbed in the success of his school, will be good behavior of the scholars, and consequent absence of necessity for punishment. When a teacher fully realizes the responsibility of his undertaking he will have more care what impressions are made upon the plastic minds of his pupils. Children are extremely apt to imitate the example of their elders, and it is but natural that the teacher should be held in part responsible for many bad habits formed in youth. If the teacher is loud-voiced, noisy, disorderly in dress, and rough and uncouth in manner and deportment, the scholars will follow his example. On the contrary, a quiet, cheerful and self-restrained manner, a low, even tone of voice, and a concentration of attention upon the subject under consideration, will soon make a change for the better. I am glad that the subject has been called up by "Honestas," and hope it will be ventilated by the many interested readers of the BLADE. It is certainly as well worthy of thoughtful discussion, as the subjects of "dancing" and "using tobacco," which so long held the attention of the Household contributors. The manner in which our schools are conducted ought to interest every intelligent reader, whether a teacher or not. BESSIE VICTOR.

Sublette, Adair Co., Mo.

How to Win the Young Ladies' Favor.

It's very easy to make yourself popular among the ladies. Don't stand back and tremble, and think, because you havn't the figure of Adonis, or the face of Apollo, you stand no chance at all. It is not moustaches and straight noses that do the business; women, bless you, don't care a fig for such things, only remember, a few preliminaries and you can make them like you, even if your hair is red and your mouth wide. When you go to make an evening call, don't start too early; ladies are not well pleased to be caught before their curls are arranged; be particularly careful not to sit down on the cat nor kick the dog across the floor—the girls are sure to appreciate any one who knows how to be polite to their pets; if there is a piece of worsted work, admire it; don't forget to mistake the artificial flowers in vases for real; if the young lady is doing crochet work, ask her if she can't teach *you*; beyond everything don't tip back in your chair, for every crack in the fragile furniture there'll be a worse fracture in your friendship. When she begins to yawn behind her handkerchief, take up your hat and go. "Short and sweet, long and bitter," is a good motto for evening visits.

When you are out walking with a lady, don't go striding along until she is forced to run to keep up with you—the first you know she will run off. Notice just how she walks, and moderate your pace accordingly. If she meets a feminine acquaintance and stops for a nice little chat, it is essential that you should not manifest impatience by balancing first on one heel and then on the other. If she wants to look into a shop window stop and admire too, though you may not know a ribbon from a railway station. When you come to a crossing give her the whole of it, and go meekly in the mud. Tell her how becoming her new hat is, and implore her to wear it the next time she goes to church with you. If you meet a rival at her house, don't be rude to him—it is the worst policy in the world, be as polite as possible to him, crush him if you can with courtesy. Never laugh loud in a parlor, and remember to speak accordingly; be blind and deaf to whatever she chooses to keep from your sight and hearing—a steel spring escaping for instance, or Papa in the hall wondering "whether that young fellow means to go home to-night or not?"

Nothing easier than to be a favorite with the ladies: humor them, wait on them, study their little peculiarities, be always ready to escort them anywhere, amuse them when they are dull and laugh with them when they are lively, and though you may be homely as a hedge fence, they will like you ten times better than the handsome block-head who thinks his locks are going to do everything for him. AUGUSTA.

Knob Noster, Mo.

The Tramp Nuisance.

I was in my dooryard making cheese for supper, on looking up I saw, a woman in stocking feet taking long strides towards me, "Good afternoon, you must excuse my apperiance. I am from Barton county Kansas, been on the road 10 weeks. I would like you ma'am to give me some coffee." That portion of Scripture which says, "give and it shall be given unto you" flashed across my mind, and I invited her in the house, I gave the coffee. She spied some eggs in a box close by, "I love eggs so well please give me some of them eggs," so the eggs were counted out. By this time two wagons drove up with 15 ragged, dirty children in, almost nude, the rags barely covered their nakedness, I asked my guest what made them leave Kansas, "the Niggar; the Niggar! My God we couldn't live there for them, they flocked in by thousands, it is nothing but Niggars, starvation, and distress, in Kansas." Please give me some butter" the butter was dished out; won't you let me have some honey. I want honey so bad." The jar of honey was opened. "I am nearly dead for some lean meat, won't you give me a ham? I have pickled pork, but I cannot eat it." The meat was carried to the wagon; "give me some corn for our horses." The boys were sent to the crib and dumped the corn out. I asked myself where does charity begin? She stepped to my room door: "Oh! your bed looks like a bed of snow. Did you make that counterpin?" "I did." "Give it to me." "I would have none left for myself." "You can make another." "Madam, I have given you all I intend to." "God has blessed you with a home and plenty." I said, "suppose I was to go and sit in the fence corner, or tramp the roads as you do, and ask God to give do you suppose he would shower those blessings on me." God helps those who help themselves." "What would you do if you were poor as I am?" I would go to work. There is no need of any one being in such circumstances in life. God has blessed you and your husband with health and strength. Go and earn your bread, as He has commanded you, by the sweat of your brow, as I earn mine. My humble visitor started to leave, got half way across the yard, turned around with, "Give me a hairpin." I was somewhat amused. We know not who to be charitable to. Beggars have quit going afoot; they come in wagons, and will beg for everything they see—take the dress off your back, if you would give it.

There is a certain old Coon in this neighborhood that owns half a section of land, who watches his chance to pick up some body's late BLADE and then make a strike for home. Not long since our village doctor laid his last BLADE down and turned around to do something, came back, to find it had taken feet and walked off. "Peter, where is my BLADE?" "Why, pa, did you not see old Coon stuff it in his pocket?" "Go tell him to bring that paper back, here I have not read one word in it." Now, this old Coon has frequently been asked by agents to subscribe for the BLADE, his answer always is, "it advocates the Republican principle too strong for me." It is not so strong Republican but what he will pick up a man's BLADE, walk off with it every chance he gets.

MRS. ALICE B.

Pawnee, Ill.

Denies the Soft Impeachment.

Being one of "French's" party who called for information from the West in BLADE of May 8th, I desire to use a brief space in your columns to thank those who so kindly and promptly responded to our call. So many letters have been received that it is simply impossible to answer otherwise. We received much valuable knowledge of different localities, and learned two things that surprised us. First, that so many girls want better paying places, and, second, that so many men can't get wives. We have always heard that only women *couldn't* get married, men remained single from choice? and lo! here are any number of forlorn ones. Surely Massachusetts ought to send some of her surplus non voters to Kansas.

What was there in our simple request to induce the idea that we were in want of husbands? We may marry sometime, but that is not our chief object in life. If a *young man* had asked where there was a demand for his services, or a good place for business, no one would have thought it was a wife he wanted. And bless your hearts! there are plenty of marriageable men right here. We don't need to go farther West for such; but we would be glad if each one who can *support* a wife would get one. 'Twould leave room for those who prefer to earn their own bread and butter. The greatest trouble is, so many wives will work so much cheaper than one can afford to for the sake of a little independent pocket money, that there is an unfair competition, especially in sewing.

We would say to the Kansas friend who mistakingly thinks we are complaining of our lot (we rather like it) that if you would wash your dishes before you went to work, you'd like it better. When you and your brother and the friends you name found you could only earn enough to spend you went to Kansas and took a homestead, and are laboring cheerfully in the hope of some day having a home to rest in. So would we, if a way was open, woman-like, to be independent.

SUSAN.

How Women Would Vote.

I think a woman capable of voting equally as well as a man, but it is out of their place. But as to discussing the subject, I am sure that they could get in two words to our one. That being out of place would not be the only drawback. Suppose it was election day and women were voting. An odd supposition, to be sure, but, nevertheless, not an impossible one. They would be up at an unusual hour, and all excited. First, the night before, they would "do their hair up in tins," so to be equal to the emergency. Some of them would get their unnecessary toilet finished by noon, and some of them wouldn't.

Probably by 3 P. M. all would be ready, and probably not.

Upon the way, one—yes, all—would meet "Mrs. Jones or Brown," as the case may be, and then a discussion of the parson's wife's dress that she wore to church last Sunday would consume some time, intercepted by some few giggles at the widow Smith's last summer's bonnet, which "looks so ridiculous" and "is as old as the hills." By the time all these important topics had been disposed of, the polls have been closed, without a single female vote being cast.

But then they would be satisfied, as they had had a friendly talk with "Mrs. Jones," and had seen all the new styles, ridiculed the possessors of the old ones. They get home in time to get a late supper and have a "good cry," and are confined in bed for the next two days with a nervous headache. But *I do think* that a woman should receive the same amount of wages as a man, provided she does the same work, and does it as well.

Did you read Jennie Weston's letter on borrowing reading matter? It was just splendid. But, as she says, it is generally the case, that the ones who do the most borrowing are the ones who can best afford to pay.

BOX 4.

From Little Flo.

I am a very little girl, only 4 years old. I am piecing a bed-quilt—have got 90 blocks pieced. Mamma cuts and bastes them for me, and I sew them over and over, and she fastens them at the end, for fear they will rip. She has a pasteboard pattern three inches square, and cuts two of dark and two of light, making four in a block.

Sometimes I run races with papa, and try to get my block done before he gets his wood chopped. Sometimes I beat him, and sometimes I get a little lazy and he beats me. Then next time I hurry faster.

I have a little brother Laverne. The darling baby, I love him better than any one else in the world. Last Winter I thought he was burned to death. He tipped a washdish of hot water off the "riser" (reservoir) and it went all over him.

How I did cry. I thought it would kill him; but mamma told me not to cry for she would put on some "oiatny" and it wouldn't hurt long. Mamma never leaves hot water on the "riser." The man that came to help papa kill the pigs left it there. I have two canary birds, Ruby and Bobbie. We have given them a nest, and they are working very hard carrying up paper to line it with, so I think they will lay eggs soon. If I ever write again I will tell you more about them. Oh, dear! I can't write any more, for that little Laverne has just thrown a handful of apple skins right in my eye. He is so little he doesn't know any better, dear pet. He is only 17 months old. Good-bye little folks. FLORA V.

China, N. Y.

Washing Made Easy.

A sister ("Fair Play," I think it was) asked how to make washing and ironing an easy task. Here is my method, and washing day is not dreaded as in some households. Take one pound sal soda, one half pound best lime; put in an iron kettle with five quarts of water; let it boil, then set away to cool, and settle then drain off the fluid, put it in a stone jug, and cork it tightly. The evening before you wash, put your white clothes to soak in either warm or cold water. In the morning pass the clothes through the wringer and put them on to boil, or after wringing, put them through the washing machine once, (I prefer the latter way); then have the boiler on the stove half full of boiling water, to which has been added one teacup of the fluid and half a bar of soap, or its equivalent in soft soap; next put in the fine clothes, let them boil 20 minutes, never any longer, boil them hard all those 20 minutes, then take out the fine clothes and put in those of the next grade, but do not add any more fluid, as the one cupful is enough, unless you have a very, very large wash; rinse the clothes thoroughly in two waters and they will be so clear and white that it will be a real pleasure to look at them as they wave to and fro in the sunshine. Sometime, if you wish, I will tell you how to wash gentlemen's wear, as I told the "Home" Sisters of the *Inter-Ocean* a couple of weeks ago. And now, I want to ask you, sisters, if one can be a lady and use "slang." JANE E. WELLS.

Monroe, Wis.

Wants One Topic at a Time.

Is it true, as "Tennie Lane" says, that "too great a responsibility rests on the teacher?" If so, why?

There is a class of well-meaning people who appear to desire to transfer to the teacher the responsibility that rightly belongs to them, and then severely criticise him if he manifests any indisposition to carry it. When the child has reached legal school age, it is turned over, exclusively to him, and he is expected to return, in a few years, a lady or gent of excellent "manners and morals," and one qualified to transact the business of life, correctly and quickly. That will not do, for part of the work is left undone, for where the parent's work ends, there must the teacher's begin. The school should be supplementary to the family circle. "Frank," in his letter, reminds me of what Prof. Campbell once said. In speaking of governing extreme cases where all other human means fail, he said: "I believe in moral suasion; but it is sometimes at the end of a nice switch."

One thing more. Would it not be more beneficial to confine our letters to one particular subject? For instance, let school rewards, or incentives, be taken up, discussed and understood, and then pass to another subject. Could we not recollect what was said better? But this could be adopted when the editor gives the teachers a department.

EUGENE.

Take Time to Live.

I only claim to be a *wholesome* housekeeper. I have never yet found one of these *awful* nice housekeepers any thing but an irritable, overworked woman, with no time to enjoy herself or let those around her; no time to cultivate her mind. I pity such. I let a little dust accumulate once in a while, let my stove get a little brown and tin ware, and I read a good book, spend part of the day in the woods, help my sick neighbor, visit the poor, and carry them a little sack of apples or something of the kind, and I feel better both body and mind, than when I sweep, dust, experiment some new recipe or spend two whole hours getting up a nice meal. I want wholesome cooked victuals, but away with your variety.

MICHIGAN.

A Word of Defense.

Bachelors are men of superior minds and qualities whose home ties have been broken in early life, and whom chance or misfortune has driven from place to place without giving time for the formation of new ones. Some of them have patiently endured hardships and privations that few men would ask a woman to share. Especially in Kansas where a life in the lonely "dugout" or cabin contending with poverty and homesickness has sent many a woman to her grave, do bachelors abound and flourish. Many of them I know are making homes, and after a time marry and make good husbands, even at 40 or more.

What folly to heap ridicule and abuse on men who are really deserving of praise. To revile any man or woman because they fail to marry at a certain age is equally silly and unkind in young or old.

My opinion is that few men of women choose a single life for its own attractions, but as preferable to unhappy marriage. I am not an old bachelor, nor yet an old maid, but I do not like to see either imposed upon. ARMAC.

Mulberry, Kansas.

One Mother Tells Her.

W. I should say by all means keep flannel on your children. I keep it on my two year old boy the year round. Only it is not as thick as in winter. I have always made his shirts high-necked and long-sleeved. It is generally quite cool in the mornings and evenings and I think their little arms and neck ought to be well covered. I hope we shall have letters from mothers who will tell how they dress their babies and what they allow them to eat. In such warm weather one has to be very careful what they eat. My boy has plenty of milk to drink and he is very fond of raw tomatos and onions. I give him all he wants, for I think they are wholesome. Blackberries and raspberries with plenty of good bread and butter are also very healthy for them. Keep your little ones in the house, or in some shady place during the middle of the day. Such hot sun is not good for them. Take off their shoes and stockings and let them play around in the house, they will enjoy it ever so much.

Did Mrs. Wm. Lewis and Cora Buckman receive the patterns I sent them? Please let me know.

PRAIRIE.

More Heirlooms!

I think I have something to match Alcyone's chest. I have a red chest that my grandfather made in Connecticut more than a hundred years ago; like the blue one, it has a till and drawer in one end and a rack in the other end for bottles, and the lid is hung with swivels.

It is 80 years since my parents were married; I have a looking-glass that they had when they first commenced housekeeping, and other keep-sakes, some of which my mother had before she was married. I have a book on the Millenium by Jonathan Edwards, printed in 1794.

Like M. H., I think Helps and Hints very good, though not of much use to farmers' wives and daughters living in a new country. What we want to know is, how to cook a good dinner out of materials that are raised on a farm or bought at a country store.

I have some recipes I have never seen in the papers, I will give some other time. GRANDMOTHER.

Clear Lake, Wis.

Don't Be Above Work.

I agree with "Woodmoss," I do not believe in the sham modesty which so many affect, and I do not think we should inculcate it in children, but let their minds, naturally pure, remain so. Girls should be more independent, giving more of their time to making themselves capable of supporting themselves, and less to dressing, flirting and trying to get a husband. Do not be above work, girls do anything that is upright and honorable. I am a teacher, and love the work. I can do any kind of housework, and am not afraid of spoiling my hands. I can and do do all my own sewing, and find plenty of time to read and study, and am sure I am happier than any of my married associates.

There are avenues always open to the willing, and willing we should all be. We have our rights and should avail ourselves of them.

After we are through with the "kissing question," I should like to see novel-reading discussed.

SPRAY WOODBINE.

Liberty Mills, Ind.

Let Him Do the Petting.

You may have seen great things in Kentucky, Burdock; we do not doubt it in the least. We women are very ignorant creatures, we are willing to admit, for the most we get to refresh our minds at is to cook, wash, iron, scrub, bake, churn, and 'tend to half a dozen little ones; you could not expect us to know much, I am sure; but for my part, if I were to vote, I would use my own judgment about that; I would not ask one of those smart men that sit around and reads the news and asks all the questions he can think of, to try to find out something to make him appear smart. Don't like to ask my husband for money, indeed! "throw your arms around his neck and kiss him." Don't you suppose it would look just as well for him to throw his arm around his wife and say, "Dear, would you not like a little spending money, as I have not given you any for months?" She, perhaps, would appreciate something she had never thought of since the honeymoon was over.

SPITFIRE.

Farmer's Wives.

What is expected of them. We are expected to keep our house work all done up in good order, including cooking, cleaning, milk house and all, washing and ironing, and do our own sewing, make clothes, carpets and bedclothes, and mend and patch, plant and tend the garden, make soap, clean yards, raise our flowers, raise chickens enough every year for eating and keeping over a few to sell. I know plenty of women that do all of these, and hundreds of other little things too tedious to mention. And many of us take care of two or three little children besides. It is almost impossible for us to get time to study our Sabbath school lessons. And yet, we are called the weaker sex. Is it any wonder we are weak, when we are going these rounds, over and over, week in and week out, till the weeks and months have made the years, and lifetime? I am in favor of Woman's Rights, such rights as will do away with some of this mind and body killing drudgery, and give more stimulus for the intellect.

I. C. ALSO.

Lynnville, Iowa.

A New Question.

I wish to ask one and all of the Household readers their opinion about marrying foreigners? Every one of you have seen such marriages, of course.

I think that "Prairie Queen" does not know quite all about children, if hers have never been sick; although I agree with her in regard to their care. They do not need some one trotting or walking or jolting or patting them all the time. They can just as well sleep or play with themselves part of the time.

It would be better if there were more men that were abused; then when they got a good wife they would know better how to treat her.

Exchanges Wanted etc.

I want to exchange birds' eggs and skins. Will exchange stuffed and mounted birds for skins and eggs.—C. H. TODD, Brunswick, O.

I have some good books to exchange—one is new, the history of all the railroads in the United States.—J. LOHR, Greencastle, Franklin Co., Pa.

We have a variety of music to exchange. Send your address and a list of your music; we will in return do the same.—Box 79, Darien, Wis.

I am piecing an Odd Fellow bed-quilt, and would like all to send me a piece of calico light or dark.—ETTIE BOWEN, First Fork, Cameron Co., Pa.

I would like to exchange the *Saturday Evening Post*, as I finish reading it, for the *Saturday Night*, or some other good literary paper.—FRANK M. OPP, Farmer's Retreat, Ind.

I have nice specimens of sulphur, petrified moss, black jack, dry bone, lead ore, petrified fossils, etc., to exchange for anything of equal value.—OLD RELIABLE, Council Hill Station, Ill.

I have for exchange patterns of a kitchen apron, a match safe and a great many other things. I would like patterns of a toilet apron and a braiding pattern for a yoke.—MISS LAURA C. WRIGHT, Shiloh Center, Champaign County, Ill.

I have black Irish marble, iron ore, petrified moss, several church music-books and a lot of school books to exchange for a croquet set or a hammock. Send description of article with stamp for answer to—T. D., Box 81, Elbridge, N. Y.

I have books to exchange for others and magazines all in good condition and some of them new. Send list of your books with number of pages, author's name, style of binding and condition, and I will do the same.—MARION DRAKE, Moscow, Ia.

I would like to exchange some fancy articles of perforated cardboard, for numbers of the BLADE, as they are read, or for house plant slips. The articles are mottoes, air castles, match safes, lamp-light holders.—MISS JENNIE WILLIAMS, Schell City, Vernon Co., Mo.

I have a number of the songs that have been asked for from time to time. If any one has Mrs. Dupey's book, "Who Shall be Victor," or will send me a card, I will send money or exchange specimens for it. I have a large collection of specimens.—MRS. CHARLOTTE HILL, Florissant, Col.

I have an engraving, "The Three Graces," size 26 by 36 inches, to exchange for "Paradise Lost," or "Paradise Regained." I have several other pictures about 11 by 14 inches, to exchange for magazines or any reading that would interest a young lady. Please address me a postal card for particulars.—WINNIE, Box 57, New Garden, O.

I have "Wells's Self-Instruction in Phrenology," a few foreign coins, and a Russian medal to exchange for geological specimens and gold or silver ores or quartz, each one paying her own postage. Send a card stating what you want and what you will exchange for it—J. L. NEFE, Woodview, Morrow Co., O.

I would like to exchange the *Western Rural* for the *Topeka Weekly Commonwealth*, or some other good, large Kansas weekly; also the *Indiana Farmer* for the *Iowa Weekly State Register*; also good large Pennsylvania weeklies for the *Nebraska Farmer*—each as soon as read. —Address D., Box 256, Bellefonte, Pa.

I want Sparks's American Biography, either the entire set or any single volume. I have to exchange over fifty volumes of standard school books, several magazines and an unlimited number of miscellaneous papers. Send postal, stating what volumes you have, their condition, and what you wish in exchange—whether books, magazines or papers.—B. F. WOOD, Alpha, Mo.

I have a choice collection of spicy books to exchange for good reading matter; also the papers of five years' subscription to the *Star Spangled Banner*, *Chicago Ledger*, and *Saturday Night*, any of which I will forward to any BLADE reader, only asking that postage be paid on same.—A. ALLEN CROOKS, Spring Mountain, Coshocton Co., O.

If any one desires to exchange instrumental music, magazines, or anything of value for prairie dogs either stuffed or alive, or horned toads they can be accommodated by addressing me. My brother is an accomplished Taxidermist and I will guarantee satisfaction. I have "Richardson's Beyond the Mississippi" to exchange for his other work, "Field Dungeon, and escape."—WALTER N. BOWEN, Guelph, Kans.

I have many pretty patterns for fancy work, either for card board, canvass or embroidery, to exchange for minerals, sea shells, hyacinth, bulbs or bed quilt patterns. Also will send directions for covering old, unsightly chairs into very pretty ones to any one who desires me to for any of the above mentioned articles. If "Gleaner" will give me her address, I will send her a pattern for a toilet set.—EMMA R. OSGOOD, South Canan, Wayne Co., Pa.

Wanted, back Nos. of the *American Agriculturalist* of any date except 1878. For 12 Nos. I will send "History of the Civil War;" for six Nos., "Howard's Campaign Against the Nez Perces Indians," (new), and for other Nos. of the *Agriculturalist* or some good poultry literature, I will send algea and sea mosses mounted in best style. Books, novels, etc., equal in value to papers sent.—THEODORE G. BOONE, Oneatta, Benton Co., Oregon.

I am gathering postage stamps that have been used. I want 1,000,000. They are only to be cut from the envelopes, and I will tear them loose myself. I want all that can to send me any number from ten to the number required. I will send something in return. I have patterns for tidy, wheels, card-board lamp shades, a card basket to be made of card-board and all cut in one piece; or to any one that will send me a large number—say 1,000—I will send in return something already made.—TEL. CAMPBELL, Moorefield, O.

I wish to exchange a recipe for making a crystal cross for anything useful or ornamental (useful preferred), but shells, flower roots, seeds or slips will be acceptable. I have a first class dress chart (cost $5) to exchange for Webster's dictionary or some other useful book. If Flora Lowry has not already had her hair combings worked up, I can do that as well as any one. Will take in exchange anything useful which is equal in value to the work at 50 cents per ounce.—JANE MARTIN, Marlboro, O.

If Mary Abernethy will send a stamp and address I will send her Minnehaha, etc. If J. F. will send me the Saturday Nights and Cricket on the Hearth and pay the postage, I will send bound books in exchange and pay the postage. Can any one tell me where to get a book the "Prarie Flower," I will return some book of equal value or return the book if wanted. Will some one who has old books or papers or magazines they do not need to take pity on me and send me some? I will return postage stamps.—A. M. S. Box 58, Panora, Ia.

I wish to exchange "Poor Drunkard's Child," "Kiss Me Good-night Sweetheart," "Beautiful Song of the South," "Our Little Pet," "Kiss Me Good-night, Mama," and "Little Jakie," for "I'm the Merriest Girl That's Out," "Little Log Cabin the Home After All," "Kissing Through the Bars," "Two on Earth and Two in Heaven," "Down by the Deep Sad Sea." Would like the music that is sent me to be in a tolerably good state of preservation, as mine is mostly as good as new. Please write me a postal, saying what you have and what you wish in return; each pay her own postage.—MISS ADA BERRY, Waynesboro, Tenn.

I have not received the BLADE of February 27, and find it impossible to obtain one at the office of the BLADE. So if any one has a copy of the above date, I would send in exchange a cabinet photograph of Toby Rosenthal's celebrated painting "Seminary Alarmed." Please notify me by postal card, and to the first card I'll forward the photograph.

Have a number of photographs I would like to exchange for books, fancy work or anything useful or ornamental of like value.—SADIE POOLE, 539, California street, San Francisco, Cal.

I would like to exchange flower seeds, fancy patterns for brackets, bookshelves, picture frames, and designs for all kinds of scroll sawing, music books, magazines or story papers, school books latest kind, or chromos for shells, Indian relics, ores, geological specimens, or any object of natural history suitable for a cabinet of curiosities. Send your specimens to me well packed and fully prepaid, with a letter stating what you want in exchange, and I will return what you wish by mail prepaid in full. Don't delay, as I will only hold this offer good for 30 days after the date of this paper.—WALTER M. HAINES, Lancaster, Wis.

I want sea shells, mineral curiosities of any kind, stereoscopic views, books, pretty fancy work of any kind (especially a lamp mat and toilet set), a pair of pretty vases, skeleton leaves for framing, wax flowers or an Easter cross in wax, and a pattern of a lady's walking skirt. In exchange, I have a piano instruction book; "Root's Curriculum," almost new, cost $4.50; a pretty engraved gold band ring, I will warrant good gold; books, slips of house plants and quite a variety of garden and flower seeds; lovely roses of all kinds, and various other shrubs; good patterns for long basque, and a lovely dress apron. I have also combings of curly hair, medium length, and would like combings of long straight hair, color dark brown. Please send what you have, and tell what you wish. —WINNIE SMITH, West Andover, O.

A Rat's Ride to Death.

Letter to Hartford Times.

A kneen eyed and gray bearded rat in a Rockville, Connecticut, woolen mill had for a long time evaded every devise to entrap him, but an expert took the case in hand and succeeded at last in beguiling him into the trap. When the spring announced that the "old general" was caught, the boys crowded around and peered curiously in at the bright eyes and nervous movements of the old fellow who was "streaking it" inside. It was decided to put him in the "extractor," and if he survived that treatment to let him go. The "extractor" in a woolen mill is a machine used to extract the moisture out of cloth, the process being effected by putting the cloth into a basket that revolves swiftly inside a massive frame work of iron. So the trap was fixed into the basket and the belt run on.

Round and heavily from side to side, but gradually growing steadier as the revolutions became swifter. Steadily the speed went up; one, two, three and four hundred times a minute. The eye could just see a dark spot in the basket, then there was a sudden jar, and a cry was heard that the trap would fly out. On a sudden impulse the belt was flung off, the brake put on, and the machine stopped. Was "graybeard" dead? Not a bit. He was streaking it fore and aft the trap, his lively eyes as bright as ever. Once more he took his place in the basket.

It was to be a ride to the death this time—a fast train that would whirl him around 60 seconds. The "old general" seemed to have an impression that affairs were nearing a climax, for a despairing squeal was heard as the basket again started up.

One minutes, two minutes, three minutes, and the basket was whirling around fully 700 times to the minutes! A steady hum, instead of the surgings, indicated the high speed. Then the belt was thrown off, and the break applied. When the machine stopped the "old general" was no more; but his was a painless death, without the agony and distress usually dealt out to vermin. It must be a novel sensation to be whirled out of the world at a high rate of speed, and I am sorry that I was unable to find whether the effect of revolving turned the creature's brain or extracted the blood, as the moisture is extracted from the cloth. At any rate the experiment has a suggestive feature.

Fish Epidemic.

Conesus Lake, in Livingston County, N. Y., is famous for its large bullheads. This Summer a strange epidemic has broken out among them and the yellow perch. The bullheads came to the shore by hundreds, gasping and apparently dying. After lying in a stupid condition in the shallow water, and partly on the sand, sometimes for a day, they seem to recover, and work their way back into the lake. The perch come to the shore and act in the same manner. None of them recover, however, and the shores are strewn with dead perch, some of them of very large size. Immense numbers of eagles and fish hawks have been attracted to the lake by the dying fish, on which they feed. The many rocky glens and almost inaccessible ravines of Conesus Lake are noisy with the harsh cries of these birds of prey.

At a legal investigation of a liquor seizure, the judge asked an unwilling witness: "What was in the barrel that you had?" The reply was: "Well, your honor, it was marked 'whisky' on one end of the barrel, and 'Pat Duffy' on the other end, so that I can't say whether it was whisky or Pat Duffy was in the barrel, being as I am on my oath.

Our Young Folks.

THE LITTLE BOOT.

BY MARY CLEMMER AMES.

Dumpy, stubby and old,
The funniest little boot,
With mended toe and flattened heel,
Ever worn by a little foot.
Within the children's room
The widowed mother stands,
Still smiling down with misty eyes
On a little boot in her hands.

Carefully laid away,
With a mother's yearning care,
Are toys with which the children played,
The clothes they used to wear.
With loving, longing heart
Her gaze is backward cast,
As she softly lifts the little boot
From the stillness of the past.

She sees a little boy
Thrust out his chubby foot,
And hears his happy laugh and shout
At sight of his first boot.
And, trudging down the road,
Stubbing grass, and leaves, and roots,
She sees again the solid form
Of the little man in boots.
A conqueror that day,
He made the soft airs ring;
Amid the shoeless lads at school
The boy in boots was king.

Oh, the stillness of the room
Where the children used to play!
Oh, the stillness of the empty house,
Since the children went away!
And this the mother life—
"To bear, and love, and lose,"
Till all the sweet sad tale is told
In a pair of little shoes,
In a single broken toy,
A flower pressed, to keep
All fragrance still the faded life
Of one who fell asleep.

The boy who wore the boot!
While his mother's eyes are dim,
Amid the world's unequal strife,
How fareth it with him?
Are the feet of manhood strong
For manhood's sacred race,
His hand outstretched, securely calm,
To clasp its utmost grace?
With love her heart o'erflows,
With love her eyes are dim,
She softly wraps the little boot,
And sends it far to him.

Beside his twilight fire
The eyes of manhood scan
The ancient boot—the far-off boy
Talks through it to the man.
The hard world's vexing road
The boy's foot never pressed,
The boy knew not of manhood's pain,
Nor felt its need of rest.
The man sees all things changed—
The earth, the heaven above;
One thing alone remains the same
To him—his mother's love.
The battered little boot
He takes as from her hand,
And seems all sweetest, purest things,
Better to understand.

Dumpy, stubby and old,
The funniest little boot,
With mended toe and flattened heel,
Ever worn by a little foot!
Yet the boot is a band to bind
The man to his innocent past,
To hold his faithful heart of hearts
To life's first love—and its last!

Little "Knoughbest."

BY ANNETTE L. NOBLE.

Mr. Perkins had a smart child. Sometimes he wished that he was not so smart; for such little boys are like fancy chickens—hard to raise and uncertain in the way they turn out.

Mr. Perkins's son was called Knoughbest; but he was not a foreigner, as you might think. He belonged to his father, his mother, and five aunts. They all tried to bring him up well, and might have succeeded, if he had not alwyys thought he knew best what he ought to do. He had his own ways before he had any opinions; and that was bad enough. Fancy a little chap who wished to sleep with his toes on the pillow and his head at the other end of the bed! But by and by he began to have ways and opinions both; and that was much worse. While his hands and feet were doing remarkable things, his tongue was always explaining why he did them. Some days he made so much trouble that his mother thought she would have to go into a lunatic asylum and spend her days playing with a string, because her wits would be worn out proving to little Knoughbest that he did not know best. Other days she would turn him over to his aunts, who were all unmarried. They would pass him around like a contribution box, and hint to each other that if they "had a child, they'd begin early to train," etc., etc. They forgot Knoughbest squared his fists at his poor mother the second time he saw her.

Well, one morning Knoughbest's mother rose up, sick and weary; and he tumbled out as fresh as a lark. He began asking right away for all sorts of improper things, and talked her half crazy again. At last, she said: "Knoughbest, either you or I—one of us—is foolish. For six years I've tried to show you that I know best. Now do as you like for a while."

When he could he did not want to just then, and was quiet an hour. After that he said: "I'd like some clappers."

"What are they?"

"Them things what the big fellows clatter in their fingers. They get um to the butcher's for 10 cents, all fixed."

"Have you 10 cents?"

"Yes'm, 'bout."

"About how many?"

"'Bout two. 'S just as good as 10. Ain't it?"

"Is it?"

"Yes'm."

"But clappers are so noisy. And you couldn't play."

"I must, if I'm going to be a minstrel."

"A minstrel! Why, I thought you said a minister, last Sunday?"

"Going to be both—first one, then t'other; but a minstrel most," and, so saying, Knoughbest started for the butcher's. He had gray striped stockings on his slim little legs and wore a big red woolen hood. He preferred it to a cap, because, being soft, he could use his head for a battering-ram, if he liked—and he often did. Now there was not a clapper to be got, for love nor money, at any of the butchers' shops. The big boys had cleaned them all out. When Knoughbest learned it, he sat on a curbstone and kicked; then he went back to ask the last man if he would not kill a cow or something and get him a pair. They were pretty busy in the shop and couldn't attend to it; so he did not wait. He was plodding home when he remembered the Macintoshes. They owned a slaughter-house beyond the outskirts of the Town, and were there about all day with their drovers and workmen; but they had an office about a quarter of a mile nearer, in a tumble-down old school-house. When any man had urgent business with a Macintosh brother, he could go there, seize hold of a rope that ran up into a belfry and ring a big bell that would bring somebody. A second after Knough-best thought of it these barber-pole legs of his were carrying off the big red hood as fast as ever they could wag. He found the old school house a queer place, hung around with bones and horns, not much else, but a big desk, a stool, and a few such things, while in the middle of the room hung the bell-rope. Through a window he could see across lots to the slaughter-house, where men were running hither and thither, shouting and busy. Animals were bleating and bellowing, and evidently there was work going on; but then, of course, Knoughbest wished clappers and that was business also, for had he not two cents in his pocket? It took a good many wild leaps of those striped stocking-legs before he touched the rope; but then it was rare fun. Vigorous jerks made the bell clang-clang as if for half a town on fire. He swung boldly back and forth, like a lively little pendulum to a loud-striking clock. As a result, he caused, quickly, over and above all the uproar in the distant slaughter-yard, something of a panic.

"Run, some of you!" roared the oldest Macintosh. "The place must be on fire The desk and account-books, may be."

Then the biggest Macintosh and two workmen dropped work and raced up the long lane, the foremost butcher looking exactly like pictures of Jack the Giant Killer's foe; for he was splashed with blood from head to foot. Knoughbest, hanging to the rope, which had got to whirling, espied him coming as he revolved, and there seemed to be half a dozen of him. He thought he would go home, and so he dropped, but as the Macintosh appeared. I don't like to tell what followed; but I must. First, as Knoughbest afterward, in a calmer moment, reported, "he swore all the swear that was in him out"; and then he spanked him. When that was over, Knoughbest was a sight to behold. He had flopped and threshed, rubbed face, hands, and dress all over the butcher's frock, until he looked as if he had been half slaughtered, whereas he really had only had a superficial dusting. Macintosh, in such a contest, was not likely to forget the "take-a-fellow-of-your-own-size principle;" but he was thoroughly exasperated and—tickled. When Knoughbest stood firm on his legs, he spoke sincerely, if not well:

"Mean thing, you! I wasn't goin' to beg'm! I've got my money to *pay*!"

"What for?"

"*Clappers!*"

The Macintosh roared; the workmen roared; then they set Knoughbest out by the nape of his neck and went back, in a state of mind. Knoughbest was all gore, he he thought to himself that he looked precisely like a picture of a wounded soldier he had seen, if only he were on a stretcher. He resolved to play it. So he ran home, found a torn-off window-blind, carried it around by the front door, and laid himself out flat on it. Soon one of the five aunts came out to pick a bouquet. What a shriek she gave! Aunt No. 2 came, shrieked, and nearly fainted. Nos. 3, 4, and 5 followed; but, happily, before mamma's shriek came in order, Knoughbest sat up, surprised, and said: "What does set you all a-yellin' so?"

He accounted for his appearance by saying that he went after clappers, and got against the butcher. How close the contact he did not say at that time. He only went in, washed his hands and face, changed his jacket, and was as wise as ever until dinner was ready. After dinner he wanted something to do. The one sorrow of Knoughbest's life was there not being enough in the world to do.

"Marmar! What's up in the old bureau at the top of the back stairs?"

"Only odds and ends of things."

"I want to see the odds."

"Oh, no! There is nothing pretty there or curious."

"I am sure there must be." (No answer.)

"Marmar, you said may be I knew best."

"Yes, dear."

"Well, I guess I do," and off he trotted, bright eyes and little curls peeping out of the old hood, looking a good deal sweeter than wise. The old "chest of drawers" was far above his head; so, of course, he wished to see into the very top drawer. But he ransacked from the bottom. His mother underrated those treasures. There was a calico flag, a false face, a corn-popper, a peck of old butternuts, a leaky Brittannia tea-pot, etc., etc. He rescued them, and, like the Alpine youth, went higher. He did it by pulling out each drawer a little, and climbing, as on a ladder. Picture his situation, remember the bureau stood near the head of the stairs, and you can imagine what followed. There suddenly echoed through the house a slam! bang! crash! as if the roof had fallen in. The aunts flew from all points of the compass; the mother first this time. And what did she see? The bureau overturned, its upper drawer just lapping over the top stair, its contents scattered all the way down. No boy visible. A corn-poper was feebly wiggling in the air out from the folds of the American flag. Then came a wail of woe, and "Marmar" espied the little red hood hanging down bottom side up; and higher, two striped legs caught on the top stair by the old drawer—shut in at the ankles. Yes, it was Knoughbest but reversed, with the Britannia teapot resting on his stomach and its spout turned directly toward his wide-open mouth. Five women flew at the bureau to lift it. One seized Knoughbest, to keeping him from shooting down stairs head first, when he was unpinned, so to speak; while every one of them kept crying: "Are you killed, darling? Are you dead?" And he answered "Yes" every time. But he was not. His ankles were pinched and strained; but not a bone broken. They bound them up in hammelis and laid him on a bed. Then it was supper time soon, and after supper he was as wise as ever. He said he would like to get up long enough to a "leetle" bit of gunpowder into that corn-popper, and see if it would not pop corn out quicker than without.

That night there was a family council, to determine when Knoughbest was likely to find out that he did not know best. His father could not tell nor his mother; none of his aunts knew; and so this story cannot benefit children kind, as one of a boy who reformed and never did foolishly any more. It can have a moral, however: Knowledge can be had too dear. All Knoughbest got for his kind was a spanking and two lame ankles.—*Independent.*

The Old Man and His Grandson.

Once upon a time there was a very old man, whose eyes were dim, his ears useless for hearing, and his knees trembled. When he sat at table he could scarcely hold his spoon, and he often spilled his food over the tablecloth, and sometimes down his clothes. His son and daughter-in law were much vexed about this, and at last they made the old man sit behind the oven in a corner, and gave him his meals in an earthen dish, and not enough either; so that the old man grew sad, and his eyes were moistened with tears. Once his hands trembled so much that he could not hold the dish, and it fell on the ground and broke all to pieces, so that the young wife scolded him, but he made no reply, and only sighed. After that they bought him a wooden dish, for a couple of pence and out of that he had now to feed; and one day, as he was sitting in his usual place, he saw his little grandson of four years old, upon the ground, sitting together some pieces of wood.

"What are you making?" asked the old man.

"I am making a wooden trough," replied the child, "for father and mother to feed out of when I grow big."

At these words the man looked at his wife a little while, and presently they began to cry, and henceforth they let the old grandfather sit at the table with them, and always take his meals there, and they did not even say anything if he spilled a little upon the cloth.

Things You Don't Believe.

Cincinnati Saturday Night.

When an old acquaintance meets you after a long separation, and, putting his hand like a dead fish into yours, says, in a tone as feeling as a calliope's, "I am glad to see you," you don't believe a word he says. When a woman with a bayonet nose and a breech-loading eye calls her husband "darling," you want to hear from the family bed chamber through an augurhole before you believe it. When a fat man tells you he doesn't eat half as much as you do, you don't believe it—unless you are a fat man yourself. When a pretty young woman tells you she shall never, never marry, you don't believe it—if you are a marrying man. When a man takes an over-affectionate interest in another man's wife, and the wife tries to convince you that it is the brotherly interest he takes in the husband, you don't believe it—if you happen to be the husband yourself. When a young roisterer is lugged home stone-blind on New Year's day, and swears off in the dead middle of the night for the whole year, you don't believe the half of the whole. When a gentleman is frequently seen issuing from behind a painted screen with a painted nose, you don't believe his story about erysipelas being the artist. When—well, you don't believe that Boston brains are made of baked beans, nor that Adirondack Murray's entire religion is in his buckboard, nor that Rev. Jo. Cook is the Apocalypse, nor that Eli Perkins—hold! hold! you must believe something; believe Eli and be——

After all the ages, the mission of the mosquito has been discovered. A San Antonio paper says: "A novel feature of the cattle trade is the coöperation of the mosquito in their management on the range. One of the largest owners said that without aid of the mosquito three times as many men would be required to herd and gather. Out of the mosquito season the cattle get as wild as deer, but under the influence of these pests they congregate, and become docile and easy to manage."

NEW ENGLANDERS AND SOUTHERNERS.

Henry Watterson's Study of the two Kinds of People.

In one of his letters from Block Island to the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, Mr. Henry Watterson writes:

"There is one thing which has impressed me, unexpectedly as it were, in the excursions which I have made from this lovely little Island to points of note and interest along the New England coast. I knew the people to be well-to-do, but never before have I been so struck by the vast aggregation of wealth. New England is 300 years old. Its people were not, perhaps, originally more thrifty than the early settlers of Virginia and the Carolinas, but they happened to pick hard soil and to encounter long winters. They were obliged to work and to store up. Thus the habit of labor and the process of accumulation began. These have continued ever since. On the southern seaboard short Winters and an easy soil produced the opposite results; and the negro greatly assisted them. Slavery being gone and time having worn the soil of the South down to a sort of equality with that of New England, may we hope that the newly developed necessities will create a new character, and, in its order, bring up the lost average of our once more prosperous section? I fear not. The New Englander has a prodigious start; and, as John Happy used to say, "A start is a start." There is no reason why New London, for example, should not be as great a city as New York, except that it isn't. Norfolk has advantages over either, yet, as long as our greatest city is a sea port, New York will be our greatest city, and that means for all time; for, struggle as the inland may, it can never overcome the disproportion which this amazing City holds over all the other commercial capitals of the world, London not excepted. At Newport my driver, a florid Celt with a turn for picturesque description, observed: "Ah, sir, times is not what they was in the owld days; whin the southerners came; the masther wid his boddy-servant; the mistress wid her maid; an' aich of the children wid a nurse apiece, and they slung their money about like wather—sure they did! These new people, they stick their money in brick 'n' mortar, an' hav' niver a quarter of a dollar to give a poor lad aither for a dhrink or for civility." I gave this "poor lad" a dollar more than he had a right to charge—for his "civility," perhaps—but I was neither hoaxed by his story or its purpose, nor misled by its moral. We never had a great deal of ready money in the South, and what we had we squandered. We had plenty of fun; debts and niggers; we went in for glory; and for 50 years we paid tribute to these people, as we are doing now. They had no constitutional scruples which stood in the way of a light house or a break-water. They sent men to Washington who knew how to stick their hands into the Treasury, and if one of them happened to get back empty handed, they set him aside and sent some one else. The people en masse became a race of practical politicians. While the South was toying with the ruffles on its shirt, and twirling its silver-headed cane, New England was "fixing" itself. It is now "fixed." It is "finished." It can afford to be complacent and hospitable. It is so. It is growing patrician. It is the South which is poor and yet refuses to learn its lesson; which dreamily looks toward the west, when it ought to give its days and nights to a study of the methods of patience, self-denial and thrift, which have made the rocks to blossom like the rose, and in less than a century, completely reversed the relative positions of the sections.

Emphatically, the New Englander is as choleric as the Southerner. Considering his advantages—for education and for travel—he is less liberal and knows less. It is silly enough to hear the average Southern notion of a Yankee; but it is sillier to hear the average Yankee notion of a Southerner. Intercourse would mend each's estimate of the other. In the meantime, I ought to say that it is impossible to exaggerate the hearty manliness of the genuine New England man, or the fine and noble characteristics of the real New England woman, or to overestimate the open-handed, genial hospitality which prevails everywhere in the New England country. What is it and why is it? It is, to begin on, robust health, and, to end on, plenty of money. The man who is sick can not be hearty. The man who is straitened can not be hospitable. You will observe that I don't dislike the Yankees, nor envy them their prosperity. But, even if I did, I should not quarrel with them. "When I see a rattlesnaik stick his head out of a hole," says Josh Billings, "I sheer off, and says I to myself, that hole belongs to that snaik." Travers' last has it that there "are but three liars in this country—Tom Ochiltree is one, and Eli Perkins is the other two." Making a *traversity* of this, it seems to me there are but three prosperous sections of our union—New York is one; and New England is the other two.

NEED OF A CHANGE.

Havana the Pest-Breeding Place.

Scientific American.

Dr. Chaille, Chairman of the Havana Commission, has lately written to the National Board of Health as follows:

"As to the sanitary condition of Havana and of its harbor it would be difficult to devise conditions more favorable to propagate disease. Built upon a thin layer of earth which covers extremely porous coral rocks, this foundation is deeply saturated with the excrements of many thousands of human beings and of animals, continuously deposited throughout a long series of years. Nothing can be worse or more offensive than the privy system of Havana system. Associated with the evil hygienic conditions of the City the harbor is, if possible, in even fouler condition.

"This harbor is about one mile long, two-thirds of a mile wide, and some 30 feet deep in the deepest places, has a difference between its minimum low and its maximum high tide of less than two feet; and into this almost stagnant pond is daily poured the sewage of the City, the offal of the slaughter houses, and the refuse of at least two large hospitals habitually infected with yellow fever and located on the very edge of the harbor. The fecal odor from this harbor is often distinctly perceptible.

"Among other things done, at the suggestion of Dr. Daniel M. Burgess, of Havana, to whom I owe much, I have inspected the ballast sold to and transported by ships from this port. Repeatedly has the ballast from this port been accused of causing outbreaks of yellow fever in ports of the United States, and as repeatedly has this been discredited. I have no hesitation in asserting, as the result of personal examination that if there be anything whatever which can serve as fomites to transport yellow fever poison, the ballast from this port appears to be eminently fitted for this purpose. In my opinion the National Board of Health should at once adopt such measures as may be needful to protect our ports against the dangerous risks they are subjected to by all ballast from this port."

All Men Do It.

Of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnson, it is related that one day in Utah when his command was two days distant from a mailing station, he found that a Captain had returned to the camp forgetting to post a letter which the General had entrusted to him. But all the commander said was: "I can imagine no excuse for such carelessness, Captain." Not long after, the General himself discovered, in a winter coat, which had been packed away, a letter which a long time before he had received from the Surgeon with the request that he post it. He had taken it to the station, forgotten to post it, and it had remained in the pocket for six months. The conscientious General first apologized to the Surgeon, and then he sent for the Captain and said: "I beg your pardon for reproving you for an offense in which I myself set the example."

It requires 50 bushels of peanuts a month to keep Danbury calm and collected.—*Danbury News.*

The Farm.

In this Department we cordially invite questions, answers and also short communications on agricultural topics, brief crop reports, etc. etc. Contributions should be written legibly and on one side of the paper only, and never on the same sheet with subscription letters. The full name and address should in all cases accompany each letter.

Prejudice and Imagination.

The *American Berkshire Bulletin* truthfully suggests that these have more to do in regulating prices in certain departments of trade than is generally supposed. It is well known that meats, both beef and pork, can be produced in this country and placed upon the English markets at lower prices than they can be grown in Britain itself. An immense export trade in this line has consequently sprung up here within the last few years. Official British statistics show the marvelous growth of this trade in the case of our swine exportations. These amounted in 1877 to only 810 pigs, but in 1878 to 18,279 pigs, being an increase of 17,469. Judging from preparations being made, shippers expect a much larger increase than this during 1879. Hence Americans are led to have less fears of an over production in this country than formerly. But while to them this may afford a cheerful view, the British farmer seems to look less hopefully into the future.

The *Mark Lane Express*, in discoursing upon the prospective growth of this trade in cattle, sheep and swine says:

The quantity of meat from this source alone—leaving out of consideration any possible contingency from Australia or elsewhere—which we are likely to receive in the near future, may very reasonably be supposed to be sufficient to rule the value of home production as in the case of breadstuffs. Under present rates of rental and conditions of tenure, it will be simply impossible for farmers to meet this competition if it should assume the dimensions of which we have shown the possibility.

Various means seem to have been used to check the flow of American meats into the English markets. The price of American products are quoted at so little above prices in America as to have the effect, one might suppose of discouraging shippers at once. Yet the trade goes on. The recent "scare" as to contagious diseases is very generally thought to be only another expedient for getting rid of American competition. But of all the schemes heretofore originated in this behalf, that of enlisting prejudice and imagination as aids to defeat the importation of our pork products into England seems to be the most futile, as well as amusing in its results.

To what an extent the minds of English consumers have become prejudiced against American bacon, and its price nominally reduced, may be inferred from the following which appeared in a recent issue of an English paper:—A letter from a curate, seriously affirming that American bacon of first rate quality can be had in England at 4½d. per pound, has greatly interested economical housewives. It is not surprising that an effort has been made to disparage the American article, and to show that if it can be sold at 4½d. it is worth no more, if not a great deal less. One writer, hailing all the way from Turin, and who, for all we know, may be a Borough ham dealer on his travels, declares that American hams, chiefly from Cincinnati, have been destroyed there in consequence of their containing immense numbers of trichinæ. This is a warning to British matrons in search of cheap American bacon, which would be more effective but for the fact that the English market is already overrun with American bacon under an English name. It is estimated that 30,000,000 American pigs will be manufactured this year into many more millions of American hams for sale in England, but these hams are seldom sold by retailers for what they are. They are carefully selected and "dried" in England or Ireland, returning from the latter country in the form of the well-known Belfast hams, advanced in price from 46s. to 95s. per cwt. The American "long rib" is transmuted into "Irish rolled" bacon. "Cumberland cut," another American product, is converted into "farm fed." Wholesale dealers sell what is known as clear middles at 3d. a pound, and find it marked on the counter of a retailer who keeps "no Yankee rubbish" at 8d. per pound. This is very sharp practice, no doubt; but the public are greatly to blame, for they prefer to pay a high price for a poor article labeled "English" rather than a low price for a good article sold as "American." The gullibility of the English purchaser has been repeatedly tested by cutting an American ham in two, one half marked "American" at 5d., and the other "home-cured" at 10d. The "home-cured" is speedily bought up, while the same article with a different name, and at half the price, is left untouched.

Autumn Seeding for Meadows.

Notwithstanding the fact that there are a good many practical arguments in favor of the Autumn seeding of grass lands, as against Spring seeding, and a multitude of testimonies in support of the former practice, it is not a little surprising that, as a system of method of farm operations, it has made very slow progress, even among the best farmers, during the past 60 years. Such is the strength of our adherence to tradition. For why farmers seed in Spring, the most unfavorable period of the year for performing the operation, rather than in the Fall, we do not know, excepting that their fathers did so; and that it saves a little time.

Almost every farmer will admit that it is injurious to both crops to sow grain and grass seed together, yet somehow they keep on doing just that very thing. In some points it is a question as to the character of the season, for these are years when Spring seeding of meadows is more successful than Autumn seeding, but speaking on general terms, the arguments are in favor of the last named. While it may occur that the grain crop will sometimes shade the ground, to the advantage of the "catch" of grass, it is more frequently the case that the growth checks the grass, smothering it in its early stages, while the cutting of the grain leaves it so much exposed to the heat and drought of midsummer as to not unfrequently scorch it to such a degree that it is a long time in recovering from it. Grass roots that have been shaded by a rank growth of grain, if suddenly exposed to the scorching sun of August, are liable to have a very poor preparation for Winter. Moreover the troublesome weeds of late Summer and they are far more annoying than the weeds of Spring, which appear in Spring seeded fields where a poor "catch" of grass has been obtained, is one of the greatest drawbacks to Spring seeding, as nothing so much contributes to foul fields as this very practice of sowing grass seed in Spring. Weeds are sure to come in where the ground is not fully occupied with useful plants, and this especially the case where grass seed has failed to "catch."

Hundreds of the best farmers in New England, more especially perhaps in this State, have repeatedly given their testimony to the advantages of seeding grass lands any time between the 20th of August and the 20th of September. This is done on inverted meadow, with the application of a light dressing of phosphate or some special fertilizer or domestic manure, though a crop of buckwheat is sometimes sown as bee pasturage and then turned under as a green manuring crop for grass seed. With favorable weather, grass seed sown any time within the period named is sure of a good catch; the cool weather promotes growth, and it gets a permanent hold before the ground freezes in the Fall. In fact, it is believed that generally Autumn seeded fields will be in a better condition to withstand the Winter than will those seeded in the Spring. The practice is not uncommon of sowing broadcast with the grass seed, seed of the English flat turnip, which is harvested without injuring the grass, and returns a profit sufficient to pay the expenses of the labor on the field. One bushel of red top and half a bushel of herdsgrass per acre, is the amount of seed usually sown; and in the Spring 10 pounds of clover seed is sown and the whole field rolled. This presses the roots of the grass into the ground if it is inclined to heave or throw out, though seeding with clover on the snow in late Spring is recommended. But it must not be forgotten that thorough drainage is the only permanent remedy for "heavy" grass fields, and one of the best preparations for a good hay crop.

A somewhat thorough examination of our annals of agriculture for the past 25 years, to ascertain the bearing of the testimony of good farmers on this point, while showing some diversity of opinion, and also some difference of practice in accordance with the character of the soil, the kind of crop made a leading one on the farm, and the peculiarities of the season, show also a singular unanimity in favor of Autumn seeding. These records of practice are so many and so positive as to leave little chance for question as to its merits for general practice. We fully believe, also, that its more general adoption to a far greater extent than is now common, would be of advantage in New England farming, and if more universally practised, we would find in consequence a better stand of grass and more permanence to our meadows than is now the case.—*American Cultivator.*

American Cotswold.

Joseph Harris, of "Moreton Farm," New York, the well known and popular writer for agricultural journals, and the author of several excellent standard agricultural works, has the following in his catalogue for 1879:

I am decidedly of the opinion that the "coming sheep" of this country will be what I will call "American Cotswolds." I have, hitherto, called these sheep "Cotswold Merinos." This designates their origin. But the time has now arrived when the name loses its significance. For instance, I have Cotswold-Merino lambs with three or four crosses of pure Cotswold blood in them. In other words, these lambs have 92½ per cent. of pure blood in them, and only 6¼ per cent. of the native or Merino sheep. The next cross will have only 3.12½ per cent. of native or Merino blood, and the next only a little over 1½ per cent. A few years hence, American Cotswold sheep will be shipped by thousands and tens of thousands every week to the English markets. There is no reason why they are not now shipped in large numbers, except the fact that they cannot be found. We do not raise enough of them, or feed them well enough. Our beef cattle are better than our mutton sheep. The intelligence and skill of the American sheep breeder has been largely directed to the perfection of the Merino sheep. Wool and yoke have been the objects aimed at, and great success has attended their efforts. There are no better fine-wooled sheep in the world to-day, than can be found in the United States.

There are many sections where Merinos are the most profitable breed of sheep to keep. But railroads and steamboats lead to rapid and wonderful changes. There was a time when I thought Cotswold or mutton sheep could not be raised with profit in the far West. I thought it was too far from market, but if cattle can be raised and shipped with profit to England, long-wooled mutton sheep can be raised and shipped with still greater profit. We do not raise more than half as much combing wool as the American manufacturers require. The duties on Merino wool are much higher than on combing wool. This is not just. But still, even with the present discrimination against combing wool, the herders of Merino sheep, complain that wool growing is not profitable. Be this as it may, they cannot expect a higher protective tariff. Taking the average of the last ten years, the duty paid on clothing wool is equal to over 31 cents per pound on the scoured wool, while the duty on combing wool is equal to only 16 and one-half cents per pound on the scoured or real wool. If you buy $10,000 worth of Mestiza wool, it cannot be admitted into the United States till you have paid a duty amounting on an average to $10,589.85; while if you go to England or Canada and buy $10,000 worth of combing wool, you have to pay a duty of only $4,433! In other words, the growers of Merino wool, have been receiving since the present tariff went into effect, in March, 1867, more than twice as much protection as the growers of the Cotswold, Leicester and other combing wools. All right-minded men will say that this is unjust.

It was asserted that we could not produce combing wool in this country, and therefore, there was no necessity of protecting it. The Merino Sheep Breeders Association seem to have said to the wool manufacturers. "You want combing wool. We (Merino breeders) want to get good prices for our sheep, and if you will help us to get a rousing duty on Merino wool of the kind you do not want we will help you to get combing and delaine wool, which you very much need, admitted at a comparative low rate of duty. This will help you, and while it may not advance the price of Merino wool it will give us something to talk about and revive the drooping spirits of the Merino sheep breeders. No one will be hurt except the Cotswold and Leicester sheep breeders, and they are of no consequence." This was a dozen years ago. All this is now changed. The President of the "National Association of Merino Wool Growers" wrote from Illinois to the Secretary of the Association, a year or 18 months ago, that Cotswold rams were being brought into his section from Canada, and were selling rapidly at $75 to $100 a head. And no efforts on the part of the Merino sheep breeders will stop the change that is now taking place. Cotswold rams are in demand and will continue in demand for years.

How to Preserve Cider.

A pure, sweet cider is only obtainable from clear, sound fruit, and the fruit should, therefore, be carefully examined and wiped before grinding.

In the press use hair-cloth or gunny in place of straw. As the cider runs from the press let it pass through a hair sieve into a large open vessel that will hold as much juice as can be expressed in one day. In one day, or sometimes less, the pomace will rise to the top, and in a short time grow very thick. When little white bubbles break through it draw off the liquid through a very small spigot placed about three inches from the bottom, so that the less may be left behind. The cider must be drawn off into very clean, sweet casks, preferably fresh liquor casks, and closely watched. The moment the white bubbles, before mentioned, are perceived rising at the bunghole, rack it again. It is usually necessary to repeat this three times. Then fill up the cask with cider in every respect like that originally contained in it, add a tumbler of warm sweet oil and bung up tight. For very fine cider it is customary to add at this stage of this process about half a pound of glucose (starch sugar), or a smaller portion of white sugar. The cask should then be allowed to remain in a cool place until the cider has acquired the desired flavor.

In the meantime clean barrels for its reception should be prepared, as follows: Some clean strips of rags are dipped in melted sulphur, lighted and burned in the bunghole and the bung laid loosely on the end of the rag, so as to retain the sulphur vapor within the barrel. Then tie up a half pound of mustard seed in a coarse muslin bag and put it in the barrel, fill the barrel with cider, and add about a quarter of a pound of isinglass or fine gelatine dissolved in hot water. This is the old-fashioned way, and will keep cider in the same condition as when it went into the barrel, if kept in a cool cool place, for a year.

Professional cider makers are now using calcium sulphite (sulphite of lime,) instead of mustard and sulphur vapor. It is much more convenient and effectual. To use it it is simply requisite to add one-eighth to one-quarter of an ounce of the sulphite to each gallon of cider in the cask, first mixing the powder in about a quart of the cider and giving the latter a thorough shaking or rolling. After standing bunged several days, to allow the sulphite to exert its full action, it may be bottled off. The sulphite of lime (which should not be mistaken for the sulphate of lime) is a commercial article, costing about 40 cents a pound by the barrel. It will preserve the sweetness of the cider perfectly, but unless care is taken not to add too much of it, it will impart a slight sulphurous taste to the cider. The bottles and corks used should be perfectly clean, and the corks wired down.

A little cinnamon, wintergreen or sassafras, etc., is often added to sweet cider in the bottle, together with a dram or so of bicarbonate of soda at the moment of driving the stopper. This helps to neutralize free acids, and renders the liquid effervescent when unstopped; but if used to excess it may prejudicially affect the taste.—*Scientific American.*

GREENBACK CONVENTION.

National Banker Elected Permanent Chairman of the Meeting—Platform of the Greenbackers Read and Adopted.

UTICA, Aug. 29.—The Greenback Convention reassembled to-day and the Committee on Permanent Organization reported for Chairman Commodore Wm. Voorhees. Voorhees was denounced as a National Banker and a wolf in the fold. It was moved that the name of ex-Assemblyman George E. Williams, of Oswego, be made as a substitute for that of Voorhees.

Voorhees admitted that he was a National Banker, and was here to help the party smash the National Banks. He was in favor of destroying National Bank currency, and substituting greenbacks for it. He did not one an office, and would not take one. Great applause and great excitement followed.

Costello thought Voorhees was minion of Tammany and moved as an amendment that the temporary chairman Graham be elected permanent chairman. Williams declined being permanent chairman. A vote for chairman resulted in Voorhes 96; Graham 80; Williams 19. Scattering 20.

The election of Voorhees as permanent Chairman was made unanimous amidst the wildest uproar, during which the temporary Chairman said, "By a fair vote you have elected a Chairman. Why in the name of God, can't you behave yourselves?" Voorhees was violently applauded and hissed as he took the chair.

The following platform was adopted:

The National Greenback Labor Party of the State of New York, in Convention assembled; do demand:

First—That the national bank currency shall be withdrawn, and that all money used by the people, whether gold, silver, or paper, shall be issued by the General Government, and be made a legal tender for all debts and dues, public and private. The volume of such money to be about $50 per capita, or sufficient to meet all requirements of trade.

Second—That established volume of currency shall be increased from time to time in direct ratio with the increase in bussness, and the population of the country, so as to maintain for the dollar or nearly as possible, a uniform purchasing power.

Third—That all new issues of paper money shall be used to cancil the interest bearing debt of the nation, to promote needed public improvements and to pay current expenses.

Fourth—That the surplus money now in the Treasury of the Nation shall be used to cancel interest bearing bonds.

Fifth—That the National Government shall issue no more interest bearing obligations, and that all outstanding bonds shall be paid and cancelled at once.

Sixth—That postal savings banks shall be established.

Seventh—The equal taxation of all property.

Eighth—That salaries paid public officers shall be reduced to a basis of just compensation for services rendered, and all unnecessary offices abolished.

Ninth—That there shall be proper legislation for the purpose of collecting and preserving reliable statistics to form the basis of intelligent action on all labor questions, to the end that labor may be fully and constantly employed and justly compensated.

Tenth—The establishment of just and equitable rates for railroad fare and transportation.

Eleventh—That the Legislature, at the earliest moment possible, shall pass a law giving mortgagers of real estate the right of redemption for five years after sale.

Twelfth—That reasonable land limitation laws shall be enacted to prevent land monopolies.

The Grain Report.

LONDON, Aug. 26.—The Mark Lane Express in its review of the British grain trade for the week says: Heavy rain storms the past week have seriously laid the crops in many parts of the northern and midland counties, while the submersion of low-lying lands has caused the wheat plant to rot at the root and develop mildew in the ear in large quantities.

Hay has been washed away in Derbyshire by floods. Nearly everywhere the fields are choked with weeds, and there is every sign that the present year will be as bad or worse for farmers than its immediate predecessor. In more sheltered districts some pieces of wheat and barley are ready to be cut, but this is not at all general.

In Scotland, farmers during the recent short spell of fine weather, secured a good deal of hay, which is not so much injured as was feared. The cereal crops in the north are still quite green, and much of the grain in the uplands may never ripen at all. October, rather than September, will probably be the harvest month in Scotland. Turnips there are improving, and potatos are generally free from disease, but the yield will be late and deficient. The relapse of the weather has caused a revival in the wheat trade, in some instances enabling sellers to recover the recent decline of one shilling per quarter. Imports have again been excessive. But for the imports having exceeded the usual Summer complement, the strength of the trade has been so marked that higher prices would doubtless have been obtainable, but it is difficult to persuade millers to buy, except in retail, in the face of a supply considerably exceeding 500,000 quarters in three weeks on the eve of harvest, even if the prospects of such harvest are admittedly bad.

America's capacity for gigantic shipments is also thoroughly understood by buyers, who operated cautiously, but at the same time more freely, during the past week at a slight advance on Monday's currencies. In another month more reliable data will be obtainable concerning European crops upon which to indicate the further course of prices.

Barley maintained previous prices, but eased slightly under the pressure of increased supplies. Arrivals at ports of call have been moderate.

Wheat fluctuated with the weather, but continued heavy shipments cabled from America prevented any advance beyond about six pence quarter on wheat. Maize favored sellers, with a moderate inquiry. Wheat and maize have both been in fair request for future delivery at 3d. to 6d. per quarter advance. Barley has been in good demand. Prices were firmly maintained. Sales of English wheat last week, 18,862 quarters, at 49s. 3d., against 27,279 quarters at 45s. 2d. for the same period last year.

The imports into the United Kingdom for the week ending Aug. 10, 1879, were 1,458,59 8 hundred weights of wheat and 280,225 hundred weights of flour.

In Mark Lane yesterday, (Monday), there was a moderate consumptive demand for wheat at 6d. per quarter advance on last Monday's prices.

Flour steady. Maize slightly lower. Oats 3a6d. per quarter higher.

Marriage and Friendship.

Chicago Evening Journal.

A second consideration of great moment is that married people must not attempt to restrict, by any show of force or authority, the formation of proper friendships and the promotion of social fellowship outside of the home circle. Love is a silken cord at best, and force or compulsion of any kind severs it instantly. The idea that married people are not to enjoy any society apart from each other, is simply monstrous. Home must not be turned into a cell to immure the affections. Unless the husband and wife can win each other's constancy, they must be content to bear its loss. Certain it is that it cannot be manufactured or driven. This is the key-note to a thousand domestic discords. Love and force are as antagonistic in nature and association as fire and gunpowder.

BULLION REPORT.

No Shipments Will Be Adequate To Settle for the Immense Amount of American Food Received.

LONDON, Aug. 28.—Bullion in the Bank of England has decreased £531,000 during the past week. The proportion of reserve to liabilities is 58 7-8 per cent. The Financier says £178,000 of gold is expected by the steamer due at Southampton the first of September. The bulk of this amount, together with £100,000 recently arrived, will probably go to meet the American demand. A great deal more bullion will undoubtedly go to America. In some quarters it is believed that within a comparatively brief space 2,000,000 pounds will be sent there. Notwithstanding recent expressions of opinion to the contrary, we affirm that shipments of bonds and iron, or any other commodity, will be quite inadequate to settle for the enormous balance which must be accumulating on account of American food.

The possible ultimate effect of this draft of bullion will be a rise from one to to one and one quarter per cent in the rate of discount now quoted among brokers to four or five per cent rate at the Bank of England during the autumn.

A renewal of floods is reported from various parts of England. Wales Reports of the harvest more deplorable. At several places there have been 30 hours steady rain. In connection with the Stock Exchange settlement the failure of James Case, jr., jobber in railway stocks is announced. His deficiency is estimated from 20,000 to 30,000 pounds.

BLACKMAILER AND ASSASSIN.

The San Francisco Chronicle's Method of Doing Business.

Detroit Post and Tribune.

Revenue Agent William A. Gavett, of this City, who recently returned from the Pacific Coast, related to a *Post and Tribune* reporter yesterday a conversation which he had with Mr. Charles De Young while in San Francisco, in which the latter told him in plain terms that the influence of his paper could be bought. While in San Francisco Mr. Gavett had occasion to seize considerable quantities of cigars for unpaid taxes and attempts to evade the revenue laws. This aroused the wrath of the cigar makers, and they charged him with dishonesty, etc. The *Chronicle* dug up the tomahawk in favor of the cigar dealers. Mr. Gavett obtained a retraction from the dealers, and then went to Mr. De Young and asked him to publish certain official documentary evidence which would show the falsity of the charges. "We don't wish to be convinced," said Mr. De Young. "You don't advertise with us." "I understand," said Mr. Gavett, "that if I will deposit $100 at the *Chronicle* office it will make a great difference in your treatment of me." "Undoubtedly," returned De Young. "You can commend or condemn yourself, just as you please. It is all in your own hands. With us *it is simply a question of coin.*"

This is one of the numerous instances of the kind that might be related of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, and of the man who shot Kalloch.

GRANT IN JAPAN.

The Mikado Visits Him and Consults Him Upon Questions of International and Domestic Policy.

YOKOHAMA, Aug. 13.—Gen. Grant has returned to the capital since the last dispatch and started on the new excursion of Kamakara, the ancient seat of the military government, and neighborhood, and is now in the mountain range of Hakone. During his stay at Tokio he was visited by the Mikado, who consulted him on many important points of international and domestic policy. A confidence and reliance was manifested by the Government and people wholly unprecedented.

Grant returns to Tokio Aug. 19th, exchanges a series of visits, then sails for America the next mail.

A movement is in progress for the formation of a new society having in view the extension of a protecting influence for Eastern nations against the perpetual aggressions of European powers. The organization will doubtless be complete before the departure of Grant who has consented to support it warmly and actively.

The cholera continues violent, but there are signs of abatement within the present month. Thus far there have been 45,000 attacks and 25,000 deaths. The Government displays unflagging energy in confronting and checking the disease.

NEWS FROM SOUTH AFRICA.

Sir Garret Wolsley Telegraphs That He Has Strong Hopes of an Early Peace.

LONDON, Aug. 29—A Capetown dispatch says: Notwithstanding Gen. Wolzley's hopeful tone, it is reported on excelent authority that the Swosies have, at the last moment refused to join in operations for the capture of Citewayo. Ohain, King Citewayo's brother, has refused to return to his own district, declaring that a large Zulu army was wanting to destry him.

Sir Garnet Wollsley telegraphs that the cavalry reconnoissance to King Cetewayo's new krall to the north of Ulunnde has recovered two cannot lost at Isandula. There have been severe storms, and the bridge over the Tugolb river is destroyed.

A special dispatch states the distarbances in Pondoland are not considered very serious.

The following dispatch is from Pietermaretzburg, dated August 12th:

Sir Garnet Wolesley arrived at Ulundi August 10th, and from these telegraphs that Col. Clarks column formed the one here the 11th inst. The country is quiet. The enemies army has dispersed to their homes. I am in communicstion with the principal chiefs who say that they will come and submit. King Cetewayo is not very far off and there is a prospect of early and peaceable settlement. The health of the troops is excellent.

By the Sad Sea Waves.

Boston Herald.

A gaunt young man, with long, dark hair and a look of yearning after the unknowable, was standing on Coney Island beach on Saturday, and by his side was a woman whom he addressed as "My love." He was watching the white caps far from shore, and she seemed to be looking at the bathers.

Without removing his gaze from the wrinkled surface of the distant water, he exclaimed, "Oh, the great day when the bounding sea shall give up its secrets!"

"Yes," the woman said, with languid interest. "I wonder if that dumpy woman's hair is her own!"

A look of extreme sadness came over his face, like the shadow of an umbrella, and he involuntarily drew back a single step. In so doing he stepped into a hole dug by a golden-haired little fairy of four or five summers, and he turned a back somersault.

"My love" looked at him reproachfully, and said; "Leonidas, I am ashamed of you."

He murmured something about the mischievous boys that "put holes behind people for them to tumble over," and then sat down in the sand to take off his shoes and empty the ballast out of them. He had one shoe off and was dusting his instep; just then the largest wave of the afternoon came up and obliterated all the prints in the sand around him—but one. His wife had retreated, and the appealing look that he cast at her while the wave was receding threw a gloom over all the gay throng on the beach.

"Leonidas," she said, in a voice choked with emotion, "you had better find a seat on the sunny side of the next train, and keep it."

Toward sundown the pair were seen strolling on the asphhalt near Cable's. The warm sun and drying wind had done much to repair the young man's misfortune, and "my love" was evidently regarding him more hopefully, for she was telling him that one of the pony carriages was the "Midget's coach," and the urchin driver was Tom Thumb.

Mr. Sankey asks, "How can I keep from singing?" Let him try holding a sponge in his mouth. That'll choke off the worst of it, anyhow.—*Graphic.*

FEEDING A HOST.

The Story of a Dinner.

In the Kitchen of a Saratoga Hotel—A Tour With the Chief Cook Among the Pots and Kettles—What it Takes to Feed 1,100 Guests.

Correspondent of the New York Tribune.

SARATOGA, Aug. 21.—The preparing and the serving of dinner at one of the great hotels of Saratoga at the height of the season is a grand achievement. Whether one has in mind Congress Hall with its 800 or 900 dinners, or the Grand Union with its thousands, or the United States with a hundred or two more, the work which any one of them performs probably is not equalled outside of Saratoga. The serving of breakfast in these hotels is easy enough, for it is a comparatively simple meal, the preparation of which is extended along from daylight almost to noonday. Supper, too, is easily managed, for it is ordinarily only a matter of a little tea and toast and a few slices of cold meat. But dinner is an elaborate meal, for which the thousands or more guests wait expectantly, and which is disposed of to a very large extent within an hour and a half of the time when the grand personage, known as the head waiter, orders the dining hall doors opened. It must also be taken into account that the diners at a Saratoga hotel are not hungry men and women such as one would see hanging about the pit at a barbecue waiting impatiently for the roasting of the ox. The Saratogians do not look forward to dinner because they have aching voids in their stomachs, but because they expect that it will afford some pleasure to their effete palates. In other words, they are in a measure epicures, and the dinner that will satisfy them must be an epicurean banquet. It is not strange that people are curious to know what are the facilities and methods of the great hotel kitchens, that they turn out every day in the week, exactly on time, these enormous dinners. Your correspondent was one of a small party of gentlemen which a few days ago was permitted to rummage about in the kitchen and pantries and storerooms of what is supposed to be the largest hotel at Saratoga. The proprietor claims that it is the largest hotel in the world. We witnessed the preparation of the dinner from the beginning to the end. Mr Antoine Ennesee, the head cook of the establishment was our cicerone. We found that gentleman clad after the latest fashion plates of his guild, and looking every inch of him a French cook. If he had been encased in a clergyman's habit he would not have passed for a clergyman, but rather for a French cook in disguise.

"So you have come to help me get dinner, have you, gentlemen?" said he. "Well, I need all the help I can get, for I have to feed 1,100 to-day, and my bill of fare is a generous one." One of the gentlemen inquired who made up the bill of fare. "I make it up," replied the cook. "The steward buys whatever he likes, and I make my dinner out of what there is in the house. For example, step this way, gentlemen;" and the cook led to one of a number of large blue chests which were ranged about the sides of a large room. In the middle of the room was a butcher's block and table. Opening the chest the cook showed us a hundred or so beautiful fish stretched upon the ice side by side. There were salmon, weak-fish, striped bass and Saratoga Lake bass. Each fish was thoroughly cleaned and ready for cooking. "I have two kinds of fish on the bill to day said the cook, "and I may as well lay them aside." Thereupon he selected 10 of the largest salmon, the average weight of which was about 30 pounds, and 15 bluefish, which together would weigh about a hundred weight. "One of my assistants will come for them when he wants them," said the cook. "It might interest you," he added, "to know that I have 16 assistants, besides the two bakers, the five pastry and ice cream cooks, and the 16 women who prepare and cook the vegetables. This is the meat-room, gentlemen. In this next chest are the steaks and chops, all ready cut for the gridiron. We have two butchers who cut and dress the meat. There must be 1,000 or 1,500 steaks, small and large, in this chest. In this next chest are the lamb and mutton. We use about 125 racks a day. Let's see what there is to come out of here for dinner. 'Leg of mutton, caper sauce.' That will take six of these fellows. Then I want ten hind quarters for the 'Spring lamb, mint sauce,' and six saddles of mutton to roast. There will be some of this lamb or mutton left over, and we will use it to-morrow under the head of cold meats. In this chest is the beef. We use a great deal of beef. To day we shall roast fifteen ribs of beef that average forty-five pounds, and fifteen tenderloins. There will be one rib left for supper. Here, now, are the little Spring chickens, and we use between 500 and 600 a day. Don't they look pretty with their arms tucked away behind their backs? For dinner alone we shall want about 340 of the little chaps. We shall boil 40, roast 225, and use 75 more in the 'Spring saute, a la Marengo.' The other chests are for cold meats and the salads. We boil about eight hams and 12 tongues every day, and they answer for cold meat the next day. The salad dressing we make as often as necessary. To-day I have a good supply. While we are here I'll show you where we put the soup bones. You know we make the stock for our soups by boiling the bones from the joints after we have carved all the good slices of meat off them. We boil the bones in great kettles by steam. The stock for to day's soups was boiled yesterday. It takes about 125 gallons of soups for a dinner. To-day we have green-turtle soup."

One of the gentleman interrupted the cook in his story to ask him if he really used turtles in the making of green-turtle soup. The cook looked at the base insinuation in silence for a moment and then said: "Yes, sir, we use turtles. To-day we use two turtles, 80 pounds weight each. We were just about to leave the meat room when glancing at the bill of fare the cook said: Excuse me, gentlemen, I overlooked the 'Haricot of lamb, *a la printanier*.' I use 60 pounds of lamb for that." He selected the lamb and then proceeded to the pastry room, where the cooks were already at work getting ready for dinner. The first item on the bill of fare under "pastry" was "cabinet pudding." One of the cooks was mixing up the dough for it. He said the result would be 250 small puddings. Three kinds of pie were making, rhubarb, pumpkin and blackberry. One of the party expressed surprise that only nine pies would be needed for the dinner. "Oh," said Mr. Endesee, "our guests don't come from Massachusetts. They are mostely from New York. They don't care much for pies. Here is what they like," and he pointed to where people were working on what he said would turn out to be 800 Charlotte Russes. "We make a good deal of cake, too, to eat with the ice cream and water-ices, and all of it is made in this room. Of course we always have some on hand and only have to make a single kind or two kinds in a day. We bake the pastry in these tile ovens. These two men are the bakers. They do nothing except make bread. They use four barrels and a half of flour a day. This afternoon they will be at work on tea biscuits. They make between 3,000 and 4,000 of them a day. There is not much bread eaten at dinner. We use lots of butter and eggs and milk in this room, but I can't tell exactly how much we use for dinner. In the whole house in a single day we use for cooking and on the table about 500 pounds of butter, 400 dozens of eggs, and 700 quarts of milk. The ice cream takes considerable milk and eggs. We make 220 quarts of ice cream and water-ice together. They freeze it in this room." We looked in, but there was nothing to see other than a very warm-looking man clad in a long rubber apron, who was engaged in turning the big wheel of the freezing apparatus.

As we came from this room, Mr. Ennesee called attention to the dough that was mixing for the "Queen's fritters." "We make bushels of them for dinner," he said. Entering the room in which the vegetables are kept, we saw barrels of potatos, cabbages, onions, turnips, egg plants, and other vegetables. "How many potatos do you use for dinner?" one of us inquired. "Between three and four barrels, sir; we use eight or ten barrels a day. To-day we have egg plant fried, and we shall use one barrel of the plants." "What is the favorite vegetable, the one most called for?" Mr. Ennesee pointed to a stack of green corn. "We shall use 2,500 ears for dinner to-day," said he. "They like tomatoes pretty well, too. We use 10 bushels a day. You don't see anybody peeling potatos here, do you?" inquired our guide. "Well, the reason is that we peel them by steam. We put a bushel of potatos into that zinc cylinder and turn on the power. In 15 minutes they are peeled. You see the potatos strike on the sharp triangles that are punched in the cylinder, and that peels them."

A little after noon we paid a visit to the great kitchen. Upon the left side of the entrance, the ribs of beef, the chickens, the lamb and the mutton, were roasting over a hot coal fire; roasting on spits that were turned by a small steam engine close at hand. In pots close by the salmon were boiling. Across the room great kettles filled with vegetables were spluttering on the fire, while at the end of the room a number of cooks were engaged with the Spring chicken saute, the sweet bread and the like. The chief cook was bustling about from pot to kettle and from spit to gridiron, giving an order here, nodding his head there, and, I regret to say it, occasionally firing off a volley of French oaths. Once in a while he would go below to the pastry room to see to matters there. "The beauty of this department of the hotel," he stopped to say to us, "is that the work is divided I have a general oversight, to be sure, and have to do a good deal of headwork, but I have competent help and enough of it, and I know when the dinner hour comes around everything will be ready." It was ready that day certainly; and when the chief waiter threw open the doors and bade the diners come in, the soup, the fish, the meats and the vegetables were systematically arranged for expeditious serving. We had been advised to take a position during the dinner hour where we could see without getting in the way and without being in danger of taking soup shower baths. In 10 minutes after the opening of the dining hall the process of serving dinner was at its height. The sight we looked upon was at first as bewildering as the view through a rapidly revolving kaleidoscope. The waiters flew in and out so fast that it seemed as if there was a continuous black streak from the door of exit from the dining hall to the entrance. All the while there was an incessant clatter of dishes, and a din of voices as the waiters chattered at one another, and as they gave their orders. There was an immense rush for the soup tureens at first. One after another the waiters disappeared, bearing above their heads trays covered with plates of steaming soup. After the soup the serving of dinner went on according to the time honored program. The soup plates soon came back empty, and were almost thrown into the dish-washers' room to be immediately cleaned again. Fifteen women officiated in this room, and their hands and arms looked as though a little more par boiling would make them tolerably tender.

THE PEARL FISHERIES OF OHIO.

How the Pearls Were Discovered in the Little Miami Region, and Their Value.

About 20 years ago pearls were discovered in the Little Miami River, Warren County, O., and since then the search for them has been one of the recognized industries of the region. The Cincinnati *Commercial* says that the mussels which furnish the pearls are found in beds anywhere from the banks to the middle of the river, and are generally discovered by the feet of the pearl fisher. About 50 men and boys are engaged in this work. They wade into the river to depths reaching from the knees to the neck.

With their feet they feel the shells, and raise them by their toes to a height where the hands can reach them without stooping so as to bring the head under water. Miniature canoes, tied to the shore and floating out, are used to deposit the shells. When a bushel or more have been collected, the fisher goes to the shore, and sitting down on the grass in some cool shade he opens the shells with a large knife.

The pearls are found between a slight membrane that lines the shell and the shell itself—a translucent web of texture between a cobweb and a film of mica. Occasionally the pearl is imbedded in the shell so firmly that only an expert lapidary could safely detach it. This is rare. The number of pearls found in a single shell at the Miami fisheries rarely exceeds three, and on an average only one shell out of 150 has any pearls at all. It is a common experience to bring to shore bushels of shells with never a pearl. One may work for days with no reward; again he may make from five to $100 in a single day. The uncertainty is probably half the fascination of the work to the peculiar class of men and boys who prosecute it.

About a year ago a wealthy banker of Waynesville, Mr. J. H. Harris, began to purchase the pearls, which had previously been bought by New York and European dealers chiefly, and has since made a large and fine collection. Mention is made of one fine specimen, the Everhart pearl, found in the Miami and sold to Messrs. Tiffany & Co., in New York for $90. The Tiffanys sold it to a party in France for $1,000, bought it back for $1,500 and made a final sale of it for $2,800.

The season of the pearl fisheries of the Little Miami lasts only from June till October, as it is necessarily dependent upon the warmth of the water. The fisher works six or seven hours per day, seldom remaining longer than two hours, consecutively, in the water. It would seem as if the work would be very unhealthy, leading to malaria and all its attendant of low fevers and vital exhaustion, but it was not spoken of particularly in that way.

There are pearls found in other parts of Ohio, but they are milk white, owing to the lack of the calcareous deposit that abounds in Warren County. The pearls of the Little Miami region are of a soft, sky-blue, pink, golden tinged, and iron color, with specimens that show a pure type of each, and others that are a blending of all. The colors, of course, are not solid, but exquisite tints and shades, changing with the angle of refracted light. The size ranges from that of a mustard seed to the size of a bullet.

Many of the old Indian mounds that have been opened contain pearls, showing how ancient their existence is. These pearls in the mounds lie as if they had been strung, but they crumble at a touch.

Recently a pearl of the most extraordinary beauty and brilliancy was accidentally found on the Waynesville side of the river by Morton L. Roberts, a little lad of 11 years, the son of Mr. J. A. G. Roberts, of the Adams Express Company, of Cincinnati. Morton was visiting some relatives there and went down to get mussel shells to border a flower bed for his aunt. There were a quantity of these that had been looked over by fishers and thrown aside, and it was in one of these that the observing eye of the little lad detected the gem that promises to be a very valuable one. It is said to be the largest pearl ever taken from this region, and perfect in its symmetry. It has the brilliancy of the purest and most intense tints of the opal. It seems to rest in an aureole of colors, so delicate, yet so glowing, as to suggest to one a dream of color. The pearl will undoubtedly prove one of very rare value. Its weight is six carats

A person in the vicinity of Perth was working in his garden, when his wife returned from a visit to the City. "Ye're busy gudeman." "Ou ay, gudewife." "I hae been tae Perth," proceedeth she, "an' hae lost a note; but dinna be angry—rather let us be thankfu' that we had ane tae lose."

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The following is one of the very many testimonials we are receiving daily.

Gentlemen.—Some three months ago I began the use of Dr. Harter's Iron Tonic, upon the advice of many friends who knew its virtues. I was suffering from general debility to such an extent that my labor was exceedingly burdensome to me. A vacation of a month did not give me much relief, but on the contrary, was followed by increased prostration and sinking chills. At this time I began the use of your IRON TONIC, from which I realized almost immediate and wonderful results. The old energy returned and I found that my natural force was not permanently abated. I have used three bottles of the TONIC. Since using it I have done twice the labor that I ever did in the same time during my illness, and with double the ease. With the tranquil nerve and vigor of body, has come also a clearness of thought never before enjoyed. If the TONIC has not done the work, I know not what. I give it the credit. Most gratefully yours,

TROY, O., Jan. 2, 1878. J. P. WATSON, Pastor Christian Church, Troy, O.

For Sale by Druggists and General Dealers Everywhere.

TATTOO MARKS.

Mysterious Disappearance of a Young and Noble English Lady—Anticipated Scandal in English High Life—Where is She?

Recent advices from London bring to hand the first public utterances of an affair touching the fair fame of an English family of nobility, the extent of which can only be conjectured by the mysterious facts so far made known, which have caused the greatest excitement in fashionable circles. A firm in Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, well known as the legal advisers of a large number of families of the highest distinction, including the Duke of Wellington and other important members of the House of Lords, has with great reluctance been forced by most painful circumstances to publicly admit that a youthful female member of one of their noble client's families has mysteriously disappeared, and the hue and cry is now invoked to secure her return. It was on the 23d of last month that the young lady, who is but 17 years of age, vanished from aristocratic vision and became lost amid the more numerous and grosser specimens of humanity. She is described as being about five feet five inches in height, of slight figure, having a fair white skin, rather freckled; dark eyes, but fair hair, curled in front. Her Christian name is rather operatic—Linda. When she parted company with her relatives she wore a serge dress, braided on collar and sleeves with gold braid; blue silk navy blue stockings and a black hat, lined with gold braid also. On her linen were the initials "L. D." and a coronet. The young lady appears to have been well supplied with jewelry, for she had a gold watch (marked "L. D." and coronet) and chain, heavy gold bracelets, a diamond and ruby ring, and opal and ruby ring and a silver and gold wedding ring. Accompanying her on her travels was a little black and tan terrier toy terrier dog. One of the most remarkable incidents connected with this most mysterious affair is the absurdly inadequate amount of the reward offered for the recovery of the fugitive, £20 being the gauged measure of the distracted relatives' grief according to their own calculations. As a means of securing the right young lady it is stated that on her right leg a cross has been tattooed indellibly on the fair skin. This strange fact appears to suggest that ladies of the English aristocracy have found a new amusement for their leisure hours in tattooing devices on their limbs. The legal firm do not hint that the cause of the disappearance of the young lady may have been due to a deranged mind or any other such natural cause; but the facts, with the manner of their disclosure, lead to the presumption that an elopement has been planned and executed, and that interesting developments may be shortly anticipated. This story explains the many paragraphs floating in the English papers about tattoo marks. It is thought that possibly the young lady may come to the United States. If so, she can be easily recognized.

INTERNATIONAL MARRIAGE LAWS.

A Case Involving Much Money and Curious Legal Points.

Chicago Inter-Ocean, Aug. 25.

"A celebrated case" is in process of construction, with the promise of an early presentation in the higher courts of this State. Its plot is the hurly-burly, turmoil and vicissitudes of marital life when two Eves share the heart of a doubting or inconstant Adam. The thread of the story is very interesting, quite romantic, and shifts its scenes back and forth between the fatherland and the terminus of the star of empire route. In brief, shorn of the incidents of imagery, the facts are thus ascertained: In the infancy of Chicago, before it had absorbed much territory, or been booked for future eminence, John George Roth, a butcher of Wurtemburg, emigrated from German soil and settled here. He entered upon the business to which he had been bred, and prospered. He managed to accumulate a few thousand dollars, which he judiciously invested in real estate. He had not become naturalized, and expressed no desire to, though he paid taxes on freehold property. Under these circumstances he could still claim to be a citizen of Wurtemburg, and the laws of that well-regulated country hold all marriages null and void which are contracted without the consent of that Government. But Roth had imbibed enough of the American spirit to believe he could marry as pleased him, without the consent of a country he had practically abandoned. So he cast eyes of longing upon Miss Madeline Moser, a resident of Alsace, then a French province. They were married July 21, 1855. In the April following a boy was born, to the intense delight of both parents, who fell immediately to dreaming dreams of the future. But at the age of 10 days the child died, and the former joy was turned to bitterness. So great was the sorrow that Roth determined to leave this country and go back to the home of his youth. His wife consented, and putting their affairs in order they departed. They settled in Schorndorf, Wurtemburg. They lived peacefully there, while the Chicago real estate went on piling up in value. But in 1867 Mrs. Roth saw to her agony of mind that her place in her husband's affections was being usurped by one Amalie Stachle, and a stirring time ensued, when she found her husband open in his attentions to this woman. Mrs. Ross became the object of ill-treatment and abuse, which combined finally to send her to the home of her parents. There she lived, unsupported by her husband. Wearying of being a burden upon her parents, she sought out Roth in 1873 at Stuttgart. A scene ensued, but the interview was not satisfactory to her. He finally agreed to give her $8,000 in United States bonds if she would sign the following, which, after a time, she agreed to do:

"STUTTGART, Sept. 9, 1873.

"The undersigned, Madaline Roth, nee Noser, born in Bischweiler, and at this time residing in Schiltigheim, near Strasburg, certifies that she has to-day received from John George Roth, now her divorced husband, in Schorndorf, in the Superior Court, District of Schorndorf, as her settlement, the sum of $8,000 in 6 per cent. United States bonds, with all current coupons attached thereto, and she acknowledges herewith that she, on the strength of these premises, surrendered all and every demand or right she may have against said Roth or his property.

MAGDALINE ROTH."

She now says she believed this was simply a receipt for the amount, and that she knew nothing of any divorce clause. It appears, however, that Roth had had the marriage voided in the April preceding. In November he married Amalie. July 12, 1876, Roth died, and it was found that everything had been left to the Staehle except $8,000 to his brothers and sisters. When the first Mrs. Roth heard of his death, and that he was endowed with greater worldly goods than had been known to her, she determined to make an effort to secure her rights. Amalie had transferred the Chicago property to her brother Albert, by deed filed with Recorder Brockway, Nov. 7, 1876. The first Mrs. Roth made a complete renunciation of all her concessions, and in 1878 suit for her rights was begun in the Superior Court of this County. Now a vast quantity of documentary evidence is being prepared, and a formal suit, to test the international marriage question, is soon to be entered upon. C. M. Harris represents Mrs. Roth No. 1, while Rosenthal & Pence will see to the interest of Mrs. Roth No. 2.

WASHING DAY IN A CALIFORNIA CAMP.

How the Red Man First Derided and then Admired.

Sunday Afternoon for September.

To such a depth of degradation had I come at last that I must wash my own clothes, and, like Mr. Mantalini, I thought it a demnition grind indeed. Had I been as fastidious as some people are, they might have gone unwashed till the Summer's end for all of me and my drudgery, but my baser nature prevailed, and I went forth laden like a slop shop peddler, to wash my clothes. Over the valley and half way up the hill was a pool of warm mineral water which was better than concentrated lye for this purpose, so they said. By its side there sat an Indian, solemn and alone, probably come here on a mission like mine, and contemplating with timorous hesitation the event of his annual clean shirt. He looked at me and smiled. He saw the burden I bore, realized my intentions, noticed my hands, the cut of my whiskers, and other such items of appearance, and almost laughed outright. Well, what of it?

To say that I was nettled by his mirth and evident enjoyment is to put it very mildly. I could have slain him forthwith had I not feared remonstrance on his part. As it was I could only take revenge, which proved to be ample and sweet, by teaching him a lesson in the useful art of washing. From the moment in which I dipped the first garment into the water he became interested. When I drew it out and slathered it around upon the rock which was my wash-board, and plastered it with soap, which I rubbed in with my knuckles, just as I had seen my wi—I beg her pardon—my washer-woman do, he smiled, not in derision, but in delight. Then I mangled the cloth, tortured it, twisted it, and wasted the better part of my strength on it. After a time of exertion, emerging from a sea of lather and suds, I gave the cleansed garment a pull through the fresh water to rinse it, and, with many a dexterous twirl of hand over fist, I wrung it dry. Holding it up before his eyes, I shook the folds of flannel to the breeze, and lo, they were as blue as the depths of Heaven at mid day. Then the stoic savage could no longer contain his admiration within himself, and he cried in his confusion of tongues, "You *sabe mucho!*" Which polyglot compliment may be translated to mean, "You've washed before! Like as not your wife takes in washing for a living!"

Advice from a Colored Brother.

Detroit Free Press.

"Gen'lem," began the ole man as the triangle called the meeting of the Lime Kiln Club to order, "de anyual meetin' has bin held, de crowd haz departed an' we am once moar lef' alone to transact sich bizness as may gallop itself befo' us. At de present startin' off let me say a few words to de newly 'lected officers. I hope each one of us may so conduct hisself as to be a good example to de club in general. I shall look to see each officer uphold de principals of honesty, integrity, economy, an' all dat goes to make a home an' make dat home happy. De y'ar past an' dun fur was full ob happiness an' prosperity to de club; de y'ar jist opened promises to be eben better. No man kin walk up hill wid comfort; no man kin run down hill wid grace. Let us strike the happy medium 'tween de up-hill an' de down-hill an' press forward to new victories."

The secretary reported that he was in correspondence with Professors Watson, Swift, Peters, and others, on special points in astronomy. The Lime-Kiln Club does not believe that the moon is inhabitated; it does not believe that there are other worlds than this; it does not believe that the world can revolve on its axis unless the axis has something to rest on; it does not believe that it is 93,000,000 miles to the sun.

"We may be way behind de age," observed the president, as he cast his eyes across to the map of Europe, "but we want to be suah we ar' right befo' we go ahead. If it am only fifty miles to de sun what's de use of our believin' dat it's ten thousand miles furder?"

Outwitting a Map Agent.

Norwich Bulletin.

A map agent went into one of our manufacturing establishments recently, with an egotistical idea that his power of reading faces was a great aid to him in his business. He looked the shop over and fixed upon a commonplace looking workman, with an intelligent face, as the individual upon whom to begin business. Approaching the man he touched a spring and down dropped an elaborate map of Connecticut, with its towns, railroads and rivers all properly located. Then it was earnestly and comprehensively described by the glib agent, who briefly stated the advantage of such an educational chart to the possessor, etc. The workman, looking up very innocently from his work, remarked: "That is mighty pretty! Should think it would be first rate in a family! What is the expense of such an article?" "Only $1.50," responded the agent, dilating upon the bargain there was in the value offered for such a small amount of cash. "Would you rather have $1.50 than to have that?" asked the workman. "Certainly," responded the agent. "Well! I don't know much about such things," said the laborer, "but with your experience, if you feel you had rather have $1.50 than to have that map, why I think I had, too!"

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No dosing with drugs necessary. Cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Backache, Wounds, Bruises, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Sores, Ulcers, Piles, Boils, Bunions, Chilblains, Corns, etc., Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, Pimples, and all Eruptions of the Skin, Milk Leg, Contracted Cords, Weak Circulation, etc., are permanently cured.

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TOLEDO, - OHIO,

Whose reputation as a successful Physician has been many years established, and who has made some of the most remarkable cures on record, makes a specialty of all Diseases of the Head, Throat and Lungs, including Catarrh and Consumption, Scrofula and Humors of all kinds, Kidney, Liver and Female Diseases, Dyspepsia, Piles, Cancers and Tumors, Rheumatism and Dropsy. The Doctor's treatment strikes at once at the root of the disease, removing every taint from the system and leaving the blood pure and healthy, and every organ, nerve and muscle sound and vigorous. Dr. Livingston guarantees a cure in every curable case and a benefit in all others. Patients treated by mail or boarded at his residence, if desired. All letters of enquiry must contain stamp, and directed to DR. C. E. LIVINGSTON, 213 Superior street, Toledo, Ohio.

TESTIMONIAL:

TOLEDO, Ohio, June 14, 1878.

We, the undersigned, as citizens of the City of Toledo, certify that we are personally acquainted with Dr. C. E. Livingston, and that he is a Physician in good standing and practice in our City.

Walding, Kinnan & Co., wholesale druggists; A. S. Cohen, dry goods; Ph. Hager, furniture; R. Mellink, furniture; V. Hamilton, commission merchant; M. Gitskey, clothing dealer; Charles Oeckel, wholesale and retail flour and feed; A. D. Pelton, publisher Daily Bee; Geo. S. Canfield, Toledo Sunday Journal; A. W. Chase, M. D., author of Dr. Chase's Recipe Book, also of Dr. Chase's Family Physician; John E. Gunckel, real estate dealer; M. O. Waggoner, attorney at law; A. J. Lorrison, M. D.; W. K. Tappan, architect and builder.

News of the Week.

THE CAPITAL.

A dispatch says the Secretary of War has reviewed the proceedings and findings of the court martial of January 16, 1864, by which Surgeon General Hammond was dismissed from the service, and recommends that the findings and sentence be annulled and set aside, and that in accordance with authority conferred by the act of March 15, 1878, the name of William A. Hammond will be placed on the retired list of the army surgeon general, without back, present, or future pay or allowance of any kind whatsoever. The recommendation of the Secretary of war has been approved by the President.

The decision of the Attorney General relative to the arrears of pensions affects about 15,000 soldiers in the different homes. The amount involved is about $1,500,000.

A Washington dispatch says the President and family leave Washington Sept. 8th, for Cincinnati on the way to their home in Fremont, O. The President will return early in October. Meantime he will attend a reunion of the Veterans of the 23d Ohio Volunteers at Youngstown, and an Agricultural Fair at Neosha, Wis.

It is stated that the Treasury has placed $15,000,000 in gold to the credit of the Assay Office at New York, to be used in payment for foreign gold coin and gold bars now being received in payment of balance due this country.

The Internal Revenue Bureau has at Washington prepared a statement showing the number of gallons of spirits produced during the fiscal year of 1879, as 71,892,617, against 56,103,653 gallons in 1878. The gallons withdrawn from the bond with tax paid in 1879 numbered 57,896,779, in 1878, 69,-873,639. Gallons withdrawn from bond for export in 1879, 14,837,581, against 5,499,252 in 1878. Gallons landed abroad in 1879, 7,799,071. In 1878 the number was 3,364,616. The number of gallons remaining in bonded warehouses June 30, 1879, was 10,208,478. On June 30, 1878, only 14,088,773.

At Washington, up to and including Monday receipts of refunding certificates for conversion into four per cent. bonds aggregate $35,706,000. The total issues of the four per cent. loan by the Treasury Department amounts to $740,795,300, leaving $736,700 not yet disposed of.

The number of standard silver dollars coined during August is $2,787,050; coined to date, $40,237,050.

During August the silver payments from the United States Treasury and United States mints amounted to $1,845,-000, exclusive of the amount returned for silver certificates. The aggregate weight of coin thus distributed is 56 tons.

EAST.

A Monday's dispatch to the Boston Herald, from Providence, denies that Mrs. Sprague left Newport in a steam yacht Saturday, and adds: "The Governor denies *in toto* that he has kept any watch over his wife, or that he intercepted any of her letters or messages." It is further stated that Gov. Sprague does not at present intend to sue for a divorce, but will take immediate steps to regain possession of his daughter.

Gov. Sprague on Sunday sent the following letter to Mrs. Sprague's counsel:

"NARRAGANSETT, R. I., Aug. 30, 1879.

GENTLEMEN—Of course I have a natural desire to know of the present well being and situation of my three children, who, without my knowledge or consent, were taken from my jurisdiction and counsel yesterday afternoon. My purpose is to contribute to their comfort as far as possible. The object of this note is to say that their wearing apparel and personal effects are ready to be forwarded to them in any way you, as counsel for Mrs. Sprague, will indicate. The brother of the little girl (Wm. Sprague) is the bearer of this note. I am etc.,

WM. SPRAGUE.

To Messrs. Hazard R. Thompson and Charles H. Parkhurst.

WEST.

At Chicago, the strikers in the various freight houses continue to demand $1.25 per day, and $1.15 is the best offer made by the railroad companies. Some new men have taken hold. Some old ones have accepted the compromise, and perishable freight is all being handled. The strikers are perfectly orderly, and claim to be able to obtain lighter work and better wages elsewhere. The Northwestern lumber manufacturers, who handle over 1,000 million feet of lumber for manufacturing purposes each year, are here to-day to form an association.

SOUTH.

At New Orleans Aug. 26, the Republican State Central Committee resolved to call the State Convention at New Orleans on October 20. A resolution indorsing Gen. Grant for the Presidency provoked a lively discussion, and was withdrawn.

At New Orleans Aug. 25, the wife of the Confederate General J. B. Hood, died it is said of yellow fever. She was attended by Dr. S. M. Bemiss, of the National Board of Health. She had been confined a few days previous. When attacked with the fever, she resided opposite the house where the Berksen child died of yellow fever July 31. The case is declared yellow fever by Dr. Bemiss, but Dr. White and other yellow-fever experts called in, are as confident that death resulted from puerperal fever. Mrs. Hood leaves a large family of children. She has borne twins three times and triplets once.

At Fredericsburg, Sept. 1, a large meeting at Spottsylvania Court House was addressed by Rev. Dr. Curry, member of the Thirty-fifth and Thirty-sixth Congresses, in favor of sustaining the McCulloch compromise as a final settlement of Virginia's debt, and a candidate was nominated on that platform.

A Miss., dispatch says the September term of the Circuit Court of Kemper County began at Dekalb, the county seat, Monday, Judge Hamm presiding. The State docket is set for Tuesday when will commence the trial of the cases of the State vs. Henry J. Gully, Virgil Gully, Houston Gully and Slocomb Gully, indicted for the murder of W. W. Chisholm, Miss Chenilia Chisholm and J. P. Gilmore on the 29th of April, 1878. The prosecution will be conducted by District Attorney Thos. S. Floyd, assisted by Steward L. Woodford, of New York, ex-Attorney General Morris, of Vicksburg, and ex-Chancellor Ware, of Jackson, Miss. Over 500 persons, mostly whites, are in attendance. While there is no excitement, great interest is taken in the trial.

W. H. Gully, one of the defendants, has died since he was indicted.

Revenue Agent Latham writes from Alabama that two witnesses for the Government against "moonshiners" were whipped recently almost to death and compelled to leave Dekalb County, and that in Marion County an armed band of distillers and sympathizers compelled the United States Commissioner, a Deputy Marshal and two Deputy Collectors to leave the County, but the party being reinforced, returned. The illicit distillers of Dekalb County region compel all persons who visit them to work for a time, thus making an accomplice of every one who otherwise could be a witness for the Government.

FOREIGN

GREAT BRITAIN.

The Manchester Guardian dated Aug. 27, says the executive committee of the North and Northeast Lancashire Masters' Association will meet the 2d of September to consider the proposal for a further reduction in wages. The masters allege that some step toward the alleviation of the depression in trade is absolutely necessary, but a general reduction is not likely to take place. A correspondent at Oldham says in the present temper of the operatives, there is no telling what extreme measures they may adopt.

At London Aug. 26, at a meeting of Oldham operative spinners a resolution was passed protesting against the proposed reduction of five per cent. in their wages, declaring that it was unjustifiable. Emigration was strongly urged as a means of improving their condition.

The examination before a Bristol magistrate of seven directors of the West of England and South Wales District Bank, on the charge of conspiracy, has begun. The counsel for the Crown, in opening the case, alleged that after the directors had sunk two-thirds of the capital of the bank in loans to the insolvent iron-making firm of Booker & Co., they endeavored to shift their responsibilities upon the public by taking over the business of Booker & Co., and transforming it into a limited company, and endeavoring to sell the shares thereof by promising great dividends.

The London Financier of Aug. 27. says that the American food purchases are now beginning to be estimated at amounts considerably in excess of those thought of a week or 10 days ago, and notwithstanding the purchases of iron and other manufactures here, the conviction prevails that gold will be taken in payment to a considerable amount. It is known that large amounts of bills against wheat shipments, with the usual 60 days to run, have been steadily accumulating the last month.

The decline in stocks was due to the Government announcing that the amount of council bills on India which they will offer next week will be increased by £50,-000. the London Financier says that owing the expectation of a heavy decline in bullion the expediency of advancing the selling price of gold coin is said to have been discussed at the meeting of the Bank Court. Such a step probably impends, but as the advance would not be likely to exceed a half-penny per ounce, it could involve no real check on the export of gold.

The London Financier of Sept. 1, says it is understood that £176,141 worth of bar gold, due from the East, will go to meet the American demand: £100,000, brought by the steamer "Paria" last week has already been disposed of for America; £180,000 are due here from the East, the 28th inst. As these amounts are all that are now in transit from the East the whole of whatever demand may arise from the United States, will fall on the stock held by the Bank of England, unless remittances from France come to our aid.

The reduction of wages by the Staffordshire earthenware and china manufacturers is partly attributed to American protective duties. Employers desire to return to the scale of wages paid in '71. Fifty thousand workmen will be affected. The proprietors of Burnley coal fields give notice of a reduction in the price of coal and wages.

A dispatch says Charles Stewart Parnell, Home Rule member of the House of Commons for Meath addressed a disorderly mob of from 10,000 to 20,00 persons in Limerick Saturday upon the land question. He advised farmers to combine and pay no rent until they got a reduction. The crowd applauded the address and shouted in favor of shooting landlords and agents. The platform was finally stormed and much crushing and fighting ensued.

Germany.

At Berlin it is admitted in Court circles that there is an estrangement between Bismarck and Gortschakoff, but this does not affect the relations between the Czar Emperor. A new and important treaty of commerce will be concluded between Germany and Spain.

A statement is published regarding the operation of the Socialist law up to the 30th of June. The statement shows that 640 inhibitions were issued in conformity with the provisions of the law.

A Vienna correspondent of the London Standard asserts that authorative advices have been received from Rome to the effect that the negotiations between Germany and the Vatican will not be concluded until propositions are made by the Vatican of a very different nature from those now pending.

The Standards Rome dispatch says the Pope has received a memorandum from a well known personage in Germany asserting that Prince Bismarck is not conceding anything to the needs of the Church, but is yielding to a momentary political necessity.

The Standard's Vienna dispatch says it is asserted that Russian agents are distributing a proclamation amongst the Allvanians intended to excite them against the occupation of Novi Bazar.

France.

The Times Paris special reports that the government has declared itself ready to appoint special commissioners to act in concert with the American commissioners for negotiating a treaty of commerce between France and the United States.

A Paris correspondent writes: Aug. 30. Gold continues to be sent to the United States for the purchase of wheat. The steamer St. Laurent, sailing for New York, takes £600,000, part of which is on English account. Gold in lesser quantities, amounting in all to about £200,000, has been sent to Hungary, Roumania and other parts of Europe for the same purpose.

South Africa.

It is reported that the Chilian Minister of War has tendered his resignation in consequence of the censures expressed upon his administration.

It is asserted that the Peruvian authorities stopped the Chilian Envoy while on his way to Columbia, and seized his instructions, which were to propose an offensive and defensive alliance between Chili and Columbia against Peru.

Turkey.

At Constantinople, August 31, the Turco-Greek Frontier Commission held a meeting.

There are rumors in circulation that the declarations of the Commission were of an unfavorable character, but they can not be traced to any reliable authority. The next sitting will be held Thursday.

A dispatch to the Daily News from Constantinople, says a meeting of Englishmen was held here Sunday, at which a memorial was adopted to be sent to Lord Salisbury protesting against the proposed new taxes on foreigners in Turkey.

At Constantinople, at a sitting of the Turco-Greek Frontier Commission, Saturday, the Turks accepted, with important reservations, the protocols of the the treaty of Berlin as a basis for negotiations.

At Constantinople, at the sitting of the Turco-Greek frontier commission on Saturday, the Turks accepted eight important reservations, the protocols of the treaty of Berlin to serve as a basis for negotiations.

Spain.

It is stated in a Spanish telegram that the Council, under the presidency of the King, willfinally fix November 28th as the date for the marriage of King Alfonso and the Archduchess Maria Christine. It is believed that a Commission composed of Spanish Senators and Deputies will go to Vienna to escort the bride to Spain by way of Triste and Barcelona. The vessel conveying her to Barcelona will be escorted by four ironclads.

TERRIBLE TEMPEST.

It Makes Havoc with Everything That Comes in Its Way.

NEW ORLEANS, Sept. 2.—A terrible storm raged yesterday around Morgan City and along the Teche, but the going down of wires prevented full particulars being received. The steamboats "Sammie" and "Alberta" are sunk. A portion of the iron shed of Morgan's wharf and a portion of the engine shed were blown down, also Erwing's ice houses, some dwellings were blown from their foundations. The damage to crops along the Teche is immense. A saw mill at Berwick across the bay, was blown down. The Presbyterian Church and new school house were blown down. The streets were flooded. Morgan's Teche warehouse was blown down and carried across Front street, injuring the stores of L. Loeb and A. Eiman. The gale was frightful in the evening.

Not a Beverage.

"They are not a beverage, but a medicine, with curative properties of the highest degree, containing no poisonous drugs. They do not tear down an already debilitated system, but build it up. One bottle contains more hops, that is, more real hop strength, than a barrel of ordinary beer. Every druggist in Rochester sells them, and the physicians prescribes them."—Rochester Evening Express on Hop Bitters.

A SWEET SAINT.

The Angel of Castle Thunder Recalled to Memory.

A Romantic Episode of the Notorious Prison—Miss Emma St. Clair's Mission of Mercy—The Beautiful Outcast Whom the Soldiers Blessed—A Sad, Sad Story, with a Mysterious Sequel.

Special Dispatch to the Globe-Democrat.

RICHMOND, VA., Aug. 27.—The burning of the famous Confederate military prison, "Castle Thunder," in Richmond, yesterday morning, has been the theme of talk all day on the streets. It stood within a stone's throw of Libby Prison, and was very much like it in appearance. The *Globe Democrat* correspondent interviewed a former Warden of the prison to-day, Maj. Batlen.

A SAD AND ROMANTIC EPISODE.

The Major said: "The burning of 'Castle Thunder' reminds me of a sad and romantic episode interwoven with the history of that famous prison. It is the story of the 'Angel of Castle Thunder.' The friends and sweethearts of the prisoners were constantly writing to them. I have witnessed many heart-rending scenes in the prison. In this prison all persons suspected of sympathy with the Union were confined, as well as Confederate prisoners. The meeting and separation between a mother and her child, between a sweetheart and her lover, as they would cling to each other, and with tears and sobs separate, perhaps never to meet again, was truly sad and distressing. It was upon one of these occasions that I noticed a woman whose history I afterward learned, and as it was a remarkable one, I will give it to you. She was beautiful, tall, ladylike and *spirituelle* looking. She attracted one's attention at first sight. She called herself Emma St. Clair. Her features were finely chiseled, after the Grecian style. Her eyes were large, lustrous and of melting blue, her form well proportioned, lithe and supple, and her pale delicacy of complexion and her frail appearance produced the impression that she

WOULD SOON BE THE VICTIM

of that fell destroyer, consumption. She called to see a young prisoner who was her lover, to whom she sent sumptuous fare every day. Once, while on a visit to him, she had a severe hemorrhage, and fainted. She was too weak to be sent away, and she was properly cared for at the prison. The attending physician had her taken to a room, where she received proper nursing and medical care until she recovered. She was a courtesan, and her lover a Louisiana soldier, who came to Virginia at the outbreak of the war. She was of Creole extraction and came from New Orleans to Richmond, where she might be near him and see him every now and then. She had $2,500 in gold when she arrived here, and she determined to devote her own forces and her money to soothe and alleviate the sufferings of our wounded soldiers. She became a nurse in Bird Island Hospital, and there for a long time she employed herself in nursing the sick and wounded. On one occasion a young soldier from North Carolina, badly wounded, was placed under her care,

SHE NURSED HIM CAREFULLY,

but in spite of all that could be done for him it became evident that he must die. He was the only son of wealthy parents who doted on him. When he was told that he could not live long, he called the beautiful nurse to his bedside and told her he had one request to make, and that was that she would not let him be placed in an unmarked grave. She promised, and he died happy. She kept her promise. He was buried with pomp. A long line of carriages followed him to his grave. She bore all the expenses. In a few days thereafter the father and mother appeared, having heard that their only son had been wounded. The father went to the hospital, where he learned his son had died, and there he was referred to Miss St. Clair, who gave him all the particulars of his death and funeral. He and his wife were deeply grieved at the loss of their son, but their grief was greatly softened by the contemplation of the generous, unselfish conduct of his kind nurse, and they expressed to her their appreciation of her kindness in no measured terms.

THEY DID MORE.

After making inquiries about her, and learning her past history and true status when they returned to Richmond again, after carrying the remains of their son home to be buried, they sought her out and said to her, "We have come to make a proposition to you, which we sincerely wish you to accept. We want you to go home with us and be our daughter. We will adopt you as such. We are wealthy, we have no children, and nobody will have any right to complain of our conduct. We make this proposition after careful thought and consideration. We are acquainted with your past history and know what is the opinion of the world in respect to one in your situation, but we believe that any one who has acted so nobly and generously as you have done can be reclaimed, and forgetting your past life, we earnestly desire to take you to our hearts and our home, and adopt you as our daughter. Will you come?" The beautiful nurse evinced great emotion. Her bosom heaved and tears flowed from her eyes, and then, amidst her sobs,

SHE DECLINED THE OFFER,

saying to accept it would, while beneficial to me, be doing an injury to you. I do not deserve such generosity, and my services to your poor boy were not given with expectation of reward, but to gratify my own feelings. I know that you are sincere in your belief that you would ignore and forget my past life, and that you would treat me as if I were, in fact, your daughter, but the world and your friends and acquaintances would not let you do it. A ban is upon me; society calls me an outcast, no matter what trials, temptations and solicitations I may have encountered. I have fallen, and there is an unbridged gulf between me and society forever. You would rescue me, and your offer will be a source of happiness to me during all the few remaining years I have to live, but as much as I would like to go with you, I can not wrong you by accepting your offer. My doom is fixed. I regret, alas, too late, to say, and knowing that I shall never be forgiven by man, I must look alone to Him who is mercy's self

TO PARDON ME HEREAFTER.

The old Confederate Major, as he reached this part of his reminiscence, drew his big bandanna and wiped his eyes, saying to the correspondent, "You see, I witnessed that scene, and I tell you it was the saddest I ever knew. The old gentleman and his wife could not alter the determination of the beautiful girl. Finally they said: 'Is there nothing we can do for you to show our appreciation of your kindness to our son?' She said, 'Yes: I ask that you will bestow some of your means in purchasing delicacies for the wounded soldiers and prisoners of both armies.' They did so, and hundreds of Confederate and Union soldiers, tossing upon sick beds, blessed the outcast woman who gave them rare wines and cordials and delicacies out of the liberal means at her disposal, and so she became known as the "Angel of Castle Thunder," and at early morn and amid the night shadows she was to be seen flitting between Castle Thunder and Libby Prison. At the evacuation of Richmond she disappeared and has never been heard of since.

Ex-Governor Hendricks accepted an invitation to attend a public meeting the other day. When he heard his name read out as one of the Vice-Presidents of the meeting, he jumped to his feet and exclaimed, "Mr. President and gentlemen—I cannot, I will not, accept second pla—." Then he excused himself, and went out and butted his head against the side of the building—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

MRS. SPRAGUE FLEES FROM CANOCHET.

She Departs and Leaves No Trace Behind.

Spiriting Three of Her Children from Their Father's House, He is Left with but One.

NEW YORK, Aug. 31.—The Sun special from Narragansett Pier, says: To-day the people at the Pier are in excitement over the escape from Canonchet of Mrs. Sprague, last night. Mrs. Sprague claims that ever since she returned to Canonchet with her children she has been subjected to many annoyances by the Governor, which culminated on Saturday by an actual outburst on his part. Her friends say that the Governor, coming home on Friday morning in an intoxicated condition, suddenly went into the room where the nurses were dressing the children, and, seeing Mrs. Sprague there, said: "I'll show you who is master here," and without any further words took hold of her arm and shoulder, dragged her around the room, and attempted to throw her out of the window, saying, before witnesses, that he would do so. He was prevented from carrying his threat into execution by those present. The children were half-dressed and were screaming with fright.

Mrs. Sprague began quickly to make preparations to leave the place, and Saturday afternoon, about half-past five, quietly took her departure, accompanied by her three children, their nurses and her luggage. So well were her plans arranged that the Governor and his nephew, Arthur Watson, who were keeping a vigilant watch upon her movements, knew nothing about her departure until the party had a good hour's start and were many miles away. Mr. Watson, upon finding them gone, immediately started down town with the colored cook, and drove to the depot and hotels in hopes of finding some clew to their whereabouts. Finding none, he turned back and when half way between the depot and the old Pier he met the Governor, who, in hot haste changed places with the cook and started at a break-neck speed for Kingston Junction, about eight miles away, leaving the Pier at about the same time as the train for Kingston. He spurred his horse to a race-course speed, and then began a race between the Governor and the train, he hoping to cut them off if they had got on board at any out-of-the-way place along the line of that road.

When Conductor Hale's train arrived at Kingston the Governor was standing on the platform, with mud-bedabbled coat and excited face, watching for signs of the missing party. He accosted Conductor Hale with: "Have you lugged off my children?" Mr. Hale told him he had seen nothing of them; and after looking through the boat train, and inquiring of the officials at the Kingston Depot, the Governor started back for the Pier, as was supposed, as all trace of his movements was lost from that point. Willie, his son, who has sided with his father during all this unhappy affair, was started off on the road to Tower Hill and Wakefield, but returned unsuccessful in his search.

There are many theories as to the manner in which Mrs. Sprague managed the affair so adroitly. It seems improbable that she could have taken the cars, for no train left the Pier between half-past five and half past seven o'clock, and her departure was discovered between those hours. Her son Willie was at the depot keeping watch in all the interval between the time of the discovery and the departure of the last train. The general impression is that Mrs. Sprague left in a steam yacht, and that, too, from the pier of the Newport boat. A strange looking and very fast steam yacht was seen hovering about the pier all the afternoon, and suddenly went up to the Newport boat dock, and after waiting about 10 minutes then steamed rapidly away, perhaps with Mrs. Sprague on board.

It is claimed by Mrs. Sprague's friends that she had good cause for departing from Canonchet in such a mysterious and extraordinary manner; while on the other hand it is maintained on behalf of Gov. Sprague that he was justified by the facts in keeing the closest espionage on all his wife's movements, and in keeping her a virtual prisoner at Canonchet. At the meeting at Conductor Hale's residence at the Pier, which was the first interview between the husband and wife after the expulsion of Sen. Conkling from Canonchet, it was decided that Gov. Sprague should have control of the children who had been taken with her by Mrs. Sprague when she left her husband's house on the day of that memorable encounter. After this decision as to the disposal of the children, which was concurred in by her counsel, Mrs. Sprague was greatly agitated during the interview. When she was asked by Gov. Sprague whether she would return to Canonchet, she said: "I fear for my life if I do." "I never harmed any one," said the Governor, "and you will be entirely safe."

But Mrs. Sprague persisted in her assertion that Gov. Sprague had several times before threatened her life, and that she could not be safe if alone with him in the house. She remained at Conductor Hale's for some time after the departure of Governor Sprague and the children, and there her agitation had assumed such a form that her counsel, Mr. Thompson, (Rowland Hazzard's partner) concluded that it would be best for her to follow the children. Accordingly he sent to one of the hotels for Mr. Skinner, a lawyer from Ohio, who had been an intimate friend of the late Chief Justice Chase, Mrs. Sprague's father. Mr. Skinner, Mrs. Sprague and a Miss Emma Fosdick, who had accompanied Mrs. Sprague to the Pier from Providence, went to Canonchet. Gov. Sprague consented that Mr. Skinner should remain at Canonchet, but said that he would not receive Miss Fosdick, who accordingly went back to her hotel. Since that time, Friday, the 15th, Mrs. Sprague has remained at Canonchet.

It has been said that Gov. Sprague at once directed that the servants should receive no orders from Mrs. Sprague, that all telegrams and messages to her should be first submitted to him, and that his wife should be limited to one room in the upper part of the house. When she went out driving a trusted servant always accompanied her. He denied admission to many of her friends, and even to her counsel. But this, he said, was to keep her from influences that he believed would not be for her good. His reasons as given for this course, were that he desired Mrs. Sprague should make up her mind as to her future course unbiased by outside advice: that if she ever left the house again she could not return to it, and in any event she should not take the children with her. The rigid espionage established was to prevent her from abducting the children.

Mrs Sprague's friends say that she was in constant fear of some sudden outbreak, when neither her own life nor the lives of her children would be safe from the ungovernable anger of her husband and father. The children are four in number—Willie, aged 13; Ethel, aged 9; Kate, aged 5, and Portia, aged 4. Willie remains with his father. The three little girls Mrs. Sprague took with her. Gov. Sprague will undoubtedly exhaust every means to discover the whereabouts of the children, and will as certainly use every legal effort to recover them. A suit for seperation, brought by either husband or wife, will probably be at once instituted to settle the right to the control of the children.

Crime is more rampant in Summer than during the Winter, it is stated. Probably because so many churches are closed during the hot months, and the human race is permitted to "go as it pleases."—*Norristown Herald.*

Girls at a band concert with fireworks. A bomb is discharged with startling report. No. 1—"Oh, my soul!" The bomb mounts heavenward and bursts with another report, scattering dazzling brilliancy in red and green. No. 1 again—"What was that?" No. 2—"I thought it was your soul."

—THE happiest results invariably attend the taking of "Sellers' Celebrated Liver Pills." 25c per box.

THE PLANETS IN AUGUST.

Interesting Description of their Positions.

Cincinnati Saturday Night

August presents the phenomenon of two full moons, on account of the increased demand during the heated term for moonlight nights. Heretofore one moon has been found inadequate to the extraordinary demands made upon it, principally from the sea-beat strand, and the managers of the celestial bodies are determined to spare neither pains nor expense to serve their patrons in a satisfactory manner. Their motto appears to be: "We strive to please. If you don't see what you want, ask for it."

Uranus—as the school girls admitted to the gartersnake—is evening star until the 28th. It is the intention to reduce expenses after that date, and Uranus will be open for an engagement. He would like to hear from the Chairman of some State Central Committee.

Mercury is behind the bat, and therefore cannot be seen, but he is doing some excellent work. The manner in which he throws to second is giving him a wide fame, and he has already received several fine offers of marriage.

Mars is morning star, but doesn't rise until seven minutes before 11. Almost any of us might be that kind of a morning star.

Saturn, with his estimable wife, and charming daughter Minnie, will leave tomorrow for an extended pleasure trip in the East. They will visit Cape May, Coney Island, Long Branch, Manhattan Beach, Narragansett Pier, Newport, Saratoga, the White Mountains, Blue Mountains, Rocky Mountains and other ocean coasts and resorts. Their hosts of friends join with us in wishing them *bon voyage* and a pleasant trip.

Jupiter comes in opposition with the sun on the 31st, and the event is the reigning subject of conversation in sporting circles. Bets are freely offered that Jupiter will think he is sun-struck inside of two minutes. The affair was to have taken place at Coney Island, but when Corbin learned that a party named "Old Sol" was one of the principals, he put his foot right down on it.

The statement that Venus is evening star is without foundation in fact. Venus is sojourning at Long Branch, where she will remain during the heated term unless she can get board cheaper elsewhere. She rises at a quarter before seven, takes a plunge in the ocean, and rides out on the beach on a bicycle. She has many admirers, but it is observed that she shows a decided preference for Sen. Conkling.

THE HUSBAND'S RIGHTS.

"Old Si." Points the Moral of the Conkling-Sprague Affair.

Atlanta Constitution.

Old Si. laid his hand upon his knee cap and said:

"Dis hyar sporadick tech ob de rumatiz 'minds me dat hits gwine ter rain 'bout fo'r days an' I'se lierbul ter lose de run ob de story."

"Which story?"

"Dat leetle romance up yonder in Rode Ilum, 'twixt Conkling an' Guv'ner Sprague."

"What do you think of it, Si, anyhow?"

"Well, sah, my 'pinions on dese hyar queschins is purty solid fer er fack! Now in dis case I'se clar'ly satersfide dat de Guv. wuz totin' round de bes' argyment dat wuz lef' him in de yremises."

"Then you approve of the shot-gun remedy for domestic invasions?"

"Jes edzackly! An' wheneber er man gits hisself up to dat pitch, whedder he's er musick teacher fum Germany er a chin-musishun fum New Yawk, dat he goes into kamp on anudder man's home-lot, de owner of de lot has got de rite ter use er rit ob 'jeckment wid ha'r triggers au' senter-fire buck-shot kyartridges!"

"Perhaps the law forbids and furnishes another sort of remedy?"

"Dat maybe so wid de law dey puts onder sheepskin kivvers, but dar's er onritten law ob dis hyar lan' dat when er man buys er marridge license he gits de rite wid it ter organize funerils in his nabohood in dese sort ob 'mergincies."

"And that looks reasonable."

"Dat's de smoob-bore logick dat'l wind up de debate jess ez well in Rode Ilum ez in Georgy, a' hit's dat sort ob er seckshun ob de kode dat's tacked up on my door-post, yer heah me!"

And the old man limped away to escape the shower.

The Butcher and the Lawyer.

Philadelphia Times.

A butcher, in a provincial Town, called the other day on his friend the lawyer, to consult him on the following points: A lady had just been in his shop buying a choice bit of beef for her worthy husband's dinner. Her pet dog, which accompanied her, forgetting its good manners in the shop; had, either in sniffing at or tasting a nice roast, tumbled it among the sawdust wherewith the floor was strewn, and soiled it. His question to the lawyer was:

"Is the lady bound to pay me for and receive the said roast? and if so, how may payments be enforced?"

The lawyer inquired if the lady was a good customer; and being answered in the affirmative, he said:

"My advice to you, as a friend, would be not to enforce payment of the $1.75 (for that was the full value of the roast,) because, if you do, you will most likely lose the family's custom, and that of some of their friends. But when the lady's husband looks in, you may take an opportunity of mentioning the circumstance to him, in as gentle and polite a manner as you can, and very probably he will pay you at once."

"I dare say you're right; I'll just follow your advice, and take the liberty of telling you the lady was your own wife."

The lawyer gave a good-natured laugh, put his hand in his pocket and paid the $1.75. The butcher went away in great glee, for he was proud of his shrewdness in "doing" the lawyer. In his exaltation he hurried to his neighbors, the confectionery, the grocer and the apothecary, to tell them the capital joke; and great was the chuckling of these cronies over it. The butcher's dreams that night were pleasant, and on the morrow his temper was placid and serene; he mused of spending the half-crowns in treating the grocer, confectioner and apothecary. While in this delighted mood the postman handed him a note. It was from his friend the lawyer, and contained an account:

"A debtor to D.—To consultation, $5.25."

A German gentleman who keeps a seven by nine lager-beer shop at the South End, treated himself to a day's vacation recently, leaving his son in charge of "ter pizziness" and a keg of beer. On his return he found the keg empty and addressed his off-spring as follows: "How is dis, Yawcob, dot you make me only und dollar and dirty cents for dose keg of beer? Show me how you draws der peer." Yawcob took the glass and drew it nearly full of beer, with but the least margin of froth, when the old gentleman seizing his hand, said: "You make does glasses stand higher down der keg, Yawcob, der profit in der peer pizziness is in der pubbles."—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

Had the late Prince Imperial lived and failed in obtaining the glory he expected in South Africa it was his intention to come over to the United States and join the Paragraphers' Association. It is related of him that just prior to his departure on his fatal expedition he flipped up a coin with a friend, remarking: "Heads I win, tails Zulus."

Two young ladies from Port Jervis, who are visiting in Middletown, were the other night escorted by a couple of young gentleman to the pond at the foot of Mill street and when a sail boat landed and the ladies stepped on shore one of them gave a great sigh of relief and exclaimed: "Oh, dear, I'm so glad to be once more on vice versa."—*Middletown Argus.*

The ex-Khedive to New York—"Since I made you a present of the Egyptian obelisk I have failed in business. Couldn't you allow me $50 or $40 for it?"—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

SPECIAL NOTICES.

PRESCRIPTION FREE

For the speedy Cure of Seminal Weakness, Loss of Manhood, and all disorders brought on by indiscretion or excess. Any druggist has the ingredients. Address DAVIDSON & CO., 78 Nassau St., New York.

The Markets.

General Produce.

DETROIT, Sept. 2.—Flour—Market is steady. Wheat is stronger; extra, 101½c; No 1 white at 98¼c cash; do seller September, 98½c; do seller October, 99c bid; 99¼c asked; do seller November, 98¾c bid; 99¼c asked; milling No 1, nominally 96¼c; amber, 98¼c. Receipts of wheat, 86,000 bu; shipments, 156,000 bu.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 2.—Flour at $4 50@5 75. Wheat—market is quiet; red, 90@94c. Corn—market unchanged at 37c cash and 38c seller September. Oats dull at 24@28c. Whisky quiet at 104c. Provisions—Pork quiet at $8 10@$8 25. Lard—market quiet at $5 50. Bulk meats quiet; shoulders, $3 25; short ribs, $4 50; short clear, $4 75. Bacon easy; shoulders, $9 87½@5 12½@5 37½.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 1.—Breadstuffs—Flour—Flour steady; Ohio family, new wheat, medium, $4 37½; Indiana family, new wheat, good, $5 20; Indiana fancy, old wheat, $5 60. Wheat quiet; rejected, 90@93½c; No. 2 red in elevator, 103½c. Corn quiet; low mixed, on track, 46½c; high-mixed, 46½@47½c; yellow, do., 47@47½c. Oats dull and unsettled; mixed western, 31@33c; white western, 32@33c.

BUFFALO, Sept. 2.—Wheat—Market quiet and drooping; sales, 3,500 bu Green Bay club at 101½c. Corn dull and unchanged; sales 15,502 bu; Toledo at 40c; No. 2 mixed western at 40c. Oats nominally 29c for No 2 mixed western. Rye neglected. Canal freights lower; shipments of wheat at 7c. Receipts—Flour, 7,830 bbls; wheat, 296,363 bu; corn, 77,137 bu. Shipments—Wheat, 6,024 bu; corn, 104,524 bu. Canal—wheat, 312,189 bu; corn, 81,709 bu.

MILWAUKEE, Sept. 2.—Breadstuffs—Wheat—market advanced ⅛@¼c; the noon board closed firm at 95c for hard; 90c for No 1; 87¼c for No 2 cash and seller August; 87¼c for seller September; 87½c for seller October; 82c for No 3; 76c for No 4; 65c for rejected; receipts, 59,800 bu; shipments, 4,200 bu. Corn—Market steady at 32½c for No. 2. Oats—Market steady at 21½c for No 2. Rye—market steady at 48½c for No 1. Barley—Market steady at 67c for No 2.

CHICAGO, Sept. 2.—Wheat unsettled and generally lower; closed firmer; No. 2 Red, 92½c; No 2 spring, 85½c cash; 85¾c seller September; 85⅞c bid seller October. Corn easier; 32⅝c cash; 32⅞ bid seller September; 33¼ seller October. Oats weak and lower; 21¾c cash; 22⅝c seller September; 22⅞ bid seller October. Rye unchanged at 48½c. Barley at 72c seller October ber. Pork firm; $@8 00 cash; $8 10 seller October. Lard—market strong and higher: $5 55 bid cash, $5 62½ bid seller October. Whisky at 106c. Hogs—Receipts, 9,000 head; market quiet and steady and unchanged; light at $3 55@3 65; heavy packing, $3 15@3 40; shipping at $3 40@3 60.

TOLEDO, WEDNESDAY MORNING, Sept. 3.—The wheat market has been quite active, with but little change in prices, which are now quoted as follows: Spot Amber at 97¾c; seller September and October, 97¾c; No. 2 Amber, 96¼c; No. 3 White, 98c; No. 9 No. 2 Red Wabash, spot, 97½c; D. & M., 97¾c; Canal, 97¼c; seller September, 97¾c; seller October, 97⅞c; No. 3 Red Mixed, 96c; No. 3 Red Wabash, 95c; D. & M., 95½c; Rejected Red Wabash, 89c; No. 2 Amber Illinois, 100¾c; Western Amber, 97¾c. The market for Corn has been dull; High-mixed, 36½c; No. 2, 35¾c; Rejected, 35½c; Damaged, 31½c; No. 2 White Corn, 44c. In futures, No. 2 seller September is quoted at 35¾c, and seller October at 36½c. But little doing in Oats; No. 2 quoted dull at 23¾c; other grades nominal. Rye quiet at 53c for No. 2. Clover Seed dull at $4 15 for Prime Medium.

NEW YORK, Sept. 2.—Cotton—Is steady at 12¼c for middling uplands. Flour—Market is unchanged; receipts, 16,000 bbls; sales, 10,000 bbls; extra state, $4 20@4 40; extra western, $4 20@4 40; Round Hoop Ohio, $4 25@5 75. Rye Flour is reported as steady at $3 40@3 90. Wheat—Market is dull; receipts, 366,000 bu; sales, —— bu; No 2 Red, seller September, 109½c bid. Rye firm; 60@63c for No. 2 Western; 67c for State and Canada. Corn is dull; receipts, 289,000 bu; sales, 25,000 bu; 45½@46c for Western Mixed. Barley is dull. Oats dull; receipts, 50,000 bu; sales, 38,000 bu; 28@31½c for mixed western; 31½@36½c for white. Pork weak at $8 65. Beef unchanged. Lard is reported heavy at $5 90. Butter—6@16c. Cheese—2@5½c. Whiskey—106½@—c. Sugar—6⅜@6⅞c. Eggs—13½@16c. Petroleum—4⅞@5⅞c for crude, and 6⅜c for refined. Tallow—5⅞c. Coal steady. Leather steady. Wool quiet and strong.

BALTIMORE, Sept. 2.—Breadstuffs — Flour—Market steady and unchanged; western superfine, $2 85@3 50; do extra, $3 75@4 55; do family, $5 00@5 75. Wheat—Western reported as firm: No 2 western winter red, spot and seller September, 109¼@109¾c; seller October, 109¼@109⅞c; seller November at 106⅞c. Corn—Western is reported firm; western mixed, spot and seller September, 46¾@46⅞c; do seller October, 47@47⅛c; seller November no offerings; steamer, 44⅞c. Oats—market is easier and quiet; western white, at 31@32c; do mixed, 29@30c; Pennsylvania, 31@32c. Rye quiet; good to prime, 61@63c. Hay—Market firm, without change; prime to choice Pennsylvania and Maryland, $13 00@14 00. Provisions—market is steady and unchanged; mess pork, at $9 75. Bulk Meats—loose shoulders, $3 75; clear rib sides, $4 50; packed, $4 50@5 25. Bacon—shoulders, $4 75; clear rib sides, $5 75; hams, $11 25@11 75. Lard—refined, in tierces, $7 00. Butter active and steady; prime to choice western packed, 12@14c. Eggs scarce and firm at 16c. Petroleum dull and unchanged; crude, at —c; refined, 6¾c. Coffee firm; rio cargoes, 11¼@14½c. Whisky quiet at 107@107½c. Freights to Liverpool, per steam, easier; cotton, 3-16d; flour, at 2s 6d; grain, at 7½d@8d. Receipts—Flour, 6,259 bbls; wheat, 67,200 bu; corn, 39,000 bu; oats, 5,700 bu; rye, 600 bu. Shipments—Wheat, 47,600 bu; corn, 15,000 bu. Sales—wheat, 436,300 bu; corn, 168,200 bu.

Money, Stocks, etc.

NEW YORK, Sept. 1, 1879.

Money active at 5@6 ₩ cent., closing at —; prime mercantile paper 5@7 ₩ cent.

Sterling Exchange—firmer; long, 481; short, 483¼.

Governments bonds fairly steady.

Railroad securities strong and higher. C. C. & I. C. firsts, 74¼c.

State bonds dull.

Bar silver 111½.

Subsidiary silver coin, ½@1 ₩ cent. discount.

Coal shares were the most prominent, a strong buying movement in them having begun. This was due to President Gowan's letter to Judge Lathrop proposing a limitation of coal production, which is considered the first step toward a general combination of coal companies. The market responded quickly to the advance in coal shares, and prices took a sharp upward turn, which, with the exception of an occasional slight reaction, was well maintained to the close. The market closed strong with an advancing tendency. Compared with Saturday's closing prices, the improvement for the day was 5 ₩ ct. in Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Northern, 4¾ in Kansas Pacific, 3¼ ₩ cent. in Delaware, Lackawana & Western, 3¼ in Delaware & Hudson, 3 in New Jersey Central, 1⅝ in St. Louis, Kansas City & Northern preferred, 2 in Morris & Essex, 2¼ in Ohio & Mississippi preferred, and ¼@1¾ in the rest of the list.

STATE STOCKS.

	Mon	Sat.	Fri.	Thu	Wed	Tues
Old Tennessee's	30	30¼	30¼	30	30	29½
New Tennesse's	27	27	27	26½	26½	26½
Old Virginia's	28	28	28	28	28	28
New Virginia's	28	27	27	28	28	29½
Missouri's	105	104	104	104½	104½	104½

GOVERNMENT SECURITIES.

	Mon	Sat.	Fri.	Thu	Wed	Tues
U. S. 6's, '81	104⅜	104¼	104¼	104¼	104¼	104¼
U. S. 5's, '81	102⅛	102¼	102¼	102	101⅞	101⅞
U. S. new 4½'s	104¼	105¼	105¼	105¼	105	105
U. S. new 4's	100	101	101	100⅞	100¾	100¾
Currency 6's	121	121¼	121¼	121	121	121
Sterling, sight	483¼	483	483	483	481¼	481¼
Sterling, 60 d	481	480¾	480¾	480¾	481	483

Live Stock Markets.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 1.—Hogs—Market dull; common, $2 75@3 25; light, $3 30@3 50; packing, $3 35@3 60; butchers', $3 60@3 70. Receipts, 1,191 head; shipments, 253 head.

CHICAGO, Sept. 1.—Hogs—Receipts —— head; shipments, —— head; market firm and moderately active for mixed packing at $3 00@3 30, but packers not buying; choice heavy at $3 40@3 60; light active and stronger at $3 35@3 60. Cattle—Receipts, —— head; shipments, —— head; market dull and 10c lower all round; fair to good natives, $4 00@4 65; butchers' weak and slow; stockers dull; western cattle in heavy supply and lower; Wyomings at $4 00; native Colorado, $3 00@3 30; Colorado Texans, $2 90; through Texans, $2 40@2 65.

Sheep and Lambs—Receipts, —— head; shipments, —— head; market dull and weak.

BUFFALO, Sept. 1.—Cattle—Receipts to-day, 2,873 head; consigned through, 181 cars; market dull and demand light; offerings mainly poor and medium quality, which are neglected; good grades in request at full last week's prices; sales of fair to best shippers' steers at $4 10@5 00; light butchers, $3 50@3 90.

Sheep and Lambs—Receipts to-day, 2,000 head; consigned through, 9 cars; market dull and declining; offerings liberal; sales of fair to good western sheep at $3 50@3 85; lambs full 50c ₩ 100 lbs lower; Canadian, $4 50@5 00; western, $4 00@5 00; a number of Colorados were forwarded in first hands.

Hogs—Receipts to-day, 6,110 head; consigned through, 23 cars; market moderately active and prices unchanged; offerings fair to medium quality; only light proportion of choice stock; sales of Yorkers at $3 50@3 60; fair heavy, $3 00@3 15; best grades disposed of.

NEW YORK, Sept. 1.—Beeves—Receipts for to-day, 5,400 head, making 13,140 head for the week, against 12,800 head last week; market is about the same as reported Friday for Texans and ordinary to prime natives, with some extra steers at better prices than have ruled here for some weeks; Texans, $6 50@7 75; Colorado steers, $8 00@8 25 poor to good natives, $7 75@9 50; prime do, $9 75@10 00, and extra shipping cattle, $10 25@10 50, and even up to $10 75 for a car load that averaged 1,549 lbs. Exporters used about 900 head mainly at $9 50@10 25. Shipments for the week ending Saturday, 2,040 head live cattle and 3,180 quarters of beef.

Sheep and Lambs—Receipts, 9,900 head, making 36,470 head for the week, against 29,630 head last week. Market dull and prices almost unprecedentedly low. Sheep had slow sales at $3 00@5 25 ₩ 100 lbs for ordinary to strictly prime, with about 300 head taken for shipment to England alive at $5 35@5 45 ₩ 100 lbs. Lambs were forced off at $4 25@5 25 ₩ 100 lbs for common to prime, and $5 50@5 80 for extra do. Shipments for the week ending Saturday, 535 live sheep and 750 carcasses of mutton.

Hogs—Receipts for to-day, 7,100 head; making 26,700 head for the week, against 28,900 head last week; market for live hogs dull and nominal, a decline of ¼c ₩ lb in dressed hogs having unsettled the market; nominal figures, $3 50@3 80 ₩ 100 lbs.

Exports of Provisions

from seven Atlantic seaboard port for week ended Aug. 16, 1879.

From—	Pork, bbl.	Bacon & Hams, lbs.	Lard, lbs.
New York	5,469	7,498,970	4,877,616
Boston	1,210	1,862,951	1,124,879
Portland	....	....	....
Montreal	28	1,500	....
Philadelphia	....	935,500	....
Baltimore	....	301,278	174,648
New Orleans	....	....	....
Total	6,784	10,600,199	6,197,143
Previous week	6,055	13,892,524	5,130,925

—*N. Y. Prod. Ex. Weekly.*

Dry Goods.

NEW YORK, Aug. 30.—The jobbing trade was quite active and business continues. However cotton goods are in steady demand and the market has improved in condition. Prints in good request and leading makes closely sold up. Ginghams and dress goods in active demand. Men's wear washers sluggish, but flannels doing ell. Foreign goods in beeter request.

Monthly Wool Market.

From Mauge & Avery's monthly Wool Circular dated Aug. 27.

From about the middle of July the Wool market changed first to a period of quiet, then to a season of extreme depression, which lasted until about the first of August, when shrewd buyers were tempted by the decline in prices to purchase liberally. This apparent confidence, together with the encouraging condition of the goods market, and the healthy tone of trade generally throughout the country, has gradually strengthened the market, and, under the influence of a strong consumptive demand, prices have quickly improved, from the lowest point, 1@2c ₩ lb. At the present writing there is good inquiry for all grades, but particularly for medium clothing wools. Combing and delaines of fine and medium quality are in better demand and prices are hardening. Low combing wools continue somewhat neglected. The woolen goods business appears at last to have reached a solid foundation; a small advance in woolens has been established; the immediate future promises to be fairly remunerative, and the future of wool and woolens look better than for several years. An advance in prices to be healthy must be slow, but with improved business a small advance is to be looked for.

California Wools.—During the period under review these wools have followed the course of fleeces. The first movement began in San Francisco, with the purchase of large lines of California and Oregon, and was followed by an improved demand with better prices at the sea board. Fall wools are just arriving at San Francisco, but prices are not fairly established.

Oregon Wools have been in somewhat better request. They are now arriving more freely in the Eastern markets, and will fill the needs of manufacturers desiring medium wools.

Territory Wools.—Medium grades and light conditioned fine wools have been in steady request. Heavy and faulty wools, as usual, neglected. Low grades, suitable for carpet stock, have continued in fair demand.

Lake and Georgia.—The small stocks have been still further depleted by the recent movement and prices have advanced somewhat.

Texas Wools within the past two months have have moved more freely and stocks are now better controlled by holders. The demand has been mainly for light medium wools, although all grades have moved.

Foreign Wools.—Transactions have been mainly in Cape. Prices and stocks not materially changed.

From the Wool Circular of Gray, Dew, Gould & Co., Boston, Aug. 30, 1879.

We have had a fairly active market during the past week, and the demand continues good at the close. Prices have undergone no material change since last week, but a little more active demand would tend to advance prices on some special grades which are not plentiful just now.

Combing and delaine selections sold close up, with prospects that the fine grade will be dearer before the season is much further advanced. Coarse combings are a drug and are accumulating. Medium unwashed wools are in good demand and the stock is light. Fine fleeces are in better request, the season for the production of light spring fabrics being near, though the prices being paid will scarcely cover cost. Territory wools meet with ready sale and the few now in market are held firmly. Pulled wools are scarce and are taken fast as they arrive.

The sales for the week foot up 2,750,000 lbs, of which nearly 800,000 lbs are foreign.

The Visible Supply of Grain,

comprising the stocks in granary at the principal points of accumulation at lake and seaboard ports, and in transit by lake and rail, Aug. 23, '79.

In store at—	Wheat, bu.	Corn, bu.	Oats, bu.	Barley, bu.	Rye, bu.
New York	3110794	2021355	568604	26107	79488
" afloat*	1715000	381000	287000	....	....
Albany	5800	26000	36000	6200	36600
Buffalo	378177	690662	9984	....	30035
Chicago	844079	2261014	253842	87586	115358
Milwaukee	270173	20425	8417	58114	9414
Duluth	122296	16401	4918	....	....
Toledo	530376	178276	52379	6127	6884
Detroit	334865	4905	3839	86	....
Oswego	190000	210000	....	20000	3000
St. Louis	550099	420848	74794	4020	23955
Boston	246390	121013	24690	24689	....
Toronto	70403	....	2200	38401	400
Montreal(15)	83214	700	30609	33576	342
Philadelph.	929750	203500	....	....	....
Peoria	25081	255050	89243	1316	31520
Indianapolis	118000	26500	19000	....	9700
Kansas City	180395	56954	4859	....	4021
Baltimore	1953680	475460	....	....	....
Rail ship'ts	668360	540843	514261	19165	75468
Lake ship	668360	540843	514251	19165	75468
On Canal.*	1670000	2296000	245000	....	143000
Total—					
Aug. 23	15906899	12582429	2279174	300998	797180
Aug. 16	16026837	12140032	1605031	306311	493906
Aug. 9	15189594	11436314	1914487	318424	479114
Aug. 2	14332416	11099554	1762250	324929	462436
July 26	14676281	10068258	1441877	336601	318398
July 19	13473849	10796086	1536906	357879	341743
July 12	11701597	11757399	1489490	380475	329979
July 5	12184153	11547230	1581995	363334	428074
June 28	12438605	11463622	2023994	378352	435506
June 21	13892032	11516571	2051644	441396	434406

* Estimated.

—*N. Y. Prod. Ex. Weekly.*

Receipts of Flour and Grain

at seaboard ports for the week ended Aug. 23, 1869.

	Flour, bu.	Wheat, bu.	Corn, bu.	Oats, bu.
New York	118,900	2,724,250	902,164	455,734
Boston	58,387	353,111	196,486	128,377
Portland	1,250	....	4,500	1,800
Montreal	19,586	372,043	33,812	2,610
Philadelphia	13,200	744,600	169,000	14,000
Baltimore	16,644	904,800	57,100	71,000
New Orleans	23,176	98,977	111,169	22,747
Total week	251,144	5,197,781	1,474,212	696,268
Prev. week	215,539	5,611,622	1,451,165	544,792

And from Dec. 31 to Aug. 23, inclusive for four years:

	1879.	1878.	1877.
Flour, bbls	6,367,074	5,462,619	4,265,329
Wheat, bu	76,362,000	54,343,878	10,169,959
Corn, bu	74,263,440	74,725,677	55,403,294
Oats, bu	13,896,268	13,943,120	11,013,321
Barley, bu	1,756,908	2,468,115	2,116,046
Rye, bu	2,427,996	2,850,903	971,455
Total	168,706,612	148,331,693	79,677,075

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Eastward Movement of Flour and Grain

from Western Lake and River Ports for the week ended Aug 23, 1879:

To—	Flour, bbl.	Wheat, bush.	Corn, bush.	Oats, bush.	Bar. bush.
Buffalo	241957	1298877	1999288	37006	....
Oswego	....	52800	21620	....	....
Pt. Colborne	....	....	22660	....	....
Ogdensburg	....	21110	118659	....	....
Cape Vincent	....	16493	....	....	....
Erie	6304	....	....	....	....
Cleveland	....	8600	....	....	....
Port Huron	576	24818	53080	....	....
Sarnia	275	....	....	....	....
Coilingwood	....	16958	20000	....	....
Goderich	....	....	....	....	....
St. Catharines	....	....	....	....	....
Kingston	....	61700	40452	....	....
Montreal	....	97169	89384	....	....
Other Ports	835	171408	6370	13480	....
By Rail	97918	668360	540843	514251	19165
Total	180865	2438317	2912366	564797	19165
Previous w'k	134847	2677032	2925889	635335	8253
Cor. w'k '78	107425	2452653	2007585	1113169	20101

—*N. Y. Prod. Ex. Weekly.*

Clearances of Flour and Grain.

The following is an exhibit of the clearances of flour and goain to foreign ports from the points named and for the dates specified:

	Flour, bu.	Wheat, bu.	Corn, bu.
NEW YORK—			
Total week ended Aug. 27	55542	2115416	680528
Total week ended Aug. 20	59632	1891084	441858
Total week ended Aug. 13	25351	1647814	377017
Total week ended Aug. 7	40732	2248610	494904
PHILADELPHIA—			
Total week ended Aug. 22	3232	405168	233318
Total week ended Aug. 15	200	788585	43577
Totol week ended Aug. 8	2750	541920	119829
Total week ended Aug. 1	2673	499138	1408
BALTIMORE—			
Total week ended Aug. 14	9127	1084063	[illegible]
Total week ended Aug. 7	5758	1348838	178035
Total week ended July 24	9123	1038768	233897
Total week ended Aug. 21	17531	932064	58896

—*N. Y. Prod. Ex. Weekly.*

Export Clearances

for Europe from the ports of New York, Montreal, Boston, Portland, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and New Orleans for the undermentioned weeks:

Week end—	Flour, bbl	Wheat, bu.	Corn, bu.	Oats, bu.
Aug. 27	78914	4237478	1068121	28139
Aug. 20	76910	4418067	719054	1589
Aug. 13	39441	3992377	860658	
Aug. 6	54548	4818827	963021	5283
Total 4 weeks	249663	17526749	3612854	167033
Prev. 4 weeks	256971	8948864	7038289	27726
Totatal 8 weeks	506934	26475613	10643143	77000
Cor. 8 wks 1878	177839	15262142	13096830	1263402
Increase	329095	11213471		
Decrease	....	....	2453687	1186402

—*N Y Prod Ex Weekly*

Exports of Provisions.

rom New York, Boston, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Montreal, Portland and New Orleans for the week ended Aug. 16, 1879, and their distribution:

To—	Pork, bbl.	Beef, bbl.	Lard, lbs.	Bacon, lbs.	Cheese, lbs.
Liverpool	626	641	1323050	5726073	1465752
London	50	223	11160	216575	708340
Glasgow	25	605	93500	796575	337920
Bristol	88	....	45000	341925	555340
Hull	....	75	27500	479275	689520
W. Hartl'pool	....	....	....	....	25793
Hamburg	....	50	413200	95000	....
Bremen	....	....	112000	115875	....
Havre	10	40	1443967	1190695	4200
Antwerp	....	25	....	1033530	....
Merseilles	10	15	66400	229250	....
Italy	....	....	22400	....	....
Contin'tl Pts	....	....	67590	79125	....
Br. Ports	....	....	....	....	....
Rotterdam	....	....	....	....	....
S. & C. Amer	22	11	502641	15308	1132
West Indies	4217	363	1437897	207027	16585
B. Colonies	893	165	25032	11609	7144
Other Count.	718	....	4116	3787	5501
Total	6784	2212	6197143	16400199	2783695
Previous w'k	6055	3314	5130925	13892524	5086840

—*N. Y. Prod. Ex. Weekly.*

A GOOD PLAN.

The most profitable way of dealing in stocks is by combining many orders and co-operating them as a whole, dividing profits pro rata among shareholders, according to the market, monthly. Each customer thus secures all the advantages of immense capital and experienced skill, and can use any amount from $10 to $10,000, or more, with equal proportionate success. "New York Stock Reporter" and new circular mailed free. Full information for any one to operate successfully. LAWRENCE & CO., 57 Exchange Place, N. Y.

R. R. R.

Radway's Ready Relief

CURES THE WORST PAINS

In from One to Twenty Minutes

NOT ONE HOUR

After reading this advertisement need any one SUFFER WITH PAIN.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS A CURE FOR EVERY PAIN.

It Was the first and is

The Only Pain Remedy

that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammations, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application,

IN FROM ONE TO TWENTY MINUTES,

no matter how violent or excruciating the pain the RHEUMATIC, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer.

FEVER AND AGUE.

FEVER AND AGUE cured for fifty cents. There is not a remedial agent in this world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow, and other Fevers (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. Fifty cents per bottle.

DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT,

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

Changes as Seen and Felt! As They Daily Occur

AFTER USING A FEW DOSES.

Radway's Ready Relief

WILL AFFORD INSTANT EASE.

INFLAMMATION OF THE KIDNEYS,

INFLAMMATION OF THE BLADDER,

INFLAMMATION OF THE BOWELS,

CONGESTION OF THE LUNGS,

SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING,

PALPITATION OF THE HEART,

HYSTERICS, CROUP, DIPHTHERIA,

CATARRH, INFLUENZA,

HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE,

NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM,

COLD CHILLS, AGUE CHILLS,

CHILBLAINS AND FROST-BITES.

The application of the **Ready Relief** to the part or parts where the pain or difficulty exists will afford ease and comfort.

Thirty to sixty drops in half a tumbler of water will in a few moments cure CRAMPS, SPASMS, SOUR STOMACH, HEARTBURN, SICK HEADACHE, DIARRHEA, DYSENTERY, COLIC, WIND IN THE BOWELS, and all INTERNAL PAINS.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of **Radway's Ready Relief** with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

1. Good spirits, disappearance of weakness, languor, melancholy, increase and hardness of flesh and muscles, etc.

2. Strength increases, appetite improves, relish for food, no more sour eructations or waterbrash, good digestion, calm and undisturbed sleep, awaken fresh and vigorous.

3. Disappearance of spots, blotches, pimples; the skin looks clear and healthy, the urine changed from its turbid and cloudy appearance to a clear sherry or amber color; water passes freely from the bladder through the urethra without pain or scalding; little or no sediment; no pain or weakness.

4. Marked diminution of quantity and frequency of involuntary weakening discharges, (if afflicted that way), with certainty of permanent cure. Increased strength exhibited in the secreting glands and functional harmony restored to the several organs.

5. Yellow tinge on the white of the eyes, and the swarthy, saffron appearance of the skin changed to a clear, lively and healthy color.

6. Those suffering from weak or ulcerated lungs or tubercules will realize great benefit in expectorating freely the tough phlegm or mucous from the lungs, air cells, bronchi or windpipe, throat or head; diminishing the frequency of cough, general increase of strength throughout the system; stoppage of night sweats and pains and feeling of weakness around the ankles, legs, shoulders, etc.; cessation of cold and chills, sense of suffocation, hard breathing and paroxysms of cough on lying down or arising in the morning. All these distressing symptoms gradually and surely disappear.

7. As day after day the SARSAPARILLIAN is taken new signs of returning health will appear, as the blood improves in purity and strength diseases will diminish and all foreign and impure deposits, nodes, tumors, cancers, hard lumps, etc., be resolved away and the unsound made sound and healthy; ulcers, fever sores, chronic skin diseases gradually disappear.

8. In cases where the system has been salivated and Mercury, Quicksilver, Corrosive Sublimate have accumulated and become deposited in the bones, joints, etc., causing caries of the bones, rickets, spinal curvatures, contortions, white swellings, varicose veins, etc., the SARSAPARILLIAN will resolve away these deposits and exterminate the virus of the disease from the system.

9. If those who are taking these medicines for the cure of chronic, Scrofulous or Syphilitic diseases, however slow may be the cure, "feel better" and find their general health improving, their flesh and weight increasing or even keeping its own, it is a sure sign that the cure is progressing. In these diseases the patient either gets better or worse—the virus of the disease is not inactive; if not arrested and driven from the blood it will spread and continue to undermine the constitution. As soon as the SARSAPARILLIAN makes the patient feel better every hour you will grow better and increase in health, strength and flesh.

The great power of this remedy is in diseases that threaten death—as in

CONSUMPTION

of the Lungs and Tuberculous Phthisis, Scrofula, Syphiloid Diseases, Wasting, Degeneration, and Ulceration of the Kidneys, Diabetes, Stoppage of Water (instantaneous relief afforded where catheters have been used, thus doing away with the painful operation of using these instruments), dissolving stone in the bladder, and in all cases of

Inflammation of the Bladder and Kidneys,

In chronic cases of Leucorrhea and Uterine diseases.

In tumors, nodes, hard lumps, and syphiloid ulcers; in dropsy; in venereal sore throat, ulcers, and in tubercles of the lungs; in gout, dyspepsia, rheumatism, rickets; in mercurial deposits—it is in these terrible forms of disease, where the human body has become a complete wreck, and where every hour of existence is torture, wherein this great remedy challenges the astonishment and admiration of the sick. It is in such cases, where all the pleasures of existence appear cut off from the unfortunate, and by its wonderful, almost supernatural agency it restores the hopeless to a life and new existence, wherein this great remedy stands alone in its might and power.

In the ordinary skin diseases that every one is more or less troubled with a few doses will in most cases, and a few bottles in the more aggravated forms, work a permanent cure.

Those afflicted with chronic diseases should purchase a package containing one dozen bottles. Price $10 per dozen, or $5 per half dozen bottles, or $1 per bottle. Sold by druggists.

DR. RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen. Radway's Pills for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, mineral or deleterious drugs.

☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs.

Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fullness of weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinkings or Flutterings in the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried and Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest and Limbs, and sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of Radway's Pills will free the system from all of the above named disorders. Price 25 Cents per box. Sold by Druggists.

Read "FALSE AND TRUE."

Send a letter stamp to RADWAY & Co., No. 32 Warren Street, New York. Information worth thousands will be sent